

The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

April 17, 1957

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ROYAL VISIT TO PARIS

ENGLAND and France were once traditional enemies — in temperament, ideas, and national ambition.

But in the past half century they have been friends in war and peace, and today an English Queen is a welcome visitor on the soil of France.

Queen Elizabeth is the fourth of her line in the past 50 years to pay an official visit to France.

Her father unveiled the Australian War Memorial at Villers-Bretonneux just before World War II. Her grandfather made a State visit just before World War I.

But it was her great-grandfather, Edward VII, who was responsible for the Entente Cordiale which ended the ancient enmity between the two great countries.

Anti-English feeling was still so intense that King Edward was booed in the streets of Paris when he arrived on his official visit. But long before he left the Paris crowds were cheering him.

His was a personal triumph of Royal diplomacy which turned France into an enduring friend despite the frictions of power politics and the personal ambitions of statesmen.

Now his great-granddaughter is in Paris, fresh from her visit to Portugal, before going on to Norway and the United States later in the year.

Royal visits can and do pay dividends in international goodwill — as King Edward proved, and Queen Elizabeth is so ably proving.

ABOUT OUR COVER

Portrait of Prince raised controversy in London

Controversy raged around Annigoni's portrait of Prince Philip when it was reproduced in London last month. The London "Daily Mirror," in editorial comment, said, "Everyone will ask: 'Is it fair to the Duke?'"

"WILL the Queen approve?" the paper asked, drawing attention to the stern expression and receding hairline shown in the portrait.

In canvassing opinions, the London "Daily Mirror" found that many members of the public didn't like the portrait.

But those who know Prince Philip more intimately have approved it. His valet told Annigoni, "That's him, all right," and Michael Parker, former secretary to the Prince, said, "That is the look I know so well."

Annigoni himself describes Prince Philip's expression as "that electric look," according to Keith Waterhouse, who flew to Italy to interview the artist.

Annigoni told him: "No doubt the public will have their say. But I do not see

Prince Philip as a playboy. I paint him as I see him.

"It is necessary to look beyond the symbolism of a Royal figure to the personality of the man. And I see the Prince as one who knows exactly where he is going. A single-minded man. A man of purpose and confidence. A man who is going in one direction and does not propose to let anything prevent him."

The Prince posed for 15 sittings, a total of about 16 hours, in the Yellow Room at Buckingham Palace.

"He smiled, of course, and chatted pleasantly," Annigoni told Keith Waterhouse. "But as I worked I found that his most constant expression was the one you see in my portrait. All the time he seemed to be thinking of something."

Prince Philip told Annigoni that he himself recently took up painting. His first work

was a self-portrait, and he had also painted landscapes, including Windsor Castle and Balmoral.

His style, according to Annigoni, is rather like that of Sir Winston Churchill—"he perhaps he is bolder with his brush. He shows great promise."

The Fishmongers' Company commissioned the Annigoni portrait, paying 200 guineas for it as a companion piece to his famous portrait of the Queen.

It is a 6ft. by 4ft. canvas and shows the Prince in the robes of the Order of the Thistle.

The sea in the background represents Prince Philip's naval interests. A helicopter flies overhead. In the bottom right corner is Annigoni's "trade-mark"—a tiny figure of himself climbing.

Our cover:

● Prince Philip's portrait, painted by Pietro Annigoni, caused a stir in London. See story at the foot of this page.

This week:

● "Off To The Royal," the short story beginning on pages 24 and 25, has a topical slant for Sydney, where the Royal Show opens this week. The author, Helga Haenke, lives at Ipswich, Queensland. She is a member of the Writers' Group in the Ipswich branch of the Business and Professional Women's Club, and divides the credit for her success so far in fiction between this writer's group and "sheer hard work."

Next week:

● Once upon a time the bathroom was a dank, unattractive corner of the average house, an architectural afterthought. It has gained steadily in importance, first acquiring a clinical appearance with hygiene as the first consideration, and now rating attention from an aesthetic viewpoint. In next week's page you'll see just how beautiful a modern bathroom can be. We have a nine-page section devoted to "Bedroom and Bath," full of ideas for decorating or remodelling both rooms. Among the color illustrations is one of a wonderful bedcover, and there are full instructions for making it.

● Don't miss the special cookery feature by Dione Lucas, celebrated American television cook who visited Australia last year. She has chosen two Italian menus, in which she gives recipes, and she also recommends the appropriate wines.

● In many districts frost is one of the gardener's worst enemies. Some shrubs, though susceptible to frost, will withstand it if planted in the right position, and at the right time. Next week's gardening feature gives you expert advice on this subject.

INTERNATIONAL SKI CHAMPIONSHIPS



TEN NATIONS, including Australia, recently took part in the International Ski Championships at Stowe, Vermont, U.S.A. The picture above shows a contestant racing down an easy slope in the men's downhill event.

LEFT: Australia's representatives seated in this group are (left) Peter Brockhoff, of Toorak, Vic., and (right) Christine Davy, of Edgecliff, N.S.W. Their companions are Olympic champion Toni Sailer, of Austria, and Chiharu (Chick) Igaya, of Japan.

RIGHT: Peter and Christine after the end of the Giant Slalom, in which Peter came 50th in a field of 52. Christine didn't do much better in her event, finishing 18th among 24. Both skiers say, however, that they learned a lot from their top-flight competitors. Pictures by Robert Feldman, of our New York staff.



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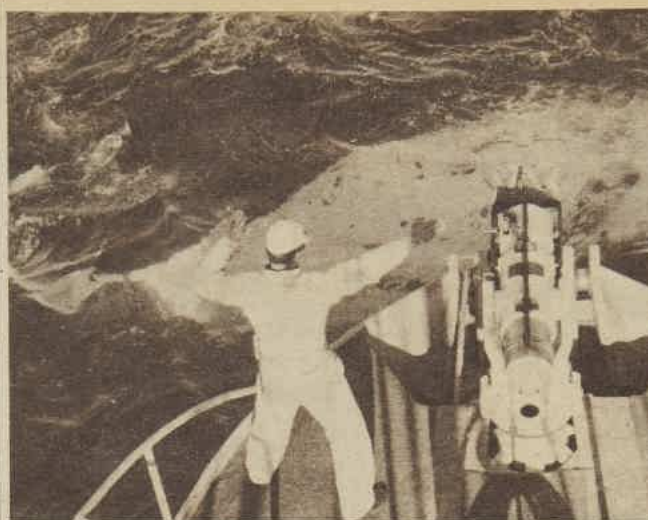
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AMERICAN GENE OREGONE (above) directs the helmsman of a whale-chaser to bring alongside a whale harpooned off the New Zealand coast. At right, adventurer Oregone photographed in Sydney before leaving to dive for pearl-shell off Broome, Western Australia.

American goes whaling to stay a bachelor gay

● Gene Oregone, good-looking young American adventurer, has one big advantage over most of his fellow bachelors. The moment a girl shows the first sign of "getting serious," he escapes to chase whales or explore the ocean bed in a diving-suit.

By
RON McKIE,
staff reporter

EVEN the most enthusiastic wench, with hooks long sharpened, hasn't a hope of landing such an elusive bachelor.

Gene Oregone, a 6ft. 1in., 15st., 31-year-old San Franciscan of Spanish descent, has moved far and fast in the past decade.

Since the end of World War II he has sought and found adventure from Hongkong to Antarctica and all over the South-west Pacific—as a diver, geologist's assistant, cook, engineer, deck officer, spotter, and assistant gunner on whale-chasers, and personal bodyguard to ambassadors.

But deep-sea diving, which he learnt at 17 as a frogman-diver with the United States Navy during the Pacific War, is his favorite trade.

"My moment of panic is always when my feet touch bottom," he says. "Then I know I'm out of my element, that I've sunk into another dimension, and a wave of fear mixed with tingling excitement runs through me."

Strange world

"I TAKE a deep breath and the fear leaves me, but the excitement remains. It's the excitement of discovery round every shelf and rock in a strange world."

"There's fascination in the clunk, clunk of my boots on the sloping steel deck of a sunken ship, when the sounds seem to come from far ahead as if I'm following someone."

"There's even fascination in the grace of circling sharks, which never worry me, but if I ever saw a groper, the real killer, I'd hit the surface fast."

Gene's most frightening moment was under Port Moresby harbor when the

engine operating his air pump stopped, and his assistant tried to restart it instead of calling him up.

Gene nearly suffocated, and also "got a bit of a squeeze" as his suit deflated.

His most eerie moment was in a cabin of a burnt and sunken ship off Noumea, New Caledonia, when the body of one of the drowned crew, moved by the water displaced as he entered the cabin, floated upright and slid towards him.

His best undersea story concerns an old diver friend who stuck his pipe in his pocket thinking he had knocked it out. Underwater the pipe set his clothing on fire.

The first sign the surface

crew got that all wasn't right below was when the diver's air bubbles, breaking on the surface, were full of the smoke of tobacco and smouldering wool.

Here are a few of his sea-going adventures:

● He was aboard the San Rafael, towing the Jadeleaf from Sydney to Hongkong, when the towline snapped three times during a China Sea typhoon, and the ship made eight miles in 17 hours.

● He was aboard the Byrond I when the ship, after chasing whales off the northern New South Wales coast, came across the Ballina bar sideways and nearly swamped.

● He was on the Hauraki Whaling Company's chaser Karamana off New Zealand when a rope snarled the propeller and he had to dive into freezing water to free it.

● He was in the Ross Sea, in Antarctica, working as deck officer with the Japanese

whaling fleet chaser Maru No. 3, when the arctic summer of 1954-55 was so cold that a Japanese officer, forgetting the temperature, brushed the long, dragging moustache he'd grown on one side of the frozen moustache snapped off.

Gene Oregone also has his share of adventure ashore.

In December, 1955, he was in a restaurant in King's Cross, Sydney, when two men, with a gun, held up the proprietor. Oregone tackled the men, crashed through a glass showcase, and threw the man down the stairs.

Buy schooner

"I WAS also," he says, "driver and bodyguard to the German Ambassador (Walther Hess) for six months on £18 a week expenses, and bodyguard to the Japanese Ambassador (Haruhiko Nishi), now ambassador to Britain, for a month at £5 a day."

"Only once was I in trouble," he says, "when a foreigner at North Sydney abused Dr. Hess's children who were in the Embassy German car, and I had a scuffle with the man before the police took over."

Gene Oregone's long-term plan is to save enough money to buy a schooner, go traipsing round the South-west Pacific, eventually settle in the Hebrides, and write books about his adventures.

Will he then marry? The answer is yes, and the girl will be an Australian because he thinks the "slim, well-strung Australian girl is the pick of the Pacific."

Where is his quest for adventure taking him next? He will soon leave Sydney to go for pearl-shell off Broome, Western Australia.



GENE OREGONE (left) with crew members on the deck of a whale-chaser. Although Oregone has made many whaling trips, his favorite occupation is deep-sea diving.

Paris sparkles for the Queen

The kilt—and tartan—replace blouse and beret on the Seine

● Dyed mink bearskins for an Army guard-of-honor, jewelled spy-glasses, streets massed with pink carnations, the kilt for Frenchmen, and perfume tied in tartan are only a few of the finishing touches the French have devised for the State visit to Paris.

THE Scottish emphasis has followed the French belief that the Queen is a Scotswoman and is in keeping with France's historic links with Scotland, but the effect has added new novelty to a city gay and glamorous for its Royal visitors.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh are the guests of Paris from April 8 to April 11.

The mink bearskins make their appearance on the night the Queen travels down the Seine. They are worn by three ranks of French Grenadiers in Empire uniform forming a guard-of-honor near the Concorde Bridge.

"We couldn't have heavy bearskins, could we?" said one French official. "They are much too heavy for Paris in the spring."

"We hope Queen Elizabeth won't mind our using mink instead of bearskin. Mink is a luxury fur, but it is so hard-wearing."

Because protocol frowns on staring at the Queen or gazing at her through opera glasses, jewellers have revived an old custom and designed spy-glasses.

These are now the smartest accessory in Paris, and are being used even by people who don't need glasses.

At £500 each

LEADING jewellers in the Rue de la Paix have made the most of the fashion—they have jewelled glasses on display for £500 each.

Since pink carnations are known to be the Queen's favorite flowers, France has been scouring to provide the blooms for street decorations.

The length of the Champs-Élysées right to the Rond Point and every street around the famous Madeleine Church are banked with carnations.

In their desire to please the Queen as a Scotswoman, the French have gone more Scots than the Scots.

Designers have begged and borrowed the kilt of Scotsmen at the British Embassy to copy them for the occasion.

Lanvin's men's department has made the kilt for hundreds, from the Duke of Argyll, who is in Paris without one in his wardrobe, to the Duc de Frontenac.

Every French child has a Glengarry cap or bonnet, and one shop window is draped with 500 yards of tartan.

The new perfume Carven has launched for the visit is neatly tied up in tartan, and

By
ANNE MATHESON,
in Paris for the
State visit

another scent specialist, Dubois-Millot, looks more like Prince's Street, Edinburgh, than a perfumery.

Roger and Gallet, one of the six British Royal warrant-holders in France, have miniature Grenadiers and Scots Guards on sentry duty guarding the warrants given the firm by Queen Victoria, who used its "Jean Marie Farina" perfume on her travels.

The Queen's visit also has revolutionised jewellery styles. "No junk jewellery," said protocol without a glance at those who have been wearing smart costume jewellery.

"We simply had to borrow real jewellery," said the Comtesse de Masoigne. "We old families always borrow jewels."

However, only a few old families can borrow, because no one will insure the jewels. The elite who have to depend on their good names and position to enable them to borrow a tiara or a necklace are now very few.

Begging, buying, and borrowing for every occasion have absorbed a great many of the French. The hiring of morning and evening clothes—normally unheard of in France—has exhausted all the supplies of men's dress suits.

Paris, the world centre of haute couture, has transferred the Royal visit into a fashion parade unequalled in its elegant history.

Every Parisienne has become an ambassadress of

fashion—from Madame Bonnet, whom Christian Dior invited to advise his most important clients on choice of clothes for every State occasion, to the Dowager Viscountess Norwich, whose ethereal loveliness is enhanced in Pierre Balmain's "Jolie Madame de France" clothes.

Madame Bonnet, whose husband, M. Henri Bonnet, was Foreign Minister during the last State visit to Paris of the late King George VI and the Queen Mother, told me that all Dior's clients were wearing pastel shades in diaphanous fabrics.

This was because the Chef de Protocol asked that no French women wear colors that would clash with the delicate settings at the Theatre de Gabriel, the Louvre, and the Opera.

Dior gowns

"Of course, we could not tell the Queen of England what color to wear," said the director of the theatre, "but then no one has a better sense of occasion than Queen Elizabeth, and the colors she wears are always perfect."

Among Dior's smartest clients is Madame Jean Chauvel, wife of the French Ambassador in London, who has three new Dior gowns.

Genevieve Fath told me she had received the biggest order ever placed by the wife of a British Ambassador to Paris.

Lady Jebb ordered 12 dresses—one for every occasion.

A three-tiered white tulle evening dress with touches of cherry velvet was specially designed for Lady Jebb to wear at the banquet at the Louvre.

"I went three times to the



Louvre with my designer before submitting sketches to Her Excellency," said Madame Fath.

Royal pastel is the fur most favored for the Queen's visit, but the biggest surprise is the number of furs dyed in every pastel shade from yellow to pale green to match gowns.

Wives of Ambassadors already have outstanding wardrobes, but every one of them has added to them for the State visit.

Miss Dorothy Stirling, sister of Australia's Ambassador, Mr. S. Stirling, who is ac-

RADIANT QUEEN ELIZABETH Paris is seeing. For her visit to the French capital the Queen has a wonderful new wardrobe designed by Norman Hartnell, the Royal dressmaker, who is in Paris for the occasion and who has been invited to many official festivities.

companying her brother to functions, bought a gold-and-white brocade gown with a bateau neckline and cap sleeves from Dior.

Madame Rossetti, wife of the Ambassador from Chile, had a young, up-and-coming Paris couturier, Serge Mattu, design her dress for the Louvre banquet.

It is gold-and-pink lame with a low decolletage and full, back-swept skirt.

The Baroness van Boetse-laer, wife of the Netherlands Ambassador, went to Maggy Rouff for her State visit dresses, choosing butterfly-wing-blue-and-green chiffon.

Short length

OF all the Ambassadors' wives, the Baroness was the only one who had the "courage" to have her evening dresses made in the new short length.

Swedish women, always acclaimed for their dressing, are elegantly represented by their Ambassadress, Madame Kumlin.

She chose ice-blue silk organdie for the Opera, with a loose opera coat with white organza lapels and cuffs.

Sybil Connolly designed the clothes for the Irish Ambassador's wife for the State visit.

One dream dress is made of pale green chiffon and is worn with a pastel mink stole.



MME HENRI BONNET, wife of the former French Ambassador to the U.S., is wearing pastels during the State visit.

Perhaps the only two women in Paris not worried with dress problems for the State visit are the wife of the Japanese Ambassador, who has her traditional kimonos, and Madame Panikkar, wife of India's Ambassador, who has saris of gold tissue and scintillating gauze.



STELLA JEBB (left), daughter of the British Ambassador to France, and (above) her mother, Lady Jebb, have glamorous dresses for the visit. Lady Jebb is admiring scarf-pins presented to Prince Charles and Princess Anne.

Twins but not identical

Fanta-las 15

Ultra Sheer S-T-R-E-T-C-H Nylons

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Fanta-las 15 16/11

Fanta-las 30 15/11

These prices apply in New South Wales and Victoria, but may vary in other States.

Prestige



'Please, Murray,' parents plead

Problem children create a problem in swimmer's home

By RON McKIE, staff reporter

● Parents of delinquent or problem children have written or telephoned Murray Rose from all parts of Australia and a dozen other countries since he became the youngest triple gold medallist in Olympic Games history.

THEY have asked him, almost pleaded at times, for help and advice on subjects that range from the bogdie cult to diet.

They have thanked him with almost pathetic gratitude for the indirect influence for good that his sportsmanship and Olympic performances have had on their children.

This extraordinary international mail—at least 500 letters plus hundreds of telegrams and countless phone calls—has been flooding the Rose flat in Gladswood Gardens, Double Bay, N.S.W., ever since the Games last November.

The Double Bay postman probably shudders at the name of Rose. But even he doesn't realise that the letters and calls have created such a family problem that Mr. and Mrs. Ian Rose and Murray are counting the days before they sail in the *Orcades* on April 30 for the United States, where Murray may enter an American university.

Only parcel

EARLY letters from as far apart as Buenos Aires and Warsaw, London and Tokio, were generally addressed to "Murray Rose, Olympic Team, Melbourne, Australia," but in the past couple of months many letters were merely addressed, "Murray Rose, Australia."

The only parcel came from a French-Canadian girl in Montreal.

It contained a small glass Madonna and this message, "May God bless you and keep all your loved ones around you."

This film-star-type fanmail

could easily have upset a less intelligent and balanced boy, but Murray Rose, or the "Frightened Fish" as the Americans enviously call him, has remained the quietly spoken, good-mannered, modest youngster who impressed so much with his poise and sportsmanship at the Games.

The girls have chased him hard, for he is an exceptionally fine scalp in anyone's language. And small boys continue to pester him for autographs. But his keenest enjoyment, despite all the hero worship, is to play eight sets of table tennis with one of his Cranbrook School coppers.

Good advice

METHODICALLY sifting a mail that would worry a managing director with two secretaries, Murray sent a standard reply to many well-wishers. To others who had asked questions or sought advice—and they ran into hundreds—he wrote personally.

And people still tell him—and his harassed parents, who have handled many of the phone calls and paid for the stamps—that it must be "wonderful to relax" after the Games.

About half the letter-writers congratulated or praised Murray, asked for autographs or photographs, or invited him to stay with them if he ever visited their countries.

One, of 13 pages, was from an Indian in Fiji who is writing a book about the Melbourne Olympics and who listed about a dozen questions for Murray to answer.

The other half, including many parents, added to their

best wishes questions about diet, swimming training or techniques, or sport generally, or sought help and advice about delinquent or problem children, or praised Murray for his influence on their children.

Here is part of a letter from a Queensland mother:

"... I have for some time been very worried about my boy. He is younger than you are, but big and strong for his age. For over a year now he would not do what I asked him and was often very rude to me and his father.

"I did not like some of his friends, but when I pointed this out to him he more or less told me

to mind my own business. He was becoming almost uncontrollable and I was at my wit's end wondering what sort of man he would become, when one day before the Olympic Games he saw your picture and began to follow your career.

"He collected everything he could about you and at the same time took up swimming seriously. He says he will never be a champion but will be happy if he can be as good a sportsman as you are. He is a completely changed boy and his father and I feel that we have to thank you for saving our son."

Here is another letter from a Melbourne friend of Murray's father:

"... A very good friend

of mine has a young son who until a short while ago was inclined to run wild with a bogdie gang. Young John [not the real name], after a good heart-to-heart talk with his father, took up running just prior to the Games and is putting in quite creditable times for a boy of 15.

"His idol as a sportsman is Murray. He has quite a scrapbook on the deeds of your son and has even taken to a similar diet.

"Would you mind asking

pointed out that their children either won't eat meat or eat it only under protest, or have developed a dislike of meat since Murray's victories.

Murray has been brought up from birth on a vegetarian or food-reform diet.

He has never tasted meat, poultry or fish, white bread or anything made with white flour, white sugar or products like jam or sweets made from it, or tea or coffee.

His diet consists of eggs,

cheese, brown lentils, soya beans, lima beans, nuts, millet, sesame, sunflower seed meal, wholemeal bread, porridge, honey, dried fruits, fresh fruits and vegetables (at least 50 per cent. of his total diet), jellies made from fruit juices set with agar agar (a sea product used for growing laboratory cultures), unpasteurised milk, and preferably goats' milk.

The only other swimmer to win three gold medals at one Olympic meeting was Johnny Weissmuller, who was also a non-meat-eater.

Among the many "diet" letters Murray has received, here is a fairly typical one:

"The reason I ask for your diet, and how your mother makes it palatable, is that my

boy's dislike for meat is causing a real problem in our home. I think he should eat meat, and so does our doctor, but he hates meat and I have the greatest difficulty getting him to eat any at all.

"I am prepared to let him try your diet and, if he likes it, to go on with it. As an Olympic champion, who has been a vegetarian from birth, it doesn't seem to have done you any harm."

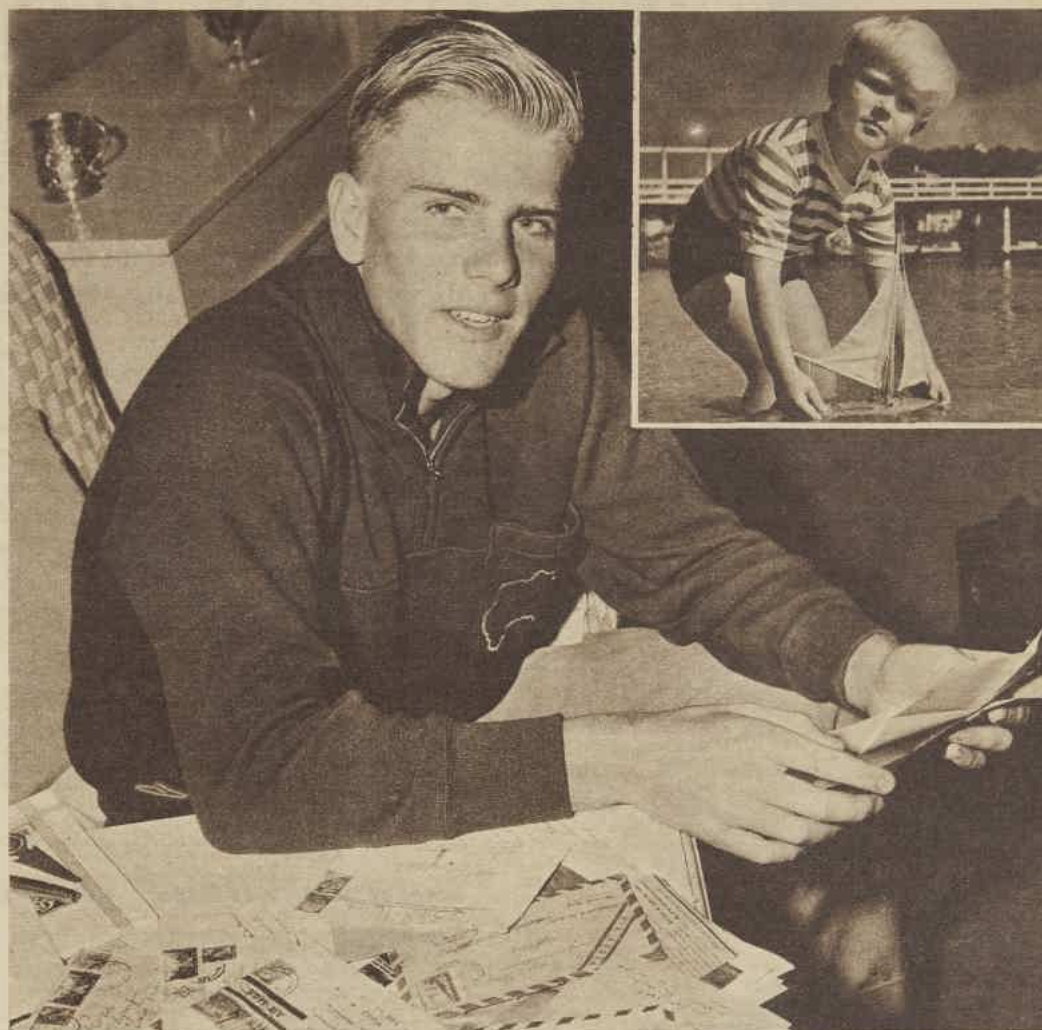
Parents of younger children who are difficult about food, not interested in sport, disobedient or hard to handle report astonishing improvement in their offspring at the mere suggestion that Murray Rose will be told about their behaviour.

As one mother wrote:

"My boy, he's 10, misbehaves badly at table, and in other ways. I tried reasoning and I tried the strap. Neither worked. One day—and I still don't know why it ever entered my mind—I suddenly said, 'If you don't behave yourself, I'll tell Murray Rose about you.'"

"The change was miraculous. I've had no more trouble."

Which strongly suggests that Murray, whether he likes it or not, looks like becoming a new kind of idealistic bogymon.



THE TEENAGER AND THE BOY. Above, 18-year-old Murray Rose attends to some of his international mail. Above right, four-year-old Murray in a photograph used to illustrate a wartime national savings advertisement headed "Will the Japs come here in their big ships, Daddy?" In 1956 Rose and Japanese swimmer T. Yamanaka were photographed with their arms around each other after their epic Olympic swim.



PROUD PARENTS Mr. and Mrs. Ian Rose, who will sail with their son on April 30 for the United States, where Murray may enter an American university.



THE DANGER OF BEING BEAUTIFUL

By Marlene Dietrich

Are you beautiful? Beware! Do you want to be beautiful? Take care! You have been led to believe that if you have beauty, happiness is yours. That's why there is this chasing of the golden ball which promises to roll you easily into the Paradise of Happiness.

THESE promises started early in life. When our imaginations were just beginning to fly we heard the fairy-tales about beautiful princesses and beautiful orphans. Prince Charming singled them out and they rode away with him on his white horse, which naturally had to be a beautiful white horse, into a happy-ever-after life.

The ugly girl in fairy-tales did not fare well. The glass slipper did not fit. Prince Charming was impervious to her frantic efforts and refused to be caught.

The beautiful girl did not have to try hard. Everything that was good, everything that she desired fell right into her beautiful lap. The handsome prince also had an easy time of it. He came, saw, and conquered the beautiful lady of his choice.

Impressions deeply implanted in our minds in early youth stay with us forever, facing all contradictions and disappointments bravely. No matter how much we learn in history class about the unkindness of fate towards many beautiful women, no matter how much we read of the road to ruin many beautiful women took, as adults we stick to our fairy-tale belief that beauty and happiness are closely interwoven.

We do not analyse why we believe this is true, but because this particular belief creates so much unhappiness in our present times I think it is worth an analysis. The storytellers of old created their stories to glorify the virtues of men. The tales were lessons in the art of being good, true, and wise, lessons in how to recognise the good and sort it out from the bad.

To do that effectively, the good was shown in its brightest form and the bad had to be in its most dramatic black. Temptations were vividly cited and human errors were described in detail.

The stories had to be easily remembered and easily re-told. The over-dramatisation of the tales was designed to keep the interest of the listener until the moral to the story was made clear.

The moral was inevitably the same at each ending, disguised to fit the story, but the same in essence. The inducement to be good, wise, true, to fight for the good and destroy the bad, was the promise of happiness forever after.

The good were white, the bad were black. The good were beautiful, the bad were ugly. And here we come to the point—the fairy-

tales formula is good equals beautiful equals happy, and the moral, good equals happy. Our modern misquotation of that moral is beautiful equals happy.

The fairy-tale says, "Prince Charming lifted into his shining saddle the most beautiful girl in the land, and they lived happily ever after."

Why are we, the readers or listeners, so joyfully convinced of this happy-ever-after? Because we know that she will be a joy for his eyes and for his heart.

Our modern Prince Charming lifting the beautiful girl into his own or a hired motor car has a much slimmer chance of living happily ever after. His princess may indeed be a joy for his eyes but not necessarily a joy for his heart.

In order to make her man happy she has to be happy herself. The beautiful girl of today is rarely happy. It is not her fault that she relied on her beauty to get her varied "heart's desires" once she saw that it worked. The more successful

she was in "using" her beauty the more value she put on this asset, the more care she put into its best presentation at all times.

This preoccupation with beautiful looks I believe to be the reason for much of the unhappiness in our present-day "beauties" and our present-day "average girls."

Visual beauty is held up as the ultimate goal and the necessity to possess it is pounded into the heads of most young girls.

Not even children remain untouched by this craze. Mothers, in their natural desire for their children's happiness, are being convinced of the necessity to beautify them at all costs.

A child knows no values unless he is taught values. He does not know what is important, what is unimportant, unless he is told.

If mothers of beautiful children would only realise how unimportant a beautiful face can be! But so many of them sit back delightedly and smile at the facile way their children use charm.

There is no denying that being beautiful

that happiness is on its way to meet her?

That this belief is false comes as the most shocking realisation to her innocent mind. Often it comes at a time when it is too late to change the pattern of her thinking, her responses, and her evaluations. Therefore her logical reaction to the shock is resentment.

Her next move is to try another star, open another door, and soon many stars and many doors. The beautiful girl is tempted constantly, and if she never learned to discipline her responses she slides into the restless life of an egotist who knows only one phrase—"I want."

For a while all seems to go well and the cream at the top of the bottle is hers. Sometimes her heart will be involved.

True, heartstrings are elastic. They will snap back after each strain, seemingly as good as new. But much abuse they will not stand. They will be transformed into shrivelled, useless bands if stretched too often and too recklessly.

This sorry state of the heart is most often the cause of discontent in beautiful women.

A discontented woman is poorer than the poorest poor. Even her prize possession, beauty, will give way to discontent, the greatest, most powerful de-beautifier of them all.

So don't envy the most beautiful girl in your neighborhood, in your class, in your school, in your town, on the stage or screen. Visual beauty can never be a substitute for inner beauty, and her only chance of happiness will depend on her strength of character to recognise this.

The girl who is only good-looking, or just "plain," needs this strength of character in order to be happy, but she has more chance to acquire it. Her happiness is far more assured than that of a thousand "beauties."

If a fraction of the analysis, attention, and care outer beauty receives daily were given to inner beauty, what a wonderful place the woman's world would be!

How can the modern girl, realising that too much emphasis on the pursuit of beauty might endanger her future happiness, put this realisation to practical use?

If she asked my advice this is what I would tell her:

If you are born with beauty—forget it! If the people around you won't let you forget it, go and seek those who are not impressed by your beauty. Believe me, they do exist! They will help you bring to bloom the deeper values of your inner beauty—the only beauty that will stay with you forever.

If you are not beautiful, or think you are an "ugly duckling," rejoice! You may have the greatest chance for happiness. Go right ahead in your desire to beautify yourself, but don't let that desire be a hindrance to your inner development.

Don't be impatient. Don't long to be a swan too soon. Cherish time and use it well. Know yourself through action and not through contemplation. Do your duty of every day. Have patience with yourself. Believe the purity your heart possesses. Give of your inner riches. Accept your share of sorrow and of pain without self-pity. You'll be a swan—just wait and see!

I have been asked to name women who I think have inner beauty. The first one I thought of was the Italian actress Eleonora

"Ugly ducklings" can soon become swans

makes life "easier." Smiles come your way much faster, forgiveness, too. People listen to you readily—at least for a while—show interest in your problems, your aims, your immediate desires.

Every beautiful girl learns early in life to rely on this special power. She gets things the easy way, from the extra candy she begs as a child from her mother to the hearts she collects on the charm bracelet of her adolescence, and on to having her own way with men.

In the search for a profession her beauty will influence her choice. Opportunities beckon, saying, "You can make it the easy way! No studies needed, no education of a special sort, no skill required!—your beauty will carry you to security, fortune, and even fame!" Can happiness be far behind?

Who can blame the beautiful girl for reaching out when so little effort is needed to catch a star, or for walking through open doors as if it were her due, firmly believing



ELEONORA DUSE, great Italian actress: "As long as she lived, she loved unconditionally."



MARIAN ANDERSON, American singer: "Inner beauty shines in her voice, her face, her eyes—a dedicated woman."



BETSY CUSHING WHITNEY, famous American society woman: "Warm, kind, and shy... great love in her face."



EDITH Piaf, French singer: "Sparrow of the Paris streets, wail from the wrong side of the tracks, a soul born hurt that wouldn't say die, an idealist... singing her heart out, giving everything..."

Life seems easy for beautiful women, but they're rarely happy, says this famous beauty

Duse. I had heard her name since I was in school. We learned about her life, her art, her love—and, although I had no understanding of the last, I loved her because she loved unconditionally and passionately.

Much later I saw a film of Duse, and, seeing her for the first time in movement, I remembered the same heady excitement which I had felt sitting on a trunk in the attic of our house reading about the object of my childish adoration.

Her hands, which I had known only in repose, were incredibly beautiful and a new source of excitement to me. When you are a child you do not know the beauty of hands—anyway, I did not, although there were replicas of Eleonora Duse's hands in all the art stores where I hunted for books and photographs of her.

Maybe I am still to this day under the influence of my childhood impression. I believe that Duse had great inner beauty.

Another name which is more a symbol to me than a reality is Marian Anderson. A face, a voice, purity, and passion, a dedicated human being who seems to have a mission and is aware of it—harmony and a calm determination reaching out to quiet the restless.

I do not know Marian Anderson. I do not have to. Her inner beauty shines not only in her voice. Her face tells it, and her eyes.

The next woman I want to speak about is one I know. Still, I cannot say that we are the closest of friends. I met her many years ago, and she impressed me deeply. I see her very rarely—at a crowded party, at a theatre while people are pushing by, or from far away we wave to each other.

She is warm and kind, tolerant, reserved, and shy, and has the wisdom of a child. She is a mother, and I think the day I saw her with her children I knew why she was attractive to me. You know more about a woman when you see her with her children than she or anybody else can tell you.

A real mother doesn't change her attitude towards her children when strangers are around. That was the first thing I noticed. The children did not have the puzzled look you see so often, when Mother isn't Mother any more, but some strange lady, strangely gay and loving or strangely stern, coaxing with a smile that isn't hers.

I still remember her that day. She sat quietly, the children talked, the sun shone through the windows and singled her out. If ever I saw love in a face I saw it then. A beautiful woman—Betsy Cushing Whitney.

One more name which to me spells beauty—Edith Piaf, the sparrow of the streets of Paris, a waif from the wrong side of the tracks. A soul which was born hurt and wouldn't say die. An idealist, an optimist with sad eyes, a frail body marked by a childhood full of hunger, hands of a princess.

Delicate and robust, courageous and shy, singing her heart out, giving her love, her friendship, her help and inspiration, believing in all and everything with the mighty strength of her romantic soul. The sparrow that became Phoenix!

As a last thought here are lines from a poem by Yeats which means a great deal to me:

A Prayer for My Daughter

... May she be granted beauty and yet not
Beauty to make a stranger's eye distraught,
Or hers before a looking-glass, for such,
Being made beautiful overmuch,
Consider beauty a sufficient end,
Lose natural kindness and maybe
The heart-revealing intimacy
That chooses right, and never find a friend...

... Hearts are not had as a gift, but
hearts are earned
By those that are not entirely beautiful...

WORLD'S MOST GLAMOROUS GRANDMOTHER, Marlene Dietrich, draws packed nightclub audiences wherever she appears, and many of them join the throng just to look at what the ageless blonde is wearing. This dramatic gown and coat were created specially for her record-breaking season in Las Vegas. The dress is studded with 227,000 diamond beads, topped with a five-pound, 12ft.-long, puff-shouldered coat of 300 swans' breastskins. The gown took Jean Louis, chief designer for Columbia Pictures, one year's time to make, and the coat took another 7000 manhours by his staff.





NEWINGTON AND SHORE SUPPORTERS (from left) Roger Cyles, Alison Logan, Janette McLean, and Malcolm McLelland at the G.P.S. Regatta held on the Nepean River at Penrith. More than 25,000 wildly cheering spectators, most of them teenagers, lined each bank of the river.



BARRACKING ENTHUSIASTICALLY at the G.P.S. Regatta are (from left) George Dalziel, of Orange, Elizabeth McLean, Margaret-Anne Crossing, of "Angullong," Orange, and Ian McLean, of Orange. In a closely contested race the Sydney High School eight won the Head of the River.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

THE Easter season in Sydney, with the autumn races, the Show, glamor parties large and small, is also one of the favored times for a wedding, and is chosen by brides from both city and country.

Two matrons of honor from the country—Mrs. Hugh Macneil, of "Lignum," Boggabilla, and Mrs. Michael Davidson, of "Little Yarran," Young—and one from the city—Mrs. John Miles, of Northbridge—will attend Libby Willcocks at her wedding on April 24.

Libby will marry David Aitken, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Aitken, of Woollahra, at St. Mark's, Darling Point. She is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. George Willcocks, of Double Bay.

Keen equestrienne Leslie Baillieu, of "Tongy," Cassilis, who will ride her gallop-way, Beau, in the Show, will be married on April 26, two days after the Show finishes.

Leslie marries Douglas Pickering, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Pickering, of Roseville Chase, at St. Mark's, Darling Point. The bride will be attended by her sister Lois (Mrs. Geoff Abram), Rosanne Davenport, and Doug's sister, Jan Pickering.

After their honeymoon Leslie and Doug will live in Armidale.

Anne Dobson and Ian Mil-lar have chosen St. Paul's Church, Wahroonga, for their wedding on April 27. Anne is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roderick Dobson, of Wahroonga.

LUNCHEON party for twenty guests will follow the christening of tiny Lyndall Ruth Bollinger at the Methodist Church, Hornsby, on Sunday, April 14. Lyndall is the first child for the Gordon Bollingers.

MY vote for the most elegant girl on the dance-floor this week goes to Kirstin Alexander, wearing an ankle-length sheath of mushroom-pink delustrated satin with a high Empire-line swathe of matching chiffon tying in a loose bow at back.

ST. STEPHEN'S Church, Macquarie Street, has been chosen by Shirley Gurton and Dr. Ron McKay for their wedding early in May. Shirley is the only daughter of Mrs. W. H. Gurton, of Bellevue Hill, and the late Mrs. Gurton, and Ron is the son of Mr. and Mrs. G. McKay, of Adelaide.

THIRD son for the Peter Barnes was born recently at St. Margaret's Hospital. Mrs. Barnes (formerly Jane James Smith, of "Brooklands," Yass) tells me that the two older boys, Ian (four) and Sam (two), are very excited about the new arrival. And the seventh child—a son—has arrived for Mr. and Mrs. Bill Camplin, of Pymble. Mrs. Camplin was formerly Alha Callinan.

AFTER a honeymoon at Surfers' Paradise, Jacqueline Reuss and Brian Upton (who marry at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on Thursday, April 11) will live at "Wonga," Moree, which Brian manages for his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Cory. Jacqueline is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Reuss, of Neutral Bay.



VICTORIAN SCHOOL CELEBRATES. Mrs. D. R. Hill-Douglas, of Bowral, with her brother, Mr. R. V. U. Rothwell, of Melbourne, at the Geelong Grammar centenary garden party held in the school grounds. Mrs. Hill-Douglas, who is not long back from a holiday in England with her daughter Susan, has twin sons at Geelong Grammar.



LEAVING St. Clement's Church, Mosman, after their wedding are Bill Garrin and his bride, who was formerly Diana Uts, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Uts. The newly-weds fly to England this week for a visit and will stay with Bill's parents, the Jack Garrins, in Leicestershire.



TEENAGE SPECTATORS. Susan Fraser watches through binoculars, while Robert Alexander focuses his camera on the racing sights. In the hot, sunny weather most teenage girls chose pretty cotton shirts and skirts.



COMMITTEE MEMBERS (from left) Mrs. Trevor Rowe, Mrs. Howard Rivett, and Mrs. Douglas Perkins, who are helping organise the Town and Country Ball, to be held at Prince's on April 16 in aid of the Smith Family.

BRIEFLY . . . for her coming-of-age party at Sherbrooke, Double Bay, attractive Natasha Symkowsky chose a full-skirted ballerina of ink-blue organza with white lace daisies scattered over the skirt and clustered thickly on the strapless bodice. "Doff" Small, of Vaucluse, has returned to London after a ski-ing holiday in Norway. . . . Lots of welcome-home parties are lined up for fair-haired Judy Allen, who arrives home on Saturday, April 13, of board Southern Cross after a holiday in England and Europe.

Anne

based on his make-up research for color TV
Max Factor creates a

new kind of lipstick



new! the color won't come off until you take it off!
new! no waiting for it to set! no blotting!
new! it never, never dries your lips!
new! the brilliant beauty of high-fidelity colors!

IT BRINGS BRILLIANT NEW BEAUTY to your lips... because Hi-Fi does for lipstick color what high fidelity does for music... creates a whole new scale of clear, brilliant tones *never possible before*.

THIS BRILLIANT BEAUTY WON'T COME OFF until you're ready to *take it off!* For Hi-Fi is an altogether *new kind* of lipstick, radiant with color that stays on beautifully not just 24 hours, but even *longer*.

NO 20-MINUTE WAIT FOR IT TO SET! *No blotting.* From the moment you apply Hi-Fi, your lips are *ready*.

HI-FI IS NON-DRYING. *Does not draw the lips.* Creamy-fine, it caresses your lips with

tender, silken smoothness, gives you a fresh, deliciously moist feeling you will *love*.

HI-FI IS NON-GREASY... glides on cleanly, precisely, and stays *put*. Hi-Fi is non-waxy, feels perfectly natural on your lips.

IT ALL BEGAN WITH COLOR TELEVISION. Under the powerful lights, existing lipsticks dried out. Colors faded away. So the great TV studios turned to Max Factor for a *new kind* of lipstick.

Max Factor answered with Hi-Fi. It brings brilliant beauty to your lips, *set to stay night and day* the moment you apply it! 9 high fidelity shades — *all new!* Get yours *today*. Max Factor's Hi-Fi Lipstick.

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MADE IN SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 17, 1957

Page 11

Hollywood's favourite
Lustre-Creme
Shampoo...



Never Dries—
it Beautifies!

Yes, Elizabeth Taylor uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. It's the favourite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars! It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin, foams into rich lather, leaves hair so easy to manage. It beautifies! For bright, fragrantly clean hair, choose the favourite of Hollywood stars!



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Also available in creamy
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leakproof Bubbles, 1/- ea.

LIZIA

New Drip-Dry, No-Iron "Wonder-Cloth" Boon for mothers of school children

Cesarine—"the wonder cloth of 1,001 uses"—now comes in two grades: "Regular" Cesarine of the unvarying quality you have always known; and "Easy-care" Cesarine.

"Easy-care" Cesarine is the same fine headcloth as "Regular" but treated with the newest processes devised by British scientists to make this cotton the easiest of cloths to care for. "Easy-care" Cesarine is drip-dry, crease shedding, dirt resistant and needs little or no ironing. Each of these qualities is in itself a boon—especially to mothers of school children. But "Easy-care" means even more. It means no more boiling. No more starching. No more damping down. And no more wearisome ironing—except for an occasional touching up of the seams. "Easy-care" Cesarine is washed in the usual way; boiling is unnecessary.

Rinse well in clean water, but do not wring. Hang wet on a hanger to drip-dry. This ensures that cool, crisp smartness which you previously achieved only after so much trouble.

"Easy-care" can already be bought at some stores. If your store cannot supply you right now, be wise and wait a while—only a few weeks. But refuse those cheaper imitations which soon lose what drip-dry no-iron qualities they may possess.

"Easy-care" Cesarine is the genuine drip-dry, no-iron cloth of a quality that justifies its price. Avoid inferior cloths which seem cheaper. Demand Cesarine because it's better.

"EASycare" CESARINE IS ANOTHER OF THE FAMOUS

CAESAR FABRICS

THE EASTER SHOW—

ROUGHIDER Sid Long, of Kogarah, N.S.W., hangs on to Southerly Buster in the buckjumping contest at the Young, N.S.W., rodeo. Sid, who won, will compete in the Show's rodeo.



● Sydney's Royal Easter Show—the epitome of Australia's thriving industries—is tipped to smash all records this year. Many sections have been enlarged and nearly 1,500,000 people are expected to see the huge display of exhibits worth £5,000,000.

THE Show will be from
April 12 to April 23.

Fifty rodeo riders will straddle three of the country's meanest horses in attempts to win the increased first prize of £600 in the buckjump contest of the Show's bigger-than-ever rodeo.

The horses are Boomerang, Badger, and Black Widow.

They are well known for the ease with which they have unseated riders at previous Shows.

Riders will draw for their mounts and must stay in the saddle ten seconds.

Only one rider has stayed the distance with Boomerang.

Rider Bob Yates, 22, of Kingsford, N.S.W., says there are sure to be "traps" among the horses.

"Traps," he explained, "are horses which hurtle into the arena, gallop about 50 yards, and then start bucking. They're really hard to ride."

Bob, who came second in the 1953 Buckjumping Championship and fourth in 1956, is city bred. But he has always been interested in riding, and has worked as a horse-breaker.

In 1950 he was "dared" to enter his first buckjump contest at Manildra, near Moolong, N.S.W. He won.

At the Show Bob will wear a brown Stetson, tight-fitting Western-style shirt, jeans,

leather chaps, and high-heeled kangaroo-hide boots.

"Without high heels your feet can slip through the stirrup-irons," he said. "If you fall, you drag. It's happened to me before."

Former Sydney taxi-driver Sid Long, 24, of Kogarah, N.S.W., is a full-time rodeo rider, who travels all over Australia.

He'll be seen in a body-fitting white shirt with pearl press-studs, imported American levis (pants), and the spurs on his kangaroo-hide boots will be covered with adhesive tape to prevent harming his mounts.

All contestants follow the rule.

Both men have entered in other rodeo events: Sid Long in steer-riding, bulldogging, bullock-ride, and bareback rough-riding, and Bob Yates in all but the bulldogging.

First prize for bareback rough-riding is £200.

Sid Long was 1954 N.S.W. bulldogging champion.

In the steer-riding event (£200 first prize) riders must stay eight seconds on the back of a strong, fast-bucking Zebu bull.

Contestants agree on the mean-spiritedness of Zebus.

"If you fall off a buck-jumper," said Sid Long, "you lie still for safety. If you fall off a bull you get up and run."

Judges in this event give marks for "sparring"—the contestant must swing his leg outwards, giving the bull even chance to throw him.

FROM the million-pound glamor of the French Exhibition to the realm of cakes and crocheting, jigs and jumpers, is a mighty switch in anyone's language—but that describes the b



VETERAN competitor Mrs. W. Whyton has 37 entries in the Show; mostly in cooking sections, but there is some pottery as well.



MRS. G. HOLLAND, Arts and Crafts section supervisor, arranges entries for the most original iced cake. BELOW: Eight-year-old Fay Alchin goes down for a close look at Blondie, one of the two walking fish entered by Mrs. M. Sykes, of Newtown.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 17, 1956

BIGGER THAN EVER



SORTING some of the 3500 entries received for the Arts and Crafts section are stewards Mrs. A. O'Connor, of Marrickville (left), and Mrs. B. Dehart, of Mascot. **INSET:** Workman Roy Woodward nails the sign outside the pavilion which last year housed the French Exhibition.

change in the French Pavilion from last year's Show to this.

No longer does the building glitter with exotic French fabrics, jewels, furniture, and gowns.

Instead, it has reverted to the home of Arts and Crafts entries. And if the pavilion has lost anything in the glamor of appearance the enthusiasm and effort behind this year's exhibits more than make up for it.

Any doubts on this score are quickly dispelled by a pre-Show visit to the pavilion and its supervisor of nine years, Coogee housewife and mother Mrs. R. Holland.

In the past few weeks Mrs. Holland and her staff of four stewards have handled 3500 entries in the Arts and Crafts section... and they say they've never seen a higher or more interesting standard of work.

All have been carefully unpacked, catalogued, and arranged by these women, who for more than a week worked from 7.30 a.m. to 10 p.m. to get everything ready.

ALL the fine crafts and traditions of Europe will go towards making this year's Show the most cosmopolitan ever. New Australians are exhibiting work for the first time.

An exhibition of migrant handicrafts organised by the Good Neighbor Council of N.S.W. includes an impressive selection of pages of illuminated parchment.

These are part of the life work of Mrs. C. M. Mestitz, of Coogee.

Mrs. Mestitz, who came to Australia from Hungary in 1939, is still working on a book of parchments she started 22 years ago.

She is illustrating the French fairy story of Aucassin and Nicolette, inscribed in German, with fine, beauti-

fully colored illustrations page by page.

Mrs. Mestitz' work, along with that of 30 national groups, will be shown in the Arts and Crafts Pavilion.

A FORMER South African woman, who learnt to shoot when she learnt to cook, has entered exhibits in 37 sections of the Show.

She is Mrs. Winifred Whyton, of Concord West, whose hobby is cooking and who is a constant winner at shows all the year round.

Mrs. Whyton grew up in Pietermaritzburg, in South Africa. At the age of seven she attended what was called a Model Girls' School, where she learnt shooting, cooking, gardening, and sewing, as well as the usual school subjects.

"My housekeeping bills are enormous," Mrs. Whyton said. "But I don't go out, never go to the pictures, so I indulge myself in cooking. I've been experimenting with sponge cakes, and my husband begged me the other day, 'Please don't make any more sponges.'"

In this year's Show, for which she used more than eight dozen eggs, she has entered banana jam; chocolates, toffees, and several different types of sweets; cakes and biscuits in their various sections; and, as a light relief, two pieces of baked pottery.

FISH stories will be swapped at the Show this year for the first time.

But they won't be stories of "the one that got away."

The Show has a pisciculture section for the first time, with 10 classes, for goldfish and eight classes for tropical fish.

First two fish to be nominated were two "walking fish," owned by Mrs. M. Sykes, of Newtown.

Walking fish, known as Axolotls, have four legs, and walk



BEAUTIFUL entry in the period-doll section of the Show's Arts and Crafts exhibition this year.

round the bottom of the tank. One of Mrs. Sykes' is a fleshy, pinkish color, the other is black.

Mrs. Sykes, who has had them for seven years, has appropriately named them "Blondie" and "Midnight."

Another fish enthusiast, Mr. Kevin Williams, a motor-body builder, of Marrickville, has entered fish in both sections.

He used to keep birds, decided to change about four years ago, and now has about 600 fish.

ONLY one thing will make Mrs. Carmen Coleman, of Chester Hill, happy between now and Good Friday... and that's Indian - summer weather.

Good Friday is the day when Mrs. Coleman, an entrant in the Floral Art section of the Show, must complete her three floral arrangements ready for judging on Easter Saturday.

"One more drop of rain or a spell of bad weather could finish my hopes," she said.

"I can't finalise my arrangements yet because I don't know what flowers I'll have left alive."



PETER JONES, aged 16, of Alice Springs, is youngest entrant in photography section. He has made an entry in all six classes.

Mrs. Coleman has had a garden only about three years, though, all correspondence will cease while Mrs. Coleman becomes a "cloud-watcher" and keeps her fingers crossed for fine weather.

NEWS IN KNITS!



8507. Jumper and cardigan with saddle sleeves. This horizontally ribbed companion set is perfect for casual wear. Note the straight line and snugly fitting mandarin collar. So typically Arosa!

LOVELY AROSA KNITWEAR is styled on the latest trends from the fashion centres of the world. Australia's finest knitted garments bear the name AROSA—and they're loomed from the softest super merino yarns.

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* Now available on the Economy tube of Ipana

is easy-to-use, hard-to-lose

... tube stands upright to use less space.

The new, red, king-size cap caps Australia's most recommended toothpaste. The Ipana tube now stands on its head and so takes up very little shelf space. The easy-to-handle cap is so big you can't possibly lose it. And don't forget, only Ipana contains WD-9, which destroys decay bacteria with every brushing.

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**"She'll find out, as I did, that
her **Washing Machine** is
HER MOST PRIZED POSSESSION"**



"If I'd had a Washing Machine when I was a young wife, things would have been different. The memory of that horrible, steamy laundry isn't a pleasant one. The countless hours I spend slaving over that copper, lifting out heavy wet washes . . .! But since I've had a Washing Machine I know it's silly for a young girl, or anyone for that matter, to do unnecessary, and sometimes harmful, backbreaking drudgery.

What had to be good enough for us is certainly not good enough for our daughters. To-morrow's bride or to-morrow's grandmother — you owe it to yourself to find out just what's happened to Mondays!" Get the full story on just how easy it is to own a modern Washing Machine. See your local Electrical Retailer to-day. Ask for a home demonstration if it's more convenient. He will be glad to oblige.



MORE TIME FOR LEISURE:

Only a machine could wash as fast and do it so gently and so well. You'll save most of Monday with your own Washing Machine.



NO MORE DRUDGERY:

Your washer does the heavy work—washes cleaner than ever—doesn't wear out your clothes, or you—leaves you . . .



MORE ENERGY FOR OUTINGS:

You won't know it's been washday when you own a Washing Machine. You put in the clothes—your washer puts in the work—leaves you feeling on top of the world, ready for anything!



MORE CLEAN CLOTHES:

It's no effort to toss in the few slightly soiled clothes that in pre-washer days could have seen another wearing.

**EWD
WM**

EVERY WOMAN DESERVES A WASHING MACHINE



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TELEVISION PARADE

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Since television towers have changed the Sydney skyline, interest, argument, and bets have centred on them. People ask: Which tower is that? Which is the highest? Why are they where they are?

AND people ask me for the answers.

It has taken me days and hours of talk and research with the Australian Broadcasting Commission, the Postmaster-General's Department, Amalgamated Wireless, the Broadcasting Control Board, and the Department of Civil Aviation to find out the answers.

So far, only the two commercial stations have "full-grown" towers.

(Don't be fooled by a third tall tower in the area. It is the P.M.G.'s Frequency Modulation experimental radio mast at West Street, North Sydney.)

The tower which stands close to the Artarmon railway station is Channel 9, TCN. It is more delicate in its tracery than the others, and weighs only half as much as they do.

This delicacy and slender line comes from the fact that the tower is built from imported high-tensile steel, which is narrower, lighter, and said to be stronger than the steel in the other towers.

It is about 850 feet above sea level, the same as all the towers are or will be when completed. Its construction from ground level is about 561 feet—61 feet longer than the other towers because it is based on lower ground.

The tower for Channel 7, ATN, stands alongside the Pacific Highway on Gore Hill. Its construction from ground level is about 500 feet.

The national station—Channel 2, ABN—is building a new tower. Now about one-third up, it is expected to be completed by the end of this month or early next, mainly if weather conditions are favorable.

(Wind strength is a very real factor in the construction of such towers.)

The new tower, already much taller than "The Stump," as the old short mast is inelegantly called, is climbing rapidly alongside, almost jostling the ATN mast.

All the masts are at Gore Hill because, for a number of technical reasons, they are much better close together.

"Gore Hill" is what the Broadcasting Control Board calls the area, and takes in the land near Artarmon station on which TCN is built.

This site, with others, was chosen by the engineers of the TV companies, and submitted to the Broadcasting Control Board for final choice and approval.

They approved this site because it is the highest within a reasonable distance of the centre of the residential area of Sydney and suburbs.

All companies share a belief that their mast is built on the best part of the chosen site.

Proof of the excellence of the Gore Hill site comes from the American Matson Line.

More than 200 miles out to sea from Sydney their passenger liners Mariposa and Monterey pick up a good image on American TV sets.

They also pick up good sound, but because American TV sets are not designed to receive Australian TV, the picture and the sound don't come together. You get one or another.

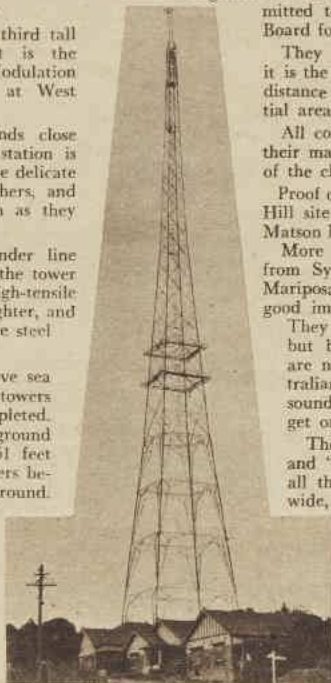
The alternating bands of white and "international orange" paint all the towers carry are 20 feet wide, and are specified by the international civil aviation organisation to make them visible to aircraft during daylight.

All masts have a flashing red beacon on top and identical bands of fixed red lights at intervals on the way down.

The lights are all aviation-warning lights officially described by the Civil Aviation Department, who specify their type and position, as "obstruction" lighting.

And if I may ask a question myself:

Why don't the TV companies put their names on the side of these towers of steel lace? I am assured they could have ABN, ATN, and TCN on the side in neon lights without breaking a single regulation.



TELEVISION TOWER of Channel 9, TCN, near Artarmon station. The studios, where the programmes originate, are alongside the tower.

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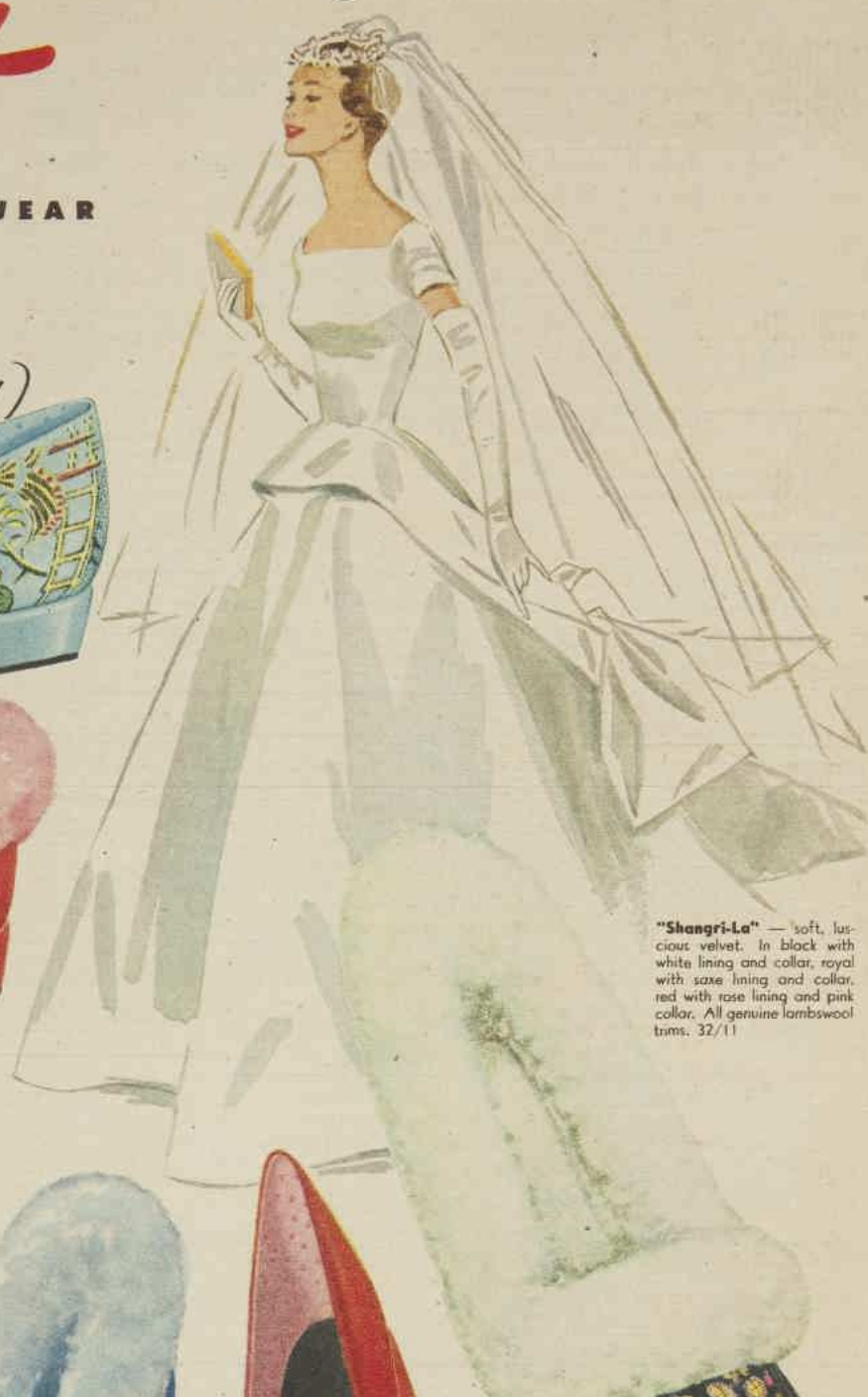
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April Lady

Third instalment of a five-part serial by **GEORGETTE HEYER**

MARRIAGES were more often made for worldly considerations than for love in London's Regency society. When his young wife, **NELL**, has no good explanation for her unpaid bills, the wealthy **LORD CARDROSS** begins to suspect hers was such a marriage. He does not know Nell has lent money to her young blade of a brother, **DYSART**, or that she still owes a dressmaker, **MADAME LAVALLE**, more than three hundred pounds.

Learning of Nell's difficulties, **Dysart**, in low water himself, with a friend, **CORNY FANCOT**, attempts a masked hold-up of Nell's carriage, intending to repay her loan with money raised from the sale of her jewellery. When Nell recognises them, **Dysart** promises to get the money some other way, but will not say how.

Pressed anew by **Madame Lavalle**, Nell decides her only hope is a money-lender. She is about to visit one when **Cardross'** elegant cousin, **FELIX HETHERSETT**, sees her and persuades her such a course would be disastrous.

Her marriage threatened by her bills, during **Cardross'** absence in the country Nell's life is further complicated by the wilful behaviour of his sister, **LETTY**, who lives with them in **Grosvenor Square**. Letty is determined to marry the dull and ineligible **JEREMY ALLANDALE**, soon to be posted abroad by the Foreign Office. Unknown to Nell, she is aided and abetted in this determination by her romantic-minded cousin, **SELINA THORNE**. NOW READ ON.



NELL waited in vain for **Dysart** to put in an appearance that afternoon. Her footman brought back no answer to her note, his lordship having gone out. No, his lordship's man had not been able to say when he expected him to return.

His lordship did not return to his rooms, in fact, until an advanced hour of the day.

Since he was engaged to dine at **Watier's**, with a select company of his intimates, and afterwards to try his luck at that most exclusive of gaming-clubs, it was rather too much to expect him to keep the best dinner in town waiting while he danced attendance in **Grosvenor Square**.

A fortunate bet had (as he phrased it) brought the dubs into tune again, and encouraged him to think that a long run of bad luck had come to an end. With a little ready to sport on the table there was no saying but what he might by the end of the evening be in a position to settle any number of dressmakers' bills, and through no

more exertion than was required to cast, instead of the worst chances in the game, a few winning nicks. Inured by custom to all the stratagems known to creditors, he considered that **Madame Lavalle's** story of being about to put herself out of the way of collecting the moneys due to her was a piece of gammon.

In **Dysart's** experience, no creditor ever put himself out of the way of collecting money. Having pursued a precarious course for some years, he was not at all alarmed by duns, and thought that **Nell** was being more than commonly gooseish. However, he was fond of her, and if she was as sick with apprehension as her letter seemed to indicate he would not, on the following morning, grudge an hour spent in soothing her alarms. Moreover, the morning might find him out of ebb-water, and hosed and shod again, for it was nothing for a man enjoying a run of luck to win three or four thousand pounds in one night's sitting at the Great Go.

It might have been thought that a club

where the minimum stake was double the sum fixed at any other gaming establishment, and the play was known to be tremendous, was scarcely the place for a young blood, living on an inadequate allowance and a grossly encumbered expectation. The Viscount's wellwishers shook their heads over it, but they could scarcely blame him for playing there, since he had become a member of the club under the auspices of his own father.

In general an indifferent parent, **Lord Pevensy** every now and then awoke to a sense of his responsibilities. Finding that his heir, after an adventurous period at **Oxford**, had established himself in **London** and was about to make his debut in fashionable circles, he had felt that it behoved him to do what lay within his power to launch him into society.

He introduced him to **White's** and to **Watier's**; franked him into the subscription

Selina waited only long enough to observe Letty cast herself upon Mr. Allendale's broad bosom and fling her arms about him.

room at **Tattersall's**, pointed out to him certain individuals whose business in life it was to diddle the dupes; recommended him to let none but **Weston** make his coats; advised him to purchase his hats at **Baxter's**; and to have his boots made by **Hoby**; and warned him of the dangers of offering a *carte blanche* to too high-flying an *Incognita*.

He was obliging enough to instruct his son in some of the signs by which he might recognise, among the muslin company, those prime articles who might be depended on to ease a protector of all his available blunt. After that, and feeling that he had

Continued overleaf

left nothing undone to ensure for the Viscount a prosperous career; he cast off his parental responsibilities, which had by that time begun to bore him very much, and left his son to his own devices.

Watier's, which was situated on the corner of Bolton Street and Piccadilly, in an unpretentious house which had once been a gaming establishment of quite a different order, was generally supposed to owe its existence to the Prince Regent. Watier had been one of his cooks, but the Prince, upon learning from some of his friends that a good dinner was not to be had at any of the London clubs, had conceived the benevolent notion of providing gentlemen of high ton with a dining-club not just in the common style, and had suggested to Watier that he was the very man to carry out this pleasing idea.

The idea took. In partnership with two other of the royal servants Mr. Watier embarked on the venture and prospered so well that within a very few years he was able to retire from active participation in the business of running the club. By that time what had begun as a dining-club, with excellent cooking, carefully chosen wines, and harmonious assemblies as its attractions, had blossomed into the most exclusive as well as the most ruinous of all London's gaming clubs.

The dinners, under the surveillance of Mr. Augustus Labourie, continued to be the best that could be had in town. It had a bank of ten thousand pounds; Mr. Brummell was its perpetual president; and to be admitted to membership was the object of every aspirant to fashion. Play began at nine o'clock and continued all night, the principal games being hazard and macao: a form of vingt-un introduced into England by the emigres from France and still enjoying a considerable vogue.

The Viscount, after an evening devoted to faro, had not found that this alteration in his habits answered as well as he

had hoped it might, and when he rose from a very convivial dinner he resisted all attempts to lure him into the macao-room. He would give the bones another chance, he said, for he had a strong presentiment that fortune was at last about to favor him.

So, indeed, it seemed. Being set twenty pounds and naming seven as the main, he threw eleven, nicking it, which promised well for the night's session. Even Mr. Fancot, who had been trying to lose money to him for months and had begun to despair of achieving his ambition, felt hopeful.

From the circumstance of the Prince Regent's holding one of his bachelor parties at Carlton House that evening, the club was rather thin of company. Mr. Hethersett, strolling in at midnight, found the macao-room deserted by all but a collection of persons who figured in his estimation either as prosy old stagers or tippies on the strut. He took a look-in at those intent on hazard, but here again the company failed to attract him, and he was just about to leave the premises when he was suddenly smitten by an idea.

It was not a very welcome idea, nor did he look forward with the least degree of pleasure to the putting of it into action, but it was the best that had occurred to him during the course of a day largely devoted to wrestling with the problem of Lady Cardross' financial difficulties.

The more he considered this matter the greater had grown his uneasiness, for the mild affection he felt for Nell did not lead him to place any very firm trust in her promise to keep away from usurers. A just man, he was obliged to own that if she dared not confess her debts to Cardross no other solution than to borrow upon interest suggested itself.

In his opinion, she was magnifying Cardross' wrath rather absurdly. It was unlikely that he would hear the confession

with complaisance, but he was not only a man very much in love; he was also a man of generous temper, and a good deal more than common sense. No one would be quicker to make allowance for youth and inexperience; and although there could be little doubt that he had forbidden Nell to keep her brother in funds, Mr. Hethersett had still less doubt that he would understand, and even sympathise with, the very natural feelings which had led her to disobey him.

Cardross would know how to put a stop to such practices, too, and that was something that ought to be done immediately.



"I'm going to need this document in a few days. So please don't file it. Put it in an envelope and post it to me."

ately, if Nell was out to founder at the last in a morass of debt and deception. Cardross would pardon her now with no loss of tenderness, but if he discovered in the future that she had been playing an undergame with him, perhaps for years, the very openness of his disposition would cause him to regard her with revulsion.

Mr. Hethersett, gloomily pondering, had reached the conclusion that although it would be of some advantage if his cousin were to be put in possession of

the facts by almost any agency, the only happy outcome of the affair would be for Nell herself to make the disclosure. But when he had urged her to do so she had recoiled from the suggestion, and had begged him in considerable agitation not to betray her to Cardross.

The suspicion had crossed his mind that all might not be so well with that marriage as appeared on the surface. Thinking it over, it occurred to him that the couple were not as often in company together as might have been expected. It was not, of course, in good ton for a man to live in his wife's pocket; but the cynicism which had prompted the higher ranks of the previous generation to regard marriage as a means of

business had lately been offended by the sight of a newly married pair seated side by side on a small sofa with their heads together at an evening party, was inclined to think that the pendulum was swinging too far, and he certainly did not expect Cardross to behave with such a want of breeding.

At the same time, he did sometimes wonder that Nell, married to a man who had not only chosen her, for love, from among a dozen more eligible ladies, but was also possessed of a charm which made him generally fascinating to females, should so frequently appear in public either unescorted or with some quite inferior gallant at her side. There was nothing to take exception to in that, of course; and never anything in her manner towards her admirers to encourage the most inveterate seekers after gossip to suspect her of having formed a guilty attachment. Mr. Hethersett was pretty well persuaded that she had no eyes for any man but Cardross. He had seen them light up when his cousin had unexpectedly entered a room where she was sitting. No, he did not think that if anything had gone amiss with the marriage it arose from any lack of affection.

He recollected having heard it said that in love-matches even more than marriages of convenience the first year was often one of tiffs and misunderstandings, and decided that so much profound cogitation was leading him to refine too much upon the couple's public conduct.

If there had been disagreements, Mr. Hethersett, knowing just how formidable his cousin could be when he was angered, could readily understand the reluctance of his very young bride to confide her sins to him. It would be useless to press her to do so, he thought, but having reached this conclusion he found himself at a stand, for there was no one other than herself who could tell Cardross of the fix she was in without setting up his back.

But just as he was about to leave the hazard-room, Dysart, who had been too deeply con-

cerned with the fall of the dice to notice his entrance, happened to look up, and to see him. He called a careless greeting, and on the instant Mr. Hethersett was smitten by his idea.

If he could be persuaded to do it, Dysart was the one person who could tell Cardross, unexceptionally, even, perhaps, with advantage, the truth. Mr. Hethersett had no doubt at all that Nell's debts had been incurred on his behalf, and very little that a frank confession made by him of the whole would win plenary absolution for Nell, and in all probability pecuniary assistance for himself. It would be an easy matter for him to convince Cardross that Nell had yielded only to his urgent entreaties; and Cardross would be swift to recognise and to appreciate the courage that enabled him to perform so unpleasant a duty.

Only, did Dysart possess that courage? Mr. Hethersett, joining the scattering of lookers-on gathered round the table, glanced speculatively at him, considering the matter. Physical courage he certainly possessed to a pronounced degree; but in spite of taking a perverse pride in being thought a Care-for-Nobody he had not as yet given anyone reason to suppose that he had any strength of moral character.

Mr. Hethersett, several years his senior and a man of a different kidney, was not one of his friends, and even less one of his admirers, but he did him the justice to acknowledge that although he was a resty young blade, decidedly loose in the haft, incorrigibly spendthrift, and ready at any moment to plunge into whatever extravagant folly was suggested to him by his impish fancy, he had never been known, even in his most reckless mood, to step over the line that lay between the venial peccadilloes of a wild youth and such questionable exploits as must bring his name into dishonor.

Dysart was both generous and good-natured, and Mr. Hethersett rather thought that

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THE DIVIDED

SHE came trudging along the road from the village. The sun was behind her, so that at first I saw her only indistinctly against the glare. And a halo of dust—kicked up by the slip-slop of her heels along the ruts of the dried-up lane—hung around her.

It was an August afternoon. I leaned over the white-painted gate, listening lazily to the rattle of crockery as Angela and her mother laid the table for tea, and watched the girl marching towards me, clutching something white to her breast.

She walked right up to the gate and came to an abrupt halt. She stared up at me—a little girl in a checked dress, with long black stockings which seemed too hot and uncomfortable for such a day and shoes that were surely a size too big for her.

She had plaits, tied at the ends with tufts of ribbon—so that they looked almost like the bits you tie on the tail of a kite—and dust had settled in sweaty streaks on her forehead.

The thing she held in her arms was a creased cardboard box—a shoe-box, tied around with string and pricked all over with nail holes.

"Hello!" she said.

"Hello!" I replied, and added, in the jocular teasing fashion I thought suitable for little girls, "What can I do for you?"

"This is Miss Palmer's house, isn't it?" she said.

I nodded.

"Then," she went on, "you must be the doctor who is living with her?"

"I am staying on holiday here," I said primly.

"But you are a doctor?"

"Yes." It was a lie. But anyhow I would be qualified in a month's time.

"My Gran said it wasn't right for a young lady to have a doctor living with her. I wonder why. I think it's a jolly good idea."

"I hope you told your Gran that," I muttered.

The child didn't pay any attention to this remark. She was prising back the corner of the shoe-box lid.

"Can you mend birds?" she asked as she put her fingers into the box. I saw the finch's head dart forward, its yellow bill flickering defensively against her probing fingers.

The child pulled her hand away quickly and sucked her nipped finger. "Fancy her doing that," she said with a hurt voice. "And it was me who rescued her."

Angela came down the path and joined us.

"Hello, Miss Palmer," said the little girl.

"Hello, Dorothy. What are you doing so far from home?"

"I've brought the doctor a bird to mend. Timothy was chewing her. Timothy is Gran's cat. Her leg's all bloody."

Instead of grinning—as I did—Angela looked serious and peeped into the box. "I'm sure the doctor can fix that. Let's take her along to the surgery," said Angela, and led the way to the white-topped table in the kitchen.

Angela put on her spectacles—the big round ones she always used when she was doing anything important—and opened the box to examine the bird.

The bird's leg was broken. Dorothy watched me intently as I prepared a tiny splint, using a cocktail stick.

"What's that for?" she asked.

"To keep the leg straight until it heals."

Angela held the patient firmly while I washed the blood away from the feathers and bound the splint to the limb with a scrap of gauze and thread.

"Can you mend people's legs, too?" asked Dorothy, admiration in her voice.

"I hope so."

"Have you mended Miss Palmer's legs?"

I believe I blushed. Angela laughed. We put the finch back in the box.

"He'll be all right in a few days," I said.

"Stay and have some tea with us, Dorothy," said Angela.

We went into the drawing-room. Dorothy, with the cardboard box on her knee, perched on the edge of the couch, and stared at us with the candid stare of a child, gravely munching her cake and pushing crumbs through the holes of the box. She looked at the photograph on a table beside her. It was a snap I had taken of Angela at the hospital in her nurse's uniform.

"Is it nice being a doctor?" Dorothy asked me.

"Yes," I said, and, not knowing what else to say, fell back on the inevitable question one puts to a child. "What are you going to be when you grow up?"

"I haven't decided," she answered gravely.

"You must be a nurse," I said, "like Miss Palmer."

The child stared at me for a while and then her face broke into a smile. "And have a doctor to live with me?"

Once again Angela's laugh rang out.

Together we watched her trudge back towards the village.

"Poor little mite," said Angela. "She lives in that dreary old house near the church, all alone with her Gran. I think the Gran's a bit odd. I hope the kid doesn't grow up odd as well!"

"All nurses are odd," I said and kissed Angela.

"She'll be very pretty when she grows up."

"All nurses are pretty," I said, and kissed her again.

And next time I did see Dorothy she was wearing nurse's uniform; and she had big saucer-like spectacles—something like Angela's—perched on the tip of her tiny nose.

I had gone down to the village to buy tobacco, and I saw the girl in the garden of the house near the church. She had stuffed her plaits into a nurse's cap improvised from a starched serviette, and had covered her checked dress with an enormous striped apron.

"Hello, Nurse," I said. "How's the patient?"

I went into the garden. The finch was hopping about in a cage. The splint had worked loose, but the leg had set.

"I'll take the bandage off," I said. As she bent over to watch me do that, she took off the spectacles, and, when I had put the bird safely back in the cage, I lifted them up to my eyes and looked through them. The lenses were so powerful that they made me almost dizzy.

"How old are you?" I asked.

"Ten. How old are you?"

I ignored that question. "How long have you worn glasses?"

"I only wear them for nursing," she said. "They're Gran's."

"Well, you mustn't put them on again. They'll spoil your eyes." I looked down at the girl's eyes; tawny eyes,

flecked with gold, staring at me under level direct brows. They were quite lovely eyes. "You mustn't spoil your eyes," I said.

We saw a lot of her during the next few days. If we didn't see her in the village in the mornings, she came out in the afternoon, lugging the heavy cage all the way. She sat on the lawn beside me as I read or studied.

She didn't chatter, as most kids do. But she did stare, so intently, so fixedly. I looked up again and again and saw that frank, unashamed gaze fell on me.

One afternoon as she set off back home with the cage, I saw the bird fluttering miserably against the bars.

"She's better now," I said. "You ought to let her go."

Dorothy looked downcast.

"Birds like that are unhappy in cages."

"But I saved her from Timothy. And I do love her."

"Sometimes you have to let the things you love fly away... just because you do love them," I said, and then, feeling stupid for saying such sententious things to a ten-year-old, I hurried indoors; for it was almost six o'clock and I wanted to hear the news bulletin.

It was the 29th of August, 1939.

The news was as bad as it could be. I looked across at Angela.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 17, 1957

YEARS

For her the first love was
the one and only love . . .
a tender story

By THEO LANG



Angela and I used to see a lot of Dorothy and the little bird she loved and kept in a huge cage.

"Let's not wait until the spring, Angela. Let's get married straight away . . . before anything worse happens."

Angela broke into laughter; that gay lovable sparkling laugh of hers. "That's one way of putting it, Rodney!" Then suddenly she looked grave. "Yes, I'd like that. I'd like us to face this thing together . . . really together."

The decision was made just like that. We packed that night and went back to London next day. We didn't see little Dorothy again. We heard she was being evacuated to America.

We didn't even see Angela's Essex house ever again either. It was requisitioned and later was utterly destroyed in a raid. That loss passed almost unremarked: there were graver losses and deeper hurts to be endured in those days.

Certainly I never gave another thought to the little girl I had first seen in the Essex lane. In the passing years—dark, sad, dangerous years—memories of sunlit happy summer afternoons rarely came.

Six years of war and its accumulated tragedies. And then the years after the war; years that went swiftly, as I wished them to go, in a succession of work and success, work intense enough to dull the pain.

No, I didn't ever think of the little girl again. And, yet, when I did meet her I knew her immediately. And she knew me. She had grown up, tall and slender and lovely, but I recognised her straight away.

Those eyes—tawny eyes, flecked with gold, under level brows—were quite beyond forgetting.

This new meeting with Dorothy—this meeting when the streams of our lives, which had touched so momentarily and, for me, without apparent effect in her childhood, flowed suddenly and powerfully together again—happened on my thirty-eighth birthday.

That day, made vivid with that meeting, is now indeed a day to be remembered. So much so that the most trivial things of the day seemed etched deep in my memory.

I can remember, for instance, standing that morning in my dressing-room, telling myself, as I brushed my hair, that today I was thirty-eight. I remember leaning nearer to the glass to see if there were, on this birthday morning, any more grey hairs at my temples, and feeling, as I did so, Angela's eyes on me, watching, tolerably, my vanity.

My hairdresser would have had me dye those grey flecks out of sight. But wiser counsellors assured me that they were just the finishing touch in the appearance of Dr. Rodney Stanger. They seemed stylishly in keeping with the brass plate on my Wimpole Street door.

The grey came out so well in the photographs, too. In the news columns: "Dr. Rodney Stanger, who was among the doctors called in for consultation at No. 10, Downing Street, today."

Or, in the gossip columns, "Dr. Rodney

Stanger, whose wife, Angela Stanger, etc., etc."

They always mentioned Angela, of course. Dear Angela. Her confidence in me had—I accepted the fact—done more for me than what talent I had of my own.

There was a pile of birthday greetings on my breakfast plate that morning, and a few presents, prettily wrapped. There was also my list of appointments for the day.

My secretary had long ago decided that I could save time by reviewing my day's work while I ate my breakfast egg, and she made no exceptions for birthdays.

"And," my secretary told me as I went into my office, "Dr. Bryant rang half-an-hour ago. He hoped you would find time today to see a patient of his. He will ring again at half-past nine."

"Did he say who the patient was this time?"

"An American woman."

"Actress or millionairess?"

My secretary didn't know.

Dear old Colin Bryant positively collected wealthy and famous patients. He was the most strenuously working society doctor in Harley Street. It seemed almost that he pounced on the Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth as soon as they docked and carted a bunch of patients off to London.

Having collected them he never knew what to do with them. Even newly qualified and fresh from his text books, dear Colin had difficulty recognising the difference between tonsillitis and appendicitis. And nowadays, eighteen years away from text books, he would have found it impossible.

But his patients were safe with him and nearly always recovered. He summoned always the best consultants he knew. The first to be summoned would diagnose what was wrong, and then Colin would call in the recognised authority on the complaint.

"Such a very good doctor, Dr. Bryant," his happy patients murmured. "And so

modest; always prepared to consider a second opinion."

"The woman's from Chicago," Colin told me on the phone. "Her doctor advised her to have a change of scene. She's quite a good looker. I suspect she is hypochondriac with a lot too much money. Her husband's in tinned meat. They've taken a penthouse in Park Lane."

"I've a call around there this afternoon. I can look in about three."

A very English butler led Colin and me from the lift along the corridor to Mrs. Vanbolton's drawing-room. She lay on a couch, elegantly. She wore a house coat of palest blue, the skirt made up of more tiny pleats than I ever thought anyone could pleat into one length of silk.

She was indeed a good looker. But she was not, as Colin had suggested, a hypochondriac. Colin had chosen me as consultant just because he didn't know what to make of her: as it happened, he couldn't have chosen anyone more suitable. Mrs. Vanbolton was in every respect one of my cases.

I had expected that the call would involve nothing more than a pleasant chat, after which I would agree with Dr. Bryant's course of treatment and never see Colin's patient again. Instead I was there nearly an hour.

I made an appointment for an X-ray, but I was sure the plates would merely confirm what I knew already.

I examined her in her bedroom. When I walked back into her drawing-room she followed us, pulling towards us a trolley loaded with drinks in crystal bottles.

"Well?" she said.

"You know, Mrs. Vanbolton, don't you, that you are a very sick woman?"

Colin looked startled. He turned to me with an expression which almost openly said, "Now, don't overdo it, Rodney!"

Mrs. Vanbolton drained her glass. "And how many years of life do you give me, doctor?" she asked.

"I have confidence that such a question doesn't arise."

I saw it then in her eyes—a sudden flicker

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Little Bo-Peep has lost her Sheep



*Little Bo-Peep
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find them;
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their wool
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A short short story complete on this page
By **STEWART ROBERTSON**



ENDING DEFERRED

HERBERT, what on earth are you smiling at?" Cora Wintringham gazed suspiciously at her husband as she asked the question.

"You've been lost in that paper for the past ten minutes," she went on accusingly, "wearing a faraway dreamy smile as though you were thinking of some secret love affair. I don't like it!"

For the hundredth time Herbert Wintringham looked at Cora's carefully tended beauty, and marvelled at his stupidity in marrying her.

He looked not only at the sleek patina of her expensively sungilded skin—St. Juan des Pins, Luxor, the Riviera—but at the agate hardness of her eyes and the spoiled ruthlessness of her mouth. His stare was calm and analytical, masking the growing detestation he felt for this arrogant, domineering woman.

Yet it was nothing compared to the loathing with which he reviewed the life into which ambition had lured him. A very cheap and shoddy existence on which no expense was spared.

"Just put it down to happiness at being home again," he said quietly. His heart was pounding with a joy he hadn't known for years, and he tried hard to keep triumph from crowing into his voice. "You ought to feel the same way."

Cora's lips twisted to an ugly line. "You know I don't! This is a crude and tiresome country, and we're going to get out of it again as soon as Father is better. Maybe South America. Look at those five marvellous years we spent in Europe, flying over the very day after we were married."

Her voice sharpened. "What's the matter with you, anyway? Isn't being manager of my family's continental branches good enough for you? Why, we've only been home a week, and I'm sick of it already."

Herbert Wintringham was silent. He'd decided some time ago that when a man is vain enough to marry for money and position he must accept the humiliations that go with them—the constant reminders that he was the luckiest of men; the nagging variations on the theme that he had sold himself.

That was, of course, the punishment for being too practical. For believing that the quick securing of one's future, thereby abolishing the slow climb upwards, would solve all other problems—such as love.

There sat his wife, poised, brilliantly gowned, a handsome woman who caused heads to turn in any gathering. On the other hand, memory kept showing him Suzanne, of the shy, dark eyes and the gentleness of one who didn't ask too much. She . . .

"What are you thinking about?" Cora's voice was fluttering with temper. "Or whom?"

Herbert scarcely heard her. He remembered with shame his creed of the man who must forge ahead regardless. He had seen age creep stealthily upon older men, with seemingly no awareness on their part, until their fate was as dull and predictable as a timetable.

None of that for him. Cora had snatched him out of her father's enormous offices and given him a ringside seat at a new, exciting world, which he had entered gladly.

It wasn't as though he had actually jilted Suzanne. There had been no promises between them, and he hadn't been certain that he loved her. To be quite logical, he simply didn't earn enough to marry on, even though Suzanne thought differently. Suzanne, who had been willing to throw in the 700 dollars she had saved towards the future purchase of a small bookshop.

That was why, in one grand, remorseful gesture, he had deposited 2200 dollars, almost all he owned,

in Suzanne's savings account, and had written her a last letter, wishing her luck with her project. The next day he had married Cora and a string of golden tomorrows, and run away to Europe.

The trouble was, even though he never again heard from Suzanne, he couldn't keep her out of his mind.

"If there's anything I can't stand," said Cora, "it's a sentimental idiot! Mooning about the might-have-beens. Did sentiment help my grandfather to make a fistful of millions? Does sentiment ever do anything but turn one aside from something more substantial? You tell me!"

"Don't let's quarrel, Cora. When your father's condition has improved, I'm going to tell him that I'm all through being a servant in his empires. It isn't for me. You'd better go to Reno, for, if you don't, I will."

"You sound very independent all of a sudden. I'll bet it has to do with that girl you bought off so you could marry me. Have you tried to see her?"

Herbert almost laughed. Sooner or later Cora always got around to mentioning Suzanne whenever she felt like being objectionable. She had dragged the story out of him on their honeymoon, and had been humorously sympathetic at the time.

"I haven't the faintest idea where Suzanne is," he said aloud. And then, although he didn't believe it, "She may be married, for all I know."

"Surely not, if she's truly sentimental," sneered Cora. "Don't be evasive. Has she been in touch with you?"

"In a way."

"In a way, Herbert, have you gone crazy? Stop looking so mysterious! Let me ask you, where would you be without me?"

Herbert Wintringham faced his wife.

"What's in the paper that interests you so much?" asked Cora, looking arrogantly at her husband.

"That's what I'm curious to find out," he said wistfully. "I wouldn't be a second-rate executive bolstered by abler assistants. And I wouldn't be fancying that your women friends look on me with pity—and the men with envy. I've wanted for some time to step down into a sweeter, kinder, poorer world. It never was your fault, it was mine. Suzanne had nothing to do with it—until today."

Cora shrugged angrily.

"But there's nothing wrong about being rich. Money is important to everyone. That girl took yours, Herbert, you don't want to forget that. As for me, I could afford you. You're handsome, have a fair brain, and I like the look of the Herbert Wintringhams in the society column. Romantic love isn't necessary to people like us. You're sunk in nostalgia right now, but you'll snap out of it once we're away again. I'll tell Father—"

"No," said Herbert. "Put it off as much as you can, eventually there has to be an ending. You can afford somebody else, Cora. I'm going to look for Suzanne."

"Just sentiment! What's it worth? Can you write a cheque for it and get it honored by a bank? Answer me!"


For answer Herbert handed her the newspaper, folded to a quarter-page advertisement. The Gramercy Savings Bank was publishing its semi-annual list of inactive accounts and Cora's quick mathematical gaze told her that she had been forever deprived of a potent weapon.

Even the closing of the door failed to withdraw her incredulous eyes from the shining line in the list of vanished depositors:

Bertrand, Suzanne . . . 2428.97 dol. Sentiment, with interest.

(Copyright)

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A complete short story

By HELEN HAENKE

Off to the Royal

JESSAMINE was packing when the telegram boy came yet again. By now she took no notice, but Mummy always ran—and this time she waited.

"Darling," she moaned, coming into the bedroom. "Grandpa's had another stroke! What are we going to do now?"

Almost smugly, Jessamine said, "Of course, you'll go to him, Mummy."

"But what about you?"

"You go, Mummy. There will be plenty of people to help me," she said hopefully.

"You can be sure the other girls will have scads of people to do things for them. That's what counts in these contests."

Jessamine said, "Perhaps I could take someone else. What about Saxie?"

Mummy considered. "Hm—she'd keep you up to the mark. She should be able to cope, even though her sight is not as good as it was."

"Ring her now," Jessamine suggested, suppressing the excitement

she felt. Mummy was sweet, of course, and she did so much, so unselfishly. But it would be a real adventure to go, for once, without her.

Halfway out of the room, her mother paused wistfully. "I just know you'll win! Think of it—Queen of the Easter Show, and me not there to see!"

So Mummy went to Grandpa's farm at Nambolga, and Miss Saxonia Frisbee—little, old, hunched, but sparkling of eye—went to the station with Jessamine for the seven-hundred-mile trip to Sydney, and the Royal Easter Show.

Jessamine was about the only thing that ever happened in Braxeter, and everyone was grateful to her, and proud every time she won something. And she had been winning beauty competitions and bur-saries, eisteddfods, and letters after her name ever since she was seven months old.

This time, as Coal Queen, she went to compete with the other Queens for the title "Queen of the Royal Easter Show."

The miners flowed out of the Railway Hotel, carrying Chic O'Reilly's old piano, which had lost most of its ivories and bass, but still made plenty of noise. Constable McWhirter brought his bagpipes and the schoolboys had drums and combs covered with paper.

The mayor sweated his way to the fore in the dark lounge suit which his wife insisted upon for formal occasions, even though every one knew he was happier in his butcher's apron and shirt sleeves.

They carried Jessamine, shoulder-high, on to the platform and plonked her down on a fruit-case before the piano.

"You play," they said. "We'll sing. You know, 'Freeza!'"

So there they were, singing "For She's a Jolly Good . . ." when suddenly the song gave way on one side of the crowd to an angry shouting, and Jessamine was nearly pushed through the front of the piano. When she was able to turn round, there was Lefty Welch, the

station-master, with a handsome young man and a Jersey cow.

Lefty was chewing his moustache with rage and shouting, "You can't bring her on this platform. Take her to the goods yard!"

The young man said, "I understand there's to be a box for her on this train. She's going to the Show."

Everyone laughed.

Lefty, overcome by numbers, began to laugh, too, in a humoring kind of way, but with a look in his eye that said he'd attend to this in a few minutes, let them laugh now.

The cow flicked her tail and smiled at Jessamine. Girls together.

"Isn't she sweet!" Jessamine said. "What's her name?"

"Lily," said the young man.

"Is that all? If she's a show animal she would have lots, wouldn't she?"

The young man looked surprised. "Well—" he said, "Lily for short."



As Jessamine turned around she heard Lefty, the station-master, say to the young man angrily, "You can't bring a cow on to the platform. Take her to the goods yard."

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

said. "I'm going to sleep all the way to Sydney."

"That's right, dear," Saxie said, unconcerned. "I have my tatting."

In a few minutes, Jessamine's voice came down to her. "I wonder who he is, Saxie? Have you ever seen him before?"

Saxie asked, "Who, dear?" But Jessamine was already asleep.

When you are 700 miles from Sydney, trains don't always run strictly to time, and their schedule is sometimes strained to include gracious little extras—like this time, when the train stopped at Bungee Siding, just because there was a crowd of people cheering and waving.

"Where's our Jessamine?" they called. "We want to wish her luck!"

Saxie reached up to shake the sleeping girl, who obligingly put her head out of the window to smile and wave.

The conductor came past looking at his big watch. "Hope you don't have too many friends round here, lady. We're late already."

"I'm terribly sorry," Jessamine said. "Why don't you tell the driver to ignore them?"

He winked. "Not every day we carry a Queen!"

She went back to sleep.

At Casua River, when Saxie felt the train slowing and saw another crowd, she awakened Jessamine in plenty of time to be ready. But the people ignored her.

"Where is she?" they called up and down the train.

"Here!" said Jessamine. But they were all charging down to the box where the young man was penned up with—Lily.

Jessamine pulled her head in. Actually, and metaphorically. "Not often a Beauty Queen plays second fiddle to a cow, is it?" she laughed, and lay down again.

But Saxie watched the scene. The crowd was nearly all men; those long, lean, sun-dried types, in broad-brimmed hats, with thin, home-rolled cigarettes hanging on the corners of their mouths.

Saxie had a chat with a nice woman who had varicose veins and was not joining in the rush. Then she went back to her tatting with a sly little smile on her lips.

At Pamberley, where the train stopped for lunch, the young man arrived with a tray for the three of them.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Rydal," she said, smiling at Jessamine's eyes wide with unasked questions. They had what amounted to a merry party, in spite of rock cakes—"fresh from the quarry," Mr. Rydal said.

Then the bell rang and he gathered up the tray, remarking wryly that he had better go back to his charge.

"Why don't you stay here with us?" Jessamine asked. "It's much more comfortable."

"Can't leave Lily. But she's not much company. However, I may sleep better than you!" He jerked

his head towards the next compartment, where a mother with noisy little boys had taken seats.

Jessamine acted on a wild impulse. "I'm jolly well coming with you then!"

And before Saxie could utter a word, let alone a protest, she grabbed her rug, and prepared to go. "Besides," she whispered, "I've got to team up with Lily—she's hogging my limelight."

"I don't know what your mother would say," Saxie muttered, but she wasn't very worried.

She met them again in the refreshment room at Brake Mountain. She thought that the girl looked more stimulated than rested. Oh, well—

Jessamine rushed briefly to the carriage for a coat and Saxie remonstrated.

"Oh, never mind what Mummy would say," Jessamine laughed. "This is much more important. See you later."

"I'm afraid this freedom is going to your head."

Jessamine paused, thoughtfully. "Not my head, Saxie, dear," she said gently. "But my heart. Really, he's the sweetest man I've ever met. And away she went."

Saxie sat in the carriage, her tatting forgotten, and had a frightful attack of cold feet. She had visions of Mummy's fury when she found out—she was the sort of Mummy who would.

And, anyway, what was going on? Even if Mr. Rydal were the "sweetest man," and even if he owned an important Jersey Stud, and they were only in a box with a cow—what could be keeping Jessamine there so long?

Next stop she would definitely collect that young lady. Why, if it became public that she'd spent the trip in a box with a young man—never mind the cow—it might ruin her chances in the contest!

But the young lady came back with Mr. Rydal, and more cups of tea. Saxie really didn't want any more tea, but she just said thank you, like a nice little old lady. It was a tight-lipped thank you, just the same, for she wanted him to see that this had gone far enough.

"Thank you for helping, Jessamine," he said.

"Goodnight, Tim—thank you for letting me stay."

Saxie looked at the girl. She was pale with fatigue, and yet there was a glow about her, like inspiration, really.

"What have you been up to?" she asked, trying to sound amused, like one woman-of-the-world to another.

Already in her bunk, the girl said hazily, "It was quite wonderful, and so humbling. I feel as though I've entered a—new

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Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

STRANGE, isn't it, that habits which are good to form in our young days can be a doubtful blessing when we are old. I refer to the habit of saving for a rainy day. It is, of course, necessary to put by for protection in old age, but, alas, how often we meet elderly people in good and secure financial position who are still as careful and thrifty as ever, never spending a penny recklessly, and indeed still banking as much as possible in spite of their 60 or 70 years. Just can't bear to spend!

What lots of joy they miss in not spending a few of those pounds lying in the bank. Why be niggardly? The "call" may come at any time, so why not go a bit haywire and occasionally indulge in the pleasure of spending—and of giving? We cannot take the money with us.

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. Newton, 153 First Ave., Royston Park, S.A.

STUDIO photographers would obtain much better results with their portraits of children—and of adults, too—if during the sitting suitable music was played. Nursery rhymes would be popular with children, while adults could choose music suitable to the mood in which they wanted to be shown. Sitters would feel less self-conscious, and there would be fewer "starey" portraits.

10/6 to Mrs. P. Aitchison, Coronation Drive, Mount Morgan, Qld.

WITH all the cooking, cleaning, and a million jobs at Christmas time it is easy not to read one's cards thoroughly. A quick glance often suffices. Feeling a bit "blue" one day recently, I read through my cards again, and what a lift it gave me! Old friends and new had sent messages of their activities throughout the year. New babies had arrived to some families, other families had moved to new homes. Read through your cards again and you'll be amazed and thrilled at the glow of happiness they give you.

10/6 to Constance Little, Swan Reach, Vic.

ALTHOUGH many jokes are told in fun about mother-in-law, I think most families will agree she is the best of help, and tellers of the jokes would be the first to come to her defence. Around here I see ma-in-law minding children, looking after houses, feeding pets, and doing many other things if sickness is about or help is needed. Good luck to mother-in-law. We still cannot do without her.

10/6 to Mrs. J. Blades, "Spring Mount," Nimbin N.S.W.

WHAT has become of the once taken-for-granted jug of drinking water that was part of the setting of any cafe or dining-room table? Such small services were convenient for the customer and not expensive for the proprietor. Now it is sometimes easier to go without than to gain the favor of "a glass of water."

10/6 to "L.W.E.," Strathmore, Vic.

IT surprises me that so many men imagine we women are not interested in world affairs. We are as alert to overseas happenings as men, but by nature we are more interested in the people affected by the events than the events themselves. It is my opinion that through newspapers, radio, and magazines the average woman keeps herself well informed of current happenings. We may seem housebound in our conversation, but I daresay those women experiencing crises of world interest talk about much the same things as we do.

10/6 to Mrs. B. Morrison, 51 Bourke St., Bondi Junction N.S.W.

POETS write about blue-eyed people, but never about those with green eyes, and the girls in stories who have green eyes are almost always the villainesses. I have green eyes, and so have all my family, and honestly we are not jealous or any of the other things that green-eyed people are supposed to be. Because I do not appreciate remarks such as "she has cat eyes" and "green eyes for jealousy," I say that mine are hazel. No one knows exactly what this color is, anyway.

10/6 to "Green Eyes," Alberton, S.A.

WHY is there so much stress on "the night the boss came to dinner?" When my husband's boss came, we had good, simple meal, and no one felt uneasy in conversation. The boss is definitely a human, not a dragon.

10/6 to "All Rot," Bendigo, Vic.

Family Affairs

I HAVE two daughters, aged 7 and 9 years, also a son, aged 5 years, and had been finding it difficult to get them to leave their rooms tidy, clean their teeth, and put away toys and clothes left about. Now I have started a "pound box," in which I impound any article found lying around when it should have been put away. To get it out again the owner has to pay a penny. Failure to clean teeth extracts a penny fine from the weekly pocket-money. I was paid quite a few pennies to begin with, but now they seldom come my way.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. Strachan, 88 Butler St., Willagee, W.A.

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Ross Campbell writes...

A CAMPAIGN has been started to get men to use perfume.

American firms are advertising after-shave lotions with a "rugged, outdoor smell."

What's more, they show pictures of beautiful girls who say they prefer men with that kind of smell.

I'm not quite sure what the rugged smell is like.

Probably it reminds you of old golf bags, and horses, and fishing tackle.

Before long, no doubt, there will be male perfumes with names like *Fishing* or *Morning at Randwick*.

But will girls really respond to such aromas?

Like most men, I've been on the sniffing end of a certain amount of feminine perfume.

It doesn't always have the deadly effect which the makers claim.

A lot depends on who is using it. I had an office desk once next to a plump lady of mature years who applied scent to herself very freely.

She used the high-octane French

MMMMMMM! HE'S RUGGED!

stuff with the special additives for quick starting—brands like *I'm Wicked* and *Evening in Armentieres*. It was no fun to walk into a



cloud of this at 9 a.m. In fact I couldn't stand it.

They didn't have perfumes for men in those days, or I might have dowsed myself with *Fishing* to get even.

What I did instead was to bring Port Salut cheese sandwiches for lunch every day, and leave them on my desk.

Before long my fragrant neighbor asked to be shifted.

I don't go much for the use of perfume by little girls, either.

An auntie gave one of my small daughters a bottle of a terrible blend called *Sultry Schoolgirl*, or something like that.

She spilt it in the kitchen before a roast dinner, and it ruined our meal.

I don't mean to give the impression that I am insensitive to the lure of perfume.

Now and then a whiff of it has the same effect on me as cheese does on mice.

But I don't think women should rely too much on it.

They need other attractions to back it up.

The same goes for men.

It's no good a man using a rugged, outdoor perfume if he is a feeble, indoor type.

To get the required results he should BE rugged as well.

Then it will only take a little dab of *Morning at Randwick* behind the ears, and he'll be racing.



COMMON JEZEBEL (*Delias nigrina*) is found from Sydney north to Cape York. It lays its eggs on several varieties of mistletoe, on which the larvae (caterpillars) feed.



AUSTRALIAN CROW BUTTERFLY (*Euploea corinna*), common in northern Australia, from Darwin to Wyndham, and, in some years, is seen as far south as Sydney.

These are Australian:

BUTTERFLIES

Pictures by Mr. Norman Chaffer and Dr. Allen Keast, of Sydney.



GREENISH DARTER (*Antycus kreffti*) is a very swift flyer. Seen from Darwin to southern New South Wales, often in gardens. The larvae feed on blade grass.



COMMON IMPERIAL BLUE (*Ialmenus evagoras*) is found from Victoria to Brisbane. The life cycle of all butterflies has four stages—egg, caterpillar, pupa, butterfly.



COMMON BROWN (*Heteronympha merope*) is one of the commonest forest butterflies in the east, south, and south-west of the mainland and Tasmania.



AUSTRALIAN ADMIRAL (*Pyrameis itea*). Throughout eastern and southern Australia and in New Zealand often seen round nettles, on which larvae feed.



WOOD WHITE (*Delias aganippe*) ranges from southern Australia to Mackay. A few have been captured at Kosciusko, in the Victorian Alps, and as far west as Bourke.



BLUE ARGUS (*Precis orithya*), photographed at Port Keats, near Darwin. Seen from Brisbane north to Cape York and Wyndham; also in New Guinea and India.

"I buy my Talcum Powder wisely! do you?"

SAYS ELLY LUKAS
Principal of the
"School of Elegance"



Potter & Moore
MITCHAM LAVENDER
TALCUM POWDER

When buying Talcum Powder I look for a tale that ensures day-long daintiness — a tale with a fresh, clean fragrance, and the new economy size gives more value for my money than ever before. That's why I choose

the tale that contains ANOBIAL, a disinfectant additive that ensures day-long daintiness.

Twice the quantity of talc for only **5/6** Standard Size... **3/3**

Latest Models ELLY LUKAS and JUNE MASSEY also wisely choose Potter & Moore Mitcham Lavender Talcum Powder.

make your choice

Potter & Moore
Mitcham Lavender
TALCUM POWDER

**7,300 hours of sleeping
260 washings & ironings**

That's what happens to a sheet during 5 years of wear.

Joshua Hoyle luxury cotton Hercules sheets, pastels and miracle-wear cotton and nylon Nyloblend sheets are guaranteed five years. Obtainable from all leading Stores and Warehouses.



Agents: F. G. Hyett & Co., 232 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.
John A. Kenyon, Pty. Ltd., 65 York Street, Sydney.

Joshua Hoyle
* trousseau quality sheets

KNITTERS! The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book, on sale at all newsagents, contains instructions for 43 designs in men's, women's, and children's knitwear. It's a bargain at 2/-.



"That's Butch. He's a cousin twice removed. Once for larceny—I don't know what for this time."



ELISABETH MACINTYRE.

"Hey, pal! We've dropped in to have a chat about your Friendly Payment Plan."

It seems to me

SOMETIMES when I am anxious to postpone a job that needs immediate attention I read the quotations on the desk calendar.

This year's model doesn't sport a very jolly collection. There's the usual heavy sprinkling of Shakespeare and Emerson, and many others for which no source is given.

The last-mentioned are all pretty solemn in character, things like, "Great works are performed not by strength, but by perseverance," and "Habit and routine are better servants than masters." It occurs to me that it should be possible to compose a few of these calendar pieces, save them up for one's old age, and sell them as "Old Spanish Saying" and "From the Arabic."

A few samples:
"Much washing up maketh a full sink."
"Waterless plants wilt soonest."
"Time cheats those who fail to wind the clock."

That gives you the general idea. With all modesty I think one could soon get up to the standard of the "early bird" and "long lane" school of proverb-writing.

RIVALRY between the Commonwealth and other savings banks will probably lead to frills on the service such as are available in America.

There, one bank hands out to women a present that looks like a book of matches but is in reality a set of articles resembling matchsticks, tipped with a substance to stop stocking runs. The booklet also holds needle and thread for repairs.

Possibilities of these lures are unlimited—cups of coffee while you wait would be nice. But, come to think of it, a bank doesn't have to look far for the most attractive present of all, which is money.

IF you haven't anything to read in a bus, the next best thing is to listen to the conversations from adjacent seats.

The other morning I heard two male voices behind me discussing waistlines.

"The trouble with beer is that it has so many calories," said one.

"Yes," said the other, "and then, look at Tom. He gave up smoking, and now he can't leave the food alone. Likes his food, Tom does."

"Don't we all?" asked the other with feeling. "But you've got to watch it."

I took a look at them as I got out. In their late fifties, I'd say, possibly senior public servants. And both a teeny bit overweight.

It's nice to think the boys worry, too, isn't it?

YOU are inured, no doubt, to oven-fresh biscuits and garden-fresh lettuce. My favorite in the collection is an addition noted this month — "Factory-fresh butter."



A JUDGE in a Sydney Quarter Sessions Appeals Court delivered himself of a piece of thorough commonsense last week on the subject of lucky charms.

Discharging a man who had been convicted in a lower court of "imposing" by advertising pieces of Tipperary cork as lucky charms, he said: "Nothing all the judges in Australia can do will prevent the superstitious or credulous from believing certain things are lucky, or stop fools wasting their money on lucky charms."

I have often wondered whether legislation directed against fortune-tellers and teacup-readers is worth while. People who really believe passionately in omens are not thereby protected from their belief, though they are certainly protected from wasting money on superstition.

But if you need legal protection from wasting money—why then shops should be required to display notices saying, "Is your spending really necessary?"

Nobody with any sense needs to spend a penny on lucky charms. There are so many available free. You have to discipline yourself, of course. Whenever I get a new wishbone I throw away the old one. This keeps luck in the house, and avoids clutter.

In fact, the most important thing about superstition is to enjoy it, denying as many evil omens as possible, or making use of the approved antidotes.

Though I dislike intensely to spill salt, I feel that throwing three pinches of it over the shoulder is absolutely safe. (Some people, when in restaurants, confine themselves to one pinch, but it isn't sufficient.)

Unfortunately I have never heard of a remedy to use against broken mirrors. To overcome this worry I have developed a personal belief that those in handbags don't count.

PARAKEETS are the latest craze for indoor decoration in America. Some up-to-the-minute houses feature several of the gaily colored birds in ornamental cages as part of the room's color scheme.

Had one but birds enough and time
One might create a wondrous clime
Where parakeets of every shade
In aviaries, partitions made.
With something done about the sound
And indoor plants to trail around
And maybe on the outer wall,
An artificial waterfall

And cool, conditioned, scented air
One could produce an atmosphere
Like jungles ought to be, but ain't —
On second thoughts, a coat of paint
Might in its usefulness exceed
A decor that one had to feed.

Lovely Mothers
Tell their
Daughters

Easily Banish
acne — pimples — blackheads

WITH
Innoxa
SOLUTION
41

All lovely mothers have a protective compassion born of their own memories of adolescent problems. That's why they tell their daughters of Innoxa's miraculous Solution 41!

This colourless, unscented preparation banishes those destroyers of youthful confidence and happiness... pimples... blackheads... acne... open pores... over-oily skin.

Solution 41 ensures serenity of spirit to turbulent adolescent years, and forms a basis of beauty for all the years to come.

Solution 41... 13/6

INNOXA Complexion Milk
makes all types of skin
Oh... so fragrantly CLEAN

Not mere cleanliness... but complete cleanliness that glows deep from within. Every speck of the day's grime, dissolved in a second!

along with expended, natural oils... and impurities! Nothing in the world cleans skin so swiftly, so safely, so gently... so deeply.

9/-, 18/6, 34/11



JUST TELL THE WIFE
to buy **FORD PILLS**
in the larger economy
Family size, and
get over twice
the quantity
for only 6/-

EVERYWHERE

FORD PILLS

Give Baby Lovely Curls

CURLYPET makes baby's hair grow curly... removes nasty cradlecap. Get a month's supply of CURLYPET from your Chemist or Store for 4/10.

Curlypet

STRANGE but TRUE

Proof of fire-ball story — after 36 years

● First prize of £10 in our "Strange but True" Contest was won this week by Mr. Warren C. Steele, 36 Woodmason Rd., Boronia Vic.

HERE is Mr. Steele's winning entry:

"On occasions over thirty-six years I have described to sceptical friends and acquaintances the fire-ball I saw in Orrong Crescent, not far from Kooyong Road, Caulfield, Victoria, when I was caught in an electrical storm as a nine-year-old.

"The fire-ball, of a blue-red-yellow color combination, about the size of a basketball, seemed to bounce from the road to the roof of a house, and from there to a tree, which it partly split.

"One day in February this year a fifth-grade pupil at my school showed me a little book which a friend had sent him from America. In it was an illustrated description of globe lightning which said the globe was capable of entering the front door of a house and rolling out the back.

"I showed the book to a colleague who had recently joined the staff, remarking that I had once seen such a sight, to which he replied that he had seen one also!

"It was about 1920 or 1921," he said, "in Caulfield. I was watching a storm from the front verandah of our house in Orrong Crescent, not far from Kooyong Road. The fire-ball hit the roof of a house opposite, damaging some tiles, and then swung into a tree, which it also damaged."

"By this time I had collapsed into a chair with amazement. Here was the only other person I had met who had seen a fire-ball, and obviously he had seen the same one as I 36 years ago!"

Prizes of £2 each were awarded the following entries:

Knew it was death

"AGED fourteen and at boarding school, I was having a piano lesson. Schubert's Impromptu in A was going fairly smoothly when a loud clang seemed to pierce the air. It was the front door bell.

"I stopped playing immediately and said to my teacher, 'That's my brother. He has come to tell me my father has died and I am going home with him.'"

"Nonsense, child. Go on with your playing," said my teacher.

"Then the door opened and the principal, wearing a grave look, came in to say there was a visitor for me.

"I said, 'I know. My brother has come to take me home. My father is dead and I'm not coming back.'"

"The principal took my hand and led me to the room where my brother, wearing a black band on his arm, welcomed me, saying, 'I've come to take you home. Father is dead.'"

"I know," I said, "I told my music-teacher when you rang the bell."

"How did I know? I had not even been told my father was ill. Just one of the mysteries of life."

Barbara Goode Matthews, The Caravan, Riverside Farm, Rickard Road Entrance, Moorebank, N.S.W.

Flying ghost

"WHEN staying with a friend whose husband was a bank manager in a country town we were all awakened one night by a noise which sounded like someone walking softly to the bank door.

"Armed with the bank revolver, my host quietly unlocked the hall door, and in the semi-darkness we saw what appeared to be a visitor from another world.

"It was a strange figure clad in white. Even its head was obscured. It slithered down the verandah, seemingly without feet, then it suddenly lifted itself bodily and flew into the darkness, its long white robe falling off as it vanished into the night.

"Rushing down, my host picked up the white garment—and the mystery was solved. A huge dog had evidently been looking for biscuits in the baby's pram on the verandah, and had become entangled in the shawl, which had caught on its claws and impeded its movements.

"When it had appeared to fly, it had jumped the gate and dropped from sight, the shawl catching on the palings and falling to the ground.

"All so simple, but my host, never an imaginative man, said that when he saw that apparition he really thought he had seen something supernatural."

E. Lister, "Grandige," 13 White St., Milton, Qld.

HOW TO ENTER

WRITE your "Strange but True" experience clearly and in not more than 250 words. The story must be true and must not have been published previously. It can be amusing, sad, dramatic, or romantic.

Send your entries, giving clearly name and address, INCLUDING THE STATE, to "Strange but True," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned, nor any correspondence entered into.

Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies and employees' families are not eligible to enter this contest.

House moved, too

"SOME years ago I visited a family who had rented a furnished house in one of Brisbane's suburbs.

"There was something familiar about this house, and in one of the rooms I noticed a photograph of a fine-looking soldier of World War I which I was positive I had seen before.

"I asked my friend the name of her landlady and, sure enough, she was a sister of this same soldier who had been killed in World War I. They were people my parents had known many years ago, and my mother had had a similar photograph of the soldier.

"The house itself I had been in many times as a child. It had been moved from the Darling Downs district, where we lived at that time, to Brisbane. At least twenty-seven years had gone by since I had last seen it."

Mrs. A. McLucas, Upper Burringbar, Tweed District, N.S.W.

Lived through fire

"IT was 'Black Sunday' for Cherryville and the surrounding hills district. We were right in the centre of a fierce fire which raged with flames 10ft. to 15ft. high in our particular spot.

"Under a leafed apple tree a half-grown, fully-wooled lamb was tied by a new 2in. rope, but we found it impossible to get through the flames to free the unfortunate animal.

"Immediately the fire had passed on we went to see how the poor creature was, quite expecting to find it critically burned and probably needing to be destroyed.

"But the lamb ran to us, baa-ing, from under one of the burnt trees. It had suffered only a slight scorch on its wool at the front of the neck where the rope had burnt through.

"The grass and trees were all either burnt or badly scorched, so we can only consider this something of a miracle."

Mrs. M. Merchant, Post Office, Cherryville, S.A.



Mrs. Marion Van der Klei, 100 Macpherson Street, Cremorne, is the mother of two boys—Roderick aged 8, and Andrew, 12 months.

ENTRY No. 10 in

Fiesta's prettiest Mother competition

How you can win 5 pairs of Fiesta nylons for your mother

Do you think your mother is as pretty as Mrs. Van der Klei? Or prettier? Then why not send us her photograph? You could win her five pairs of her favourite Fiesta nylons for Mother's Day.

From all snapshots we receive, we're going to choose the hundred prettiest. Your mother needn't be a beauty queen to qualify—and she can be any age at all.

CONDITIONS: Send your photograph, together with the box top from a pair of Fiesta nylons to Box 7063, G.P.O., Sydney. Write her name and address on the back lightly in ink. (Also her size and colour preference.)

Entries close on April 17. Judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.



Have you tried the new Fiesta colours "Cuban Sands" and "Rio"? Perfect to team with Autumn's new colours.

Fiesta by BONDS

HOW TO KEEP AWAY COLDS!



Protect your family from the miseries and dangers of winter colds. With ANTI-BI-SAN you can build up resistance against both the common cold and what your doctor calls "the secondary infections of the common cold". These are the germs which invade the body when its defences are already tied up dealing with the cold virus itself. They are the main cause of the miseries of a cold and it is they that make it grow to such unpleasant proportions—thoroughly disorganising health and making life a burden. ANTI-BI-SAN protects you against all this misery by backing up your body's own resistance to all kinds of cold germs. Win protection against the common cold in ten days the simple, ANTI-BI-SAN way. Seven tablets taken over three days will give you three months' protection. There is a special '3-tablets-only' treatment to protect your children.

'ANTI-BI-SAN' REGD.

GUARDS AGAINST COLDS OBTAINABLE IN ADULTS' AND CHILDREN'S PACKS Send for Free Leaflet to the Distributors: POTTER & BIRKS PTY. LTD., 120 PACIFIC HIGHWAY, ST. LEONARDS, N.S.W.

'DOG TALK' CONTEST No. 17

● First prize of £50 in "Dog Talk" Contest No. 17—the last in the series—was won by Mrs. T. C. Walsh, 74 Gregory St., Geraldton, W.A.

MRS. WALSH'S entry was: "We models always moisten our lips."

£10 prizes to: Mrs. F. Larcombe, 22 Lea Ave., Willoughby, N.S.W. "We had cream cakes, an' ice-cream, an' jelly, an' everything."

Mrs. S. Hurley, 8 Livingstone St., Bundaberg, Qld. "That darned phone always rings when I'm in the bath."

Mrs. M. A. Hill, 8 Gosse St., Kingston, A.C.T. "It's this tooth up here that's causing all the trouble."

£5 prizes to: Mrs. D. Dew, 139 Scott's Pde., Ballarat, Vic. "It looks gorgeous, dear, but, oh, the calories!"

Val Greening, 28 Gold St., South Fremantle, W.A. "Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look."

Mrs. M. Phillpotts, c/o Post Office, Mareeba, Qld. "French pastries, and me on a diet!"

£1 prizes to: Mrs. F. J. Bradley, "The Tan," 15 The Grove, Austimere, N.S.W. "I always have this trouble with watermelon."

Kay Glover, 11 Condill Place, North Hobart. "Nonsense, darling, I LOVE burnt stew!"

Miss L. Cannon, 64 Seventh St., North Lambton, Newcastle, N.S.W.



"We models always moisten our lips."

"Can all your daughters cook like that?"

Mrs. N. Lavell, 293 Newman Rd., Geebung N.6, Brisbane.

"Dinner in ten minutes, dear," she says, and I'm still waiting!"

Mrs. H. Maher, 36 Valencia St., Mayfield, Newcastle, N.S.W.

"Any more basins to lick?"

"The Softest Smoothest Baby Powder I've ever used!"

Says MATRON SHAW

MATRON E. M. SHAW, O.B.E., late of the Women's Hospital, Crown Street—Australia's leading maternity hospital at which 5,476 babies are born every year.

"In my 34 years at the WOMEN'S HOSPITAL, Crown Street, I saw over and over again how essential comfort and contentment are to a baby's happiness. And that's just one of the reasons why I tell mothers everywhere that there is no better baby powder than NYAL. In all my experience, I found that Nyal is the softest, smoothest baby powder I have ever used. It is so beautifully fine, and brings soothing comfort to baby's sensitive skin!" Nyal Baby Powder, containing Boracic Acid and Alphozone (both gentle antiseptics), is a refreshing deodorant. Relieves skin irritations, too—keeps baby's skin soft and free from chafing. Delicately perfumed. Two sizes ... **2/5, 4/9**

Nyal Baby Powder Repels Moisture

Water "rolls" off when Nyal Baby Powder is smoothed gently over the skin. Unlike ordinary baby powders which absorb moisture, Nyal Baby Powder actually repels it. This moisture-resistant quality lessens the chance of wet nappies chafing baby's tender skin.

Nyal BABY POWDER

Keep Baby's Skin Soft, Supple

A daily bath with pure NYAL Baby Soap—containing soothing Lanolin—keeps baby's skin soft and supple ... safe from drying and roughness! Mild, delicately perfumed NYAL Baby Soap produces a creamy, generous lather. And mother—you will find that NYAL Baby Soap is ideal as a beautifying complexion soap for you. **1/4, 2/-**.

Nyal BABY SOAP



Nyal

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

Soothing Relief From Skin Irritations

When baby "complains" because of Diaper Rash, Cradle Cap or Chafing, provide relief instantly by using cooling, soothing, protective NYAL Calamine-Lanolin Cream. The modern formula of NYAL Calamine-Lanolin Cream was compounded especially to ease these painful conditions. As the name implies, NYAL Calamine-Lanolin Cream contains Calamine, which soothes pain and discomfort, promotes healing; Lanolin to make baby's skin soft, supple again; PLUS a special pain-relieving ingredient which stops the irritation and itching. **FAST. Large Tube. 2/3.**

Nyal CALAMINE-LANOLIN CREAM



"SOOTHES BABY'S TUMMY"

"Just one teaspoonful of Nyal Milk of Magnesia after feeding is the quickest way I know to soothe baby's upset tummy—prevent 'wind pains' and acidity in infants," says Matron Shaw. "Nyal Milk of Magnesia is smooth, even and pleasant to take. Its gentle laxative action ensures regular habits, too. I have proved it safe for even the youngest baby." Mothers! Take Matron Shaw's good advice and have a bottle of Nyal Milk of Magnesia on hand always. Buy either Sweetened or Regular. Two sizes, **3/3, 5/-**.

Nyal MILK OF MAGNESIA



Take CHOCOLAX to-night—feel right in the morning!

NEW Chocolate Laxative helps you regain normal regularity When YOU need a laxative, take new, pleasant-tasting CHOCOLAX. CHOCOLAX tastes just like REAL chocolate. In fact, CHOCOLAX IS REAL chocolate with a medically-proven, gentle-acting laxative agent added.

Take CHOCOLAX at night. It acts so gently it won't disturb your sleep—yet is so effective that in the morning you will regain normal regularity. No upset ... no discomfort ... no embarrassing urgency. CHOCOLAX is so good-tasting that children, as well as adults, take it willingly. No medicine-taste at all! Your family chemist sells CHOCOLAX. Regular Size, **2/6**; Economy Size, **4/3**

Nyal CHOCOLAX



N33.57

MARRIED CAREER WOMAN

● A third function has been added to the womanly roles of mother and homemaker. She is often a money-maker, too, these days.

ONCE upon a time, if a woman tried to combine marriage and a career she met wave upon wave of disapproval, and only the most determined girl could brave the climate of opinion and carry on.

The reproving words that rang in her ears were, "I wouldn't like MY wife to go out to work," or "A woman's place is with her children in the home . . . by her husband's side."

Millions of women go out to work before they are married, afterwards until they have a family, part-time as soon as the children are of school age, and full-time again as soon as they can manage it.

The only group of women still frowned on if they go out to work are wives with young children. They alone are exempted from the responsibility of helping to fill the family cash-box.

Today everything conspires to send a woman out to work, and probably more than all the economic causes is the reward of having a little money to spend without asking her husband for it.

New family budget

THE old bone of contention between a married couple was how much should he give her each week, and how much of that should she spend on herself. In the new kind of household where the wives go out to work, the modern question is how to divide the joint family income.

How they split it up

THERE appears to be no fixed custom about this, but the overall plan seems to be that husbands pay the basic cost of living and wives buy the extras.

The overall masculine view of the earning wife seems to be summed up in the remark, "You can spend as much as you like, my dear, so long as you earn it."

For the guidance and consolation of wives who are still wrestling with the problem, here is a breakdown of three joint incomes on three different levels, each one a successful arrangement.

"Gin-and-flower"

wife

GERRY is a "gin-and-flower" wife who works in advertising. She is married to Peter, a young businessman, and they are typical of a young, well-to-do, middle-class couple. Joint income of £2500 a year (they earn half

each), before taxation. No children.

Peter pays the rent, all the household bills such as gas, electricity, and running repairs. He pays for the telephone, his own life insurance, all household insurance, including any of Gerry's personal belongings, jewellery, etc.

He pays for everything to do with the car. He buys his own clothes, and presents for his friends and family.

Gerry receives no house-keeping allowance from Peter. She pays for every scrap of food and for party drinks. They have people in to dinner at least once a week, apart from asking friends in more casually.

She pays for that endless, long list of household purchases known as "incidentals," which means that it is her fault if they run out of toothpaste.

She buys most of the household equipment, though if this means a new sideboard she may ask her husband to con-

By
**ANNE EDWARDS
and
DRUSILLA BEYFUS**

tribute towards it. She pays the cost of any household help she may have.

She buys all her own clothes, and when she buys a new dress expects neither cash nor grumbles over the price from her husband. She buys all her own presents for friends and family.

She buys the flowers (because she believes that most husbands feel that five bob spent on flowers is five bob frittered away), pays her own life insurance, but the sum is not so much as her husband's contribution. (He protects his wife's future in no mean way.)

Gerry pays half on all holidays, and hands over the cash in a lump sum at the beginning of the trip, so that when the hotel and dinner bills appear Peter looks after them, and the appearance of the proper conduct of things is preserved.

For the interest of other "gin-and-flower" wives we record the source of friction in the Gerry-Peter economy.

She feels that hats and hair-dos are both necessary; he feels that one or the other would do. His view of what suits her best seems always to be the cheaper dress of the two. In general, he feels he pays most and she feels she does.

They discourage expensive presents towards each other. Her next rise will go towards the baby. Since she prefers two weeks' comfort in a private hospital, she will pay for this luxury herself, and also the wages of the woman who will have to look after the

baby when she goes back to her job.

"Cream-in-coffee"

wife

JANE is the "cream-in-the-coffee" wife. She is a secretary, married to Stephen, a solicitor's clerk who one day hopes to be a solicitor. Joint income before taxation is £1250 a year, of which Jane earns just less than half.

Stephen pays the rent, the insurance (including his wife's personal effects), all the hard bills such as electricity, water, coal, telephone, and the instalments on the washing-machine.

He buys all his own clothes, gives 10/- a week to the church, and hands over £3/15/- a week housekeeping money.

Jane pays for her own clothes, puts by 10/- a week holiday and union money, saves £1 nest-egg for the next major expense, whatever it may be. She pays her own fares and lunches.

She provides the coffee and cakes for entertaining at home, and luxuries like cream, the best steak, and wine that her housekeeping allowance would not cover.

The little money she has left over goes towards buying rather nicer things for the house than Stephen's earnings alone would allow. Their next rises will go towards the baby.

There is only one source of friction in the Jane-Stephen economy. When she asks him for extra housekeeping money he tends to get grumpy and mutters, "What, again?" and lists all the things for which he has to pay.

"H. P. instalment"

wife

JAMES is a window-cleaner and Helen works part-time in a bakery. Joint income is £18/10/- a week, one baby, and a two-roomed flatette.

Helen's wage allows the family budget to afford a refrigerator on hire-purchase, better furniture, and nicer holidays. Helen receives £8 a week housekeeping from her husband and pays for the food, the rent, and the insurance (a relative looks after the baby while she is at work).

James pays for the h.p. instalments on the furniture, for all luxuries like movie seats and sweets, and puts what he can save into a joint savings account. They both draw on it for clothes, holidays, household equipment, and toys, but the bulk of it goes towards a deposit on a house.

NEXT WEEK:

Top Job Career Wife



Perfect simplicity . . .
delicately printed feather motifs . . . on exclusive
Lucas nylon tricot . . .
with a flair for carefree
washing, no ironing
and everlasting fresh-
ness . . . In opaque
colours of Rose,
Ivory, Ciel, and
Sandalwood,
sizes 14-40
at 8 guineas.
The latest range
of Lucas Lingerie
is now showing
at all fine stores.



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Nylon Tricot



Made from B.N.S. Yarn.

For the name of your nearest store write to E. Lucas & Co.,
27 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, also makers of fine dresses.

CYRIL SETTLES DOWN

Color pictures and story by
ROBERT FELDMAN

● At 58, Australian stage and television star Cyril Ritchard has settled down to enjoy the considerable rewards of stardom in America.

HE recently moved into a luxurious Manhattan apartment, giving up the hotel rooms in New York and house in Kent, England, which he shared with his late wife, Madge Elliott, who died in 1955.

Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein II, formerly Dorothy Blanchard, of Melbourne, helped Cyril find the apartment.

And while he was overseas she decorated it as a "surprise housewarming gift," in black, white, and golden yellow, with an English 18th-century decor.

The stars of the Southern Cross are inlaid into the plastic tile floor of the foyer.

The lounge-room is a vast 50 feet by 22 feet, with a 14-foot ceiling.

Ritchard lives alone, except for a dour Negro maid named Liza, and the memories of his late wife.

"I feel that Madge is here—I know she's here," he told me, gazing down at the lifeless,

wintery landscape of Central Park.

Ritchard is considered an "odd ball" among show-business people, and he stands aloof from many of his fellow actors and directors.

He likes to rise early and go for long, lonely walks in Central Park or along the river.

He shuns big parties and late soirees. "The smoke hurts my eyes, and I cry easily," he said.

But Cyril is happy at home with his new hi-fi set, a giant thing of beauty which booms ear-splitting sound from loudspeakers throughout the apartment.

He got the set from the Radio Corporation of America (which also owns the country's largest TV network) on a barter deal.

"I love to barter," he said, "it saves so much on taxes."

And Cyril's taxes must give him plenty of headaches.

In his latest, craziest Broadway success, "A Visit to a Small Planet," Cyril collects a double salary as the star and director.

He takes several nights off each month to sing (in a throaty sort of way) in "La Perichole" at the Metropolitan Opera House.

In addition, he shows up now and again on a television "spectacular" — a 90-minute, costly extravaganza adapted from a play or musical comedy.



CYRIL RITCHARD, backstage on Broadway, assumes the foppish pose of Kreton, the overcivilised social misfit from outer space in Gore Vidal's new and tremendously successful farce, "Visit to a Small Planet."



LEFT: Quiet evenings in his luxurious Manhattan apartment are preferred by Ritchard to late, noisy Broadway parties.

ABOVE: In striped apron, Australian Cyril Ritchard usually finds time to cook his own meals on his negro maid's days off.

In a new home of elegant luxury

But the kudos comes for his performance in "Visit," which, incidentally, made its first appearance as an hour-long TV production. Cyril, of course, was the star.

The padding doesn't show in the expanded stage version, due largely to careful adaptation by the star-director and the author, Gore Vidal.

Cyril takes the part of Kreton, a social misfit from outer space, with a style and wit that put to shame the conventional purveyors of space helmets and brain-antennae.

Kreton, who has made a hobby of earthlings, and is particularly fond of wars, steps out of a flying saucer hoping to be in time for the American Civil War.

He is dismayed to find that a miscalculation in astral navigation has landed him in the mid-20th century.

But, with some of the fantastic devices and weird powers of his own planet, he decides to start his own war. It takes him no time at all to have the U.S. and Russia at each other's throats.

"Isn't hydrogen fun!" he laughs.

The dialogue is clever, saucy, and full of Shavian subtlety. The play will probably go to Australia, and Ritchard with it.

It even has a message, which the star interprets as, "Beware of the fool, however charming."

But Cyril Ritchard plays the fool only on stage.



RITCHARD RELAXES in the splendor of his new flat on Manhattan's Central Park West with Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein II, formerly Dorothy Blanchard, of Melbourne. Mrs. Hammerstein, a professional designer, decorated the apartment as a "surprise housewarming gift" for Cyril while he was playing in Britain.



ABOVE: Painting of yellow roses, by Marion Pike, is complemented by a vase of yellow and white tulips in the flat.

RIGHT: The Southern Cross of Australia is inlaid in the plastic tile floor of the apartment's elegant 18th-century-style foyer.



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Richard Hudnut

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TF&L19

Worth Reporting

AT a women's luncheon in Brisbane recently we met two women who have seen history made in the past 50 years.

One was former Boer War Army nurse Sister Margot Gladstone. The other was Mrs. Agnes McElhenny, a suffragette.

Sister Gladstone is the granddaughter of Mr. Gladstone, the famous British statesman.

When she joined up as a nurse at the outbreak of the Boer War, a friend, Lady Sarah Wilson, became a war correspondent for the London "Daily Mail."

Sister Gladstone said that Lady Sarah's colorful dispatches about the siege of Mafeking told how the British were living on such food as "curried locusts." But in fact they dined "on the best of everything."

Eighty-year-old Mrs. McElhenny, of Paddington, Queensland, who campaigned for women's rights under the leadership of the late Mrs. Emma Miller, admits that she and many of her fellow suffragettes had little idea of exactly what they were demanding.

"It was mainly that Mrs. Miller was a great speaker, and whatever she said we did," Mrs. McElhenny said.

"On 'Black Friday' in 1912 the mounted police were called on to forcibly break up a deputation Mrs. Miller led to Parliament House.

"They chased us all over Brisbane streets. But one of our members sent a trooper's horse running in the other direction by sticking a hat-pin in its rump.

"My late husband was very ashamed of my activities," Mrs. McElhenny added with a smile.

A CLUB was formed recently in Paris for fat women who are not shy about their dimensions.

Its name is the Club Sym-pathique des Femmes Fortes.

At the inaugural meeting, one of the lady heavyweights admitted to 20 stone 6 pound.



A MELBOURNE colleague, who has a habit of jotting down "things to remember" with a ball-point pen while in bed, is delighted to find there are new non-stain ink refills. She is thrilled at the prospect of ink-free sheets.

The ink, a slightly paler blue than before, does not smudge or blot, and washes off easily.

Time for us to go walkabout

OUR own immediate wardrobe has had the bone pointed at it since we sat through the showing of the 1957 Wool Fashion Awards at Anthony Hordern's "Aranda" Room in Sydney.

Five glorious looking "lub-ras" (if we're keeping to the corroboree simile) paraded in colors called sand, mink-brown, cognac, winter-white, winter-cream, and taupe.

Everything seemed to be taupe; it rhymes with "mope," and is the French for "mole."

At the end of the showing—when 46 different styles had passed before our eyes—we slunk out like a "taupe."

If we'd had money we'd have spent it on one of the wool fashions. As it is, mine tinkit the best thing to do would be go walkabout with the Arandas—a nomadic Central Australian group of aborigines which goes in for the "no-clothes-at-all" look.

History book led to new haircut

LEADING Adelaide hair-stylist Bob Shergis unintentionally stole the show when he appeared with a startling new haircut, the "Nero cut," at a recent showing of women's hairstyles in his salon.

His light Titian hair was short and unparted. It was brushed in a peaked fringe on his forehead and with a forward sweep over the ears. At the back it was short with a central peak.

In spite of the competition from glamorous models and the exotic coloring and styling of their hair, Bob still remained the cynosure of all eyes, and it was quite unpremeditated.

The party was definitely given to introduce women's hairstyles, not the "Nero cut."

Bob evolved the cut after seeing a picture of Nero in an old history book, and immediately thought, "That's the haircut for me."

We are told several Adelaide men already have adopted the fashion, in spite of strong disapproval from their wives.

Mother overcame polio plight

MRS. MARGARET DEAN, of Lugarno, N.S.W., has written to us about our article on polio victims (The Australian Women's Weekly, 27/2/57).

Mrs. Dean pays tribute to her own mother, whose left arm was practically useless after a polio attack at the age of 12.

"All the curtains in the home, as well as bedspreads, etc., were made by her, and she has always done her own housework," writes Mrs. Dean.

"I am now married and have two little girls and my mother is always ready to come and mind them or help when anyone is sick."

AMUSING NEW CONTEST

• Our Adam and Eve Contest ends next week. In its stead we introduce a new and amusing contest: "Sweet and Sour: The Nicest Compliment and The Best Backhander."

All you have to do is write telling us about either the "nicest" compliment you've ever been paid, or the "nastiest." Prizes of £2/2/- will be awarded for the two published each week.

Here are the winners of this week's Adam and Eve:

JUST LIKE A MAN

WE were going to a wedding, and I was spending a little longer making myself look extra nice. My husband was in the lounge reading the paper waiting for me. I went in and stood before him, waiting for some admiration. He gazed at me intently and then said:

"My word, dear, the lines on your face show up much more plainly with my reading glasses on."

£2/2/- awarded to "Exasperated," Glenunga, S.A.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

I WAS helping my aunt prepare for a party and we were washing some seldom-used china, including a jug which was musty. My aunt instructed me to pour some boiling water into it. I did so, and the jug cracked.


"What a pity," she exclaimed. "You shouldn't have used boiling water."

"But you told me to," I said.

"Oh, I know," she replied, "but I didn't mean as boiling as that!"

£2/2/- awarded to Miss M. Hyte, c/o Mrs. C. Grennan, Stokers Siding, Tweed River, N.S.W.

Send your entries to "The Nicest Compliment" or "The Best Backhander," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



A Timely Home Decorator's Hint
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Home decorating? Then plan your bedrooms with wool blankets in mind. Whether your room is to be modern or antique in style you'll find a pattern and colour in wool blankets just right for you. If your bedroom faces the afternoon sun you want pale cool blankets — in lovely pastel blues or greens. But if your room is naturally cool or dark, brighten it with dashing reds or yellows — or with the new exciting checks and diamond checks. Whatever your colour scheme you'll find the lovelier... livelier colours of wool blankets blend perfectly.

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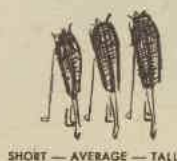


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N.B. Try Kiwi Glint on the chrome of your car—it gives a really dazzling shine!

Second instalment:

"This Was My Life"

● A photographer entranced by a girl in a very privileged position. He simply asks, with a winning smile, to take her photograph.

by Baron



● Baron started with a £16 camera and no training except for one book of instructions, yet he became the most-talked-about photographer in Britain and one of the best-known in the world.

Now, in the story of his life, which he completed just before he died last September, Baron tells how he began to make his way in the world of celebrities—helped by three beautiful women.

THIS I did with June Brae, the Sadler's Wells ballerina, and June, without hesitation, said "Yes."

Through the friendship which began at that moment I was introduced one by one to the entire Sadler's Wells Company.

The first company performance I saw was "Horoscope," starring Pamela May and Margot Fonteyn. I wonder how many people in that audience knew that they were seeing in Margot Fonteyn a dancer who would become one of the world's greatest ballerinas?

The night that Margot Fonteyn first danced "Giselle" in 1937, an immature but touchingly beautiful performance, I took her to dinner at the Bon Vivour Club in Mayfair.

There was a pleasant little three-piece orchestra on the balcony, and I remember that a good bottle of red wine in those days cost 6/6.

Home at dawn

MARGOT, unlike most ballerinas, was a wonderful ballroom dancer. I fancied myself as a dancer, too, and we were on the floor for dance after dance.

At five o'clock in the morning we were still there, having consumed 19/6 worth of wine.

Between dances we talked about mathematics. "I am an expert on mathematical problems," said Margot solemnly. "Try me."

I tossed her one and she solved it in record time.

"Try me with another," said Margot. It was dawn when I escorted her home, and both of us were in hilarious mood.

Margot's wonderful mother, known to all Margot's friends as "The Black Queen," was waiting up in disapproval, and

protested that we had stayed out much too late.

"Besides," she added, "red wine is not good for ballerinas."

Margot said with a hiccup: "Red wine is very good for ballerinas," and went to bed.

Margot has since given up ballroom dancing, but not—I am glad to say—good red wine.

Her vitality is unbelievable, and when she is in the mood she loves parties that go on and on and on.

I remember her first appearance in New York in 1949, the greatest test she had undergone in her career so far, before an expectant and intensely critical audience of New York balletomanes in the Metropolitan Opera House.

In the middle of the Rose Adagio scene in "The Sleeping Beauty" a great roar broke out. It was more like a football stadium than a theatre.

The cheering stopped the show, and for a good five minutes Margot stood there bowing before sufficient calm

was restored for the ballet to continue.

At the final curtain the cheering was redoubled. It was tremendous, but there was to be no respite for the company afterwards.

We were all invited to a reception given by the Mayor and escorted through the streets by motor-cycle police with sirens screaming. It was 2.30 in the morning before the reception was over and we waited in the cold morning for cabs to take us home. I was exhausted and everyone else was yawning and limp after the hysteria of the evening.

Danced on

THAT is, almost everyone. Margot looked around. "Where do we go from here?" she asked.

There were groans and protests. I went home to my hotel and collapsed on the bed, but Margot went off to some nightclub and stayed there until morning.

In 1953 at the Granada

Festival she created a sensation with a new and completely untrained audience of Spaniards. In the beautiful open-air gardens of the Generalife her dancing sparked the same furore as it seems to do all over the world.

One night her restlessness caught her again and after her performance she took a car to the opposite end of the valley, where there was a settlement of mountain gypsies who lived in caves.

There she danced "La Golandrina" with them until morning and did not get to bed until seven o'clock.

I was in Granada at the time, and had an appointment to photograph her at 10.30 that morning.

When I woke up and heard the news that Senorita Fonteyn had just arrived and gone to bed I was furious. But Margot turned up on time for the photographs looking as fresh as a flower after only two hours' sleep. For another two hours she posed for me and a Spanish photographer in the hot sun of a Spanish summer.

[Margot, now Dame Margot, leaves London on May 20 for appearances in Sydney and Melbourne.]

Noisy hours

AMONG the first photographs I took in my smart new studio at No. 23 Grosvenor Street were pictures of Sir Henry Wood, founder of the famous Promenade concerts.

He possessed a combination of dynamism and lovable childishness that made him a totally uninhibited subject.

We spent noisy hours together. "Come on, now! Fortissimo!" I would yell at him, and he would throw his great head back, raise his baton in an imperious gesture, and in some strange way we could both imagine the giant orchestra—strings, woodwind, percussion, and brass—going all out under his very nose.

Suddenly I would purse my lips and breathe, "Maestro! Pianissimo!" and his whole expression would change.

What was taut, vibrant, tremendous softened into gentleness. He would lean forward tenderly, his baton making waves in the air as delicate as if he were holding a feather, while his finger rose slowly to his lips.

Not flattered

I HAD by this time acquired a large camera, an unwieldy affair, which took glass plates. I was proud of the new acquisition, since at last I was able to retouch the negatives.

On Sir Henry's 68th birthday I sent him two pictures of himself elaborately retouched to give him as flattering an appearance as possible.

At the same time I had taken some pictures of him with my Leica, but these were untouched and seemed to me, revelling in the luxury of my

FROM HIS EARLY DAYS as a photographer, Baron knew the world of the ballet. He took this picture of Moira Shearer (left) and Margot Fonteyn with Moira's baby daughter.



Three lovely women helped struggle to fame

new toy, to be crude and without photographic virtuosity.

I received a curt reply from the great conductor. "I accept the pictures you have sent me. They make me look 98 instead of 68. On no account must you use them for publication."

So rather apprehensively I sent him the Leica shots, and to my surprise Lady Wood rang me the next day to say that Sir Henry was delighted and intended to use them for his work and for his admirers. He ordered 500, and they were used on B.B.C. posters.

His decisiveness taught me a lesson. Old men love truth in photography as much as old women hate it.

King's picture

WITH money in the bank I was now able to travel. I went to Norway and photographed King Haakon.

I went to Ireland and waited three days in the Dail to catch the taciturn Eamon de Valera, then at the height of his power as Prime Minister of Eire.

I photographed him again a few years ago, and asked him why he had kept Ireland out of World War II when she could have helped Britain so vitally in 1940.

His reply was a curious one. He simply said: "There are times when a politician cannot do what he wants to do and knows he ought to do."

All the time I was learning my trade. The difference between a successful portraitist and an unsuccessful one depends on his ability to bring the best out of his subject. He must dominate his subject as a matador dominates the bull.

On only three occasions have I failed to dominate. The sitters on these occasions were George Bernard Shaw, Sir Winston Churchill, and the Duke of Windsor.

Polite "no"

SHAW and Sir Winston were both so old that I felt shy about asking them to do this or that. Nevertheless I managed to take shots of both those great men pictures I number among my favorites.

I had tried repeatedly to photograph Sir Winston, pulling strings quite shamelessly to get into his presence. On his 80th birthday I sent him a copy of my ballet book, "Baron Encore," with the dedication: "To Sir Winston Churchill, who has made this book and a free world possible." His reply was courteous—but still no appointment was forthcoming.

Two years later I asked point-blank for a sitting, and once more I received a polite refusal on the ground that one consent would encourage too many others.

Finally, through the good



ABOVE. Baron's portrait of Lady Marguerite Strickland, who often modelled for him.

RIGHT. Baron found it difficult to photograph Sir Winston Churchill and the Duke of Windsor. For a long time, Sir Winston refused to sit for him; the Duke would allow only one side of his profile to be photographed.

BELOW. Elizabeth Cowell, Britain's first TV announcer, in an early Baron portrait.



offices of an artist friend of mine, Bernard Hailstone, who was finishing a portrait of Sir Winston as Master of the Cinque Ports, I was invited to Chartwell to assist the artist with some photographs.

As the great man came down the stairs with all the majesty of vast age and achievement he eyed me ferociously and in a splendid spray of slurred essences, said: "I must make it absolutely clear to you that these photographs are not for publication."

Later, when they were shown to him, he allowed one color and one monochrome to be published.

My problem with the Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales, was slightly different.

He would be photographed on only one side of his profile—the side which he planned to display on the coins of the realm when he was Edward VIII.

He told me that he had the rule changed whereby successive monarchs should have alternate profiles on the coins.

His profile would have faced the same way as his father, King George V.

While interesting as an item of history, it put a bit of a brake on my freedom. Instead of feeling at liberty to

tell the Prince how I wanted him to sit and look, I was reduced to having to try to dominate, as it were, only half a Prince.

Somehow, no matter what the bank balance told me, I remained an amateur. There were certain things I just could not master.

Fashion photography I was not good at, and with professional models I was hopeless.

Fortunately I could count on the assistance of three friends, three of England's most beautiful society women, who stepped in time after time when I began to feel desperate.

One was Cynthia Monteith, who is now married to the son of the late Sumner Welles. Another was Muriel Oxford, and the third was Lady Marguerite Strickland, daughter of the Earl of Darnley.

With these three girls I never took a bad picture. Marguerite Strickland was an angel to me when I needed her photographically, when I was still as raw as a carrot and too excitable and bad-tempered for difficult jobs in the studio.

"Relax now," she would say with her Madonna smile, and all my pent-up fury would subside.

Next week: Strange encounter with Dietrich.



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Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

Once again I have received a flood of letters asking for personal replies to problems. I am unable to do this. Please save your stamps and stop sending problems that cannot be answered on this page.

PROBLEMS of love dominated this week's mailbag. Here is the first letter opened:

"A FEW weeks ago I met two nice boys. The boy I like best of the two seems to pay very little attention to me, but the other boy, whom I like but not as much as the other, seems only too glad of my company. Should I make the first move to bring us closer together? He has made little effort to talk to me."

"Wrong One," N.S.W.

No, you can't do a great deal about it, except to be polite. It is good manners for a girl to make the first move in friendship—I mean, the initial smile, hello, and remark, but after that you really can't force anyone to talk to you or like to talk to you.

It always seems to happen that the boy you most want to be friendly with is the hardest to get to know.

I'd stick to the other one. He must be nice or he wouldn't like you. You'll probably find that after a bit you'll like him just as well as the other one.

"WE are two girls, and are often told we are quite attractive. We are nearly 14 and are wondering if we are too young to wear lipstick for special occasions such as pictures, parties, etc. Also we have two very nice boy-friends whom our parents like very well, but they say we are too young to go out with boys. Should we continue seeing them or should we ignore them?"

Two Teenagers, N.S.W.

I think you are old enough to wear a pale pink lipstick for special occasions, provided your parents agree. About the boys: I don't think you are too young to have friends who are boys, but I do think



A word from Debbie...

IT'S always a weather-wise idea to have an Easter plan that is good, whether it's wet or fine. My choice is a toffee party when the kitchen is free. Here are the recipes.

Honeycomb: Boil in a fairly large saucepan eight level tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon water, and 2 tablespoons of golden syrup until they are a rich gold color. Then test. Do this by dropping a little into cold water—you should be able to mould it, in the water, into a hard ball. Add to the syrup in the saucepan two level teaspoons of bicarbonate of soda and stir very quickly. While it is frothing pour quickly into a greased cake-tin to set.

Common or Garden Stickjaw: Place 2lb. sugar, 1 cup water, and 1 dessertspoon of vinegar in a saucepan and bring slowly to boiling point, stirring until the sugar is dissolved. Boil until golden in color and test by dropping a little into cold water—it must snap and crackle. Remove from the stove, add 1 dessertspoon butter, and stir in. Pour into greased tin and paper patties and sprinkle with coconut or hundreds and thousands.

Peanut Brittle: Boil 1lb sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of water, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of cream of tartar to a honey color. Add 1 cup of shelled peanuts and 1 level tablespoon butter. Stir in gently. Pour into greased tin, set, and eat.

Important: Put the water in the saucepan first in all these recipes. It helps to save the saucepans from burning. Clean the kitchen up afterwards.

you're too young to have boy-friends. Do you understand?

It is perfectly all right to go on picnics or outings with a crowd of friends who include boys, but at 13 you are too young to go out solo or in a foursome.

"Outings" doesn't include dances or moonlight parties or such things, either. You must do exactly as your parents tell you about these boys.

"RECENTLY I met a boy at the beach and he took me out a few times. After the holidays he wrote to me and I answered his letters. He lives in the country while I live in the city. He said that the next time he comes to Melbourne he will make plans for our

future. I am 18 and am wondering if I should break off with him or agree to his wishes."

A.K., Victoria.

There's nothing to stop him making plans, is there? But whether you fall in with his plans is another matter. You don't give me any indication of what the plans are—are they for future dates or for the future?

If they're for the future I think the young man is thinking too far ahead altogether for such a brief acquaintance. I'd brush him off, politely but firmly. Obviously, you don't feel about him the way he feels about you.

DISC DIGEST

TWO famous ladies of Hollywood are to be heard on LPs currently on sale. The first is Judy Garland singing a collection of 11 fine numbers in her own distinctive style. You'll have no trouble spotting this album, which is succinctly entitled "Judy," because the cover is one of the most tasteful I've seen—merely a striking portrait-photograph of the artist in natural color on a dark background.

Judy's fans will be delighted to hear in this new disc (T.734) she surpasses her performance on her previous LP, "Miss Show Business." This could be due to the fact that in the interim she has had a colossal season in vaudeville, and her work has benefited enormously, which is saying a lot when you consider what a great artist she is.

Among the songs are "Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries," "Last Night When We Were Young," "April Showers," and "I Feel a Song Coming On." You'll go for her delivery of "Come Rain Or Come Shine." Judy really swings this tune which seems to be enjoying a belated popularity ever since the composer, Harold Arlen, sang it on his LP which came out a few months ago. The music for "Judy" was arranged and conducted by Nelson Riddle, which adds the final touch to a quality package.

SOMEONE has unravelled a bundle of red tape in the music-publishing business, and as a result we are now allowed to hear the original Broadway-cast album of "Wonderful Town," exactly four years since it first delighted playgoers in New York. This show is the

culmination of a happy series of successes. It began as a brilliant novel, was transformed into a play, "My Sister Eileen," and then reached new audiences as a movie on two occasions. The plot remains substantially the same throughout.

The versatile Rosalind Russell stars in the LP, but, talented as the supporting cast may be, she outshines them all. I don't foresee any real hits in Leonard Bernstein's score, but each number is genuinely entertaining, especially "It's Love," "Ohio," "A Quiet Girl," and "A Little Bit in Love." My favorite is a part song, part monologue by Rosalind in which she tells the girls about "One Hundred Easy Ways to Lose a Man."

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

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A scientific oil-treatment discovery that gives damaged or dull, brittle hair a new lease of life and keeps healthy hair in tip-top condition always. Achieve marvellous improvement with dry, limp, porous, over-processed or bleached hair... 4-oz. bottle, 12/4.



Turn yourself into fashion's fair-haired girl, with LIGHT & BRIGHT

Lightens gradually to the exact shade that suits you best. You can lighten your hair as slowly as you like and check the effect as you go. Nothing to mix or fix... it's simpler than setting your hair. It's so easy to use—you can't make a mistake. And it won't wash out. 2-oz. bottle, 7/-; 5-oz. bottle, 13/6.





Kelvinator introduces

now on display

**AT PRICES THAT WILL
SURPRISE AND DELIGHT YOU**

**"The greatest colour choice
ever! Eleven colour combinations...
plus new features that are years ahead"**

— says Dorothy Summers, Home Economist at Kelvinator's Institute of Better Living.

This year you really can afford a thrilling new Kelvinator! Check the prices against the features of all six new models—and you will realise that today—more than ever before—you would be unwise to consider anything less than a glamorous new Kelvinator.

Here is the widest range of all — six entirely new models to choose from! Here is exciting, new beauty for you — inside beauty with a selection of four glamorous colours, and five new

outside colours, too!

More Value Than Ever!

Compare these benefits... you really *do* get better value with Kelvinator. Here is "Magic Cycle" Automatic Defrosting which means that you'll never have to defrost again. Here is a thrilling new "Pantry Door" which features an exclusive new Breakfast Bar as well as Cheese and Butter Chests and deep, handy Door Shelves.

Full-width Frozen Food

Chest, Roll-out Shelves, Special Ice Trays, big Meat Keeper, Twin Fruit and Vegetable Crispers — here are *all* the features you've ever wanted! And, there's more storage space than ever... in six beautiful refrigerators powered, of course, by Kelvinator's powerful and economical "Polar-sphere" Sealed Unit. If ever you've said to yourself: "I'd love to own a Kelvinator!" then now is the time to do something about it.



NOW! EXCITING NEW COLOUR

to add beauty to your kitchen

CHOOSE FROM THESE GLORIOUS INSIDE COLOURS:

Buttercup Yellow • Golden Sand • Pacific Blue • Surf Green

NEVER BEFORE, SUCH SPARKLING COLOUR COMBINATIONS

With the lovely inside colour selection of Buttercup Yellow, Golden Sand, Pacific Blue or Surf Green you can have your new Kelvinator with Kelvin Cream or Lustrous White exteriors... at no extra cost. Or choose from the following brilliant colour combinations...

(*Optional at extra cost)



PASTEL YELLOW



PASTEL GREEN



PASTEL BLUE



LUSTROUS WHITE



KELVIN CREAM

1. Surf Green interior with Pastel Yellow exterior.*
2. Golden Sand interior with Pastel Blue exterior.*
3. Buttercup Yellow interior with Pastel Green exterior.*

"Space-saver-11 De-Luxe" with "Magic Cycle" Automatic Defrost. 10½ cu. ft. £230



"Space-saver-11" with "Magic Cycle" Push-Button Defrosting. 10½ cu. ft. capacity £219/10/-



"Space-Saver-11", 10½ cu. ft. capacity with defrosting £199

as SIX entirely New models!



"Space-saver-80 De-Luxe" with "Magic Cycle" Push-Button Defrost. 8½ cu. ft. storage — £189



"Space-Saver-80", 8½ cu. ft. storage with normal defrosting — £172/10/-



"Space-saver-85" 8½ cu. ft. capacity — £152/15/-
(All prices slightly higher in country)

See for yourself!
Every feature you have
ever wanted is in this
range of entirely new
Kelvinator refrigerators

Only **Kelvinator** could give you ALL these time and labour-saving benefits

Exclusive "PANTRY DOOR" with new "Breakfast Bar"

There is nothing like Kelvinator's "Pantry Door" which gives you all these storage features:

BREAKFAST BAR

Everything you need for a delicious breakfast—eggs, bacon and fruit juices. Each item has its own storage compartment — so easy to find, so easy to reach.

CHEESE AND BUTTER CHESTS

Cheese stays "dairy fresh" for weeks. Keeps 1-lb. butter at a s-p-r-e-a-d-able temperature. The chests contain plastic dishes for table use.

DEEP DOOR SHELVES

Extra storage for items most often used — eggs, jam, dairy produce, bottles and jars. These deep, roomy shelves will even hold pint size milk bottles.



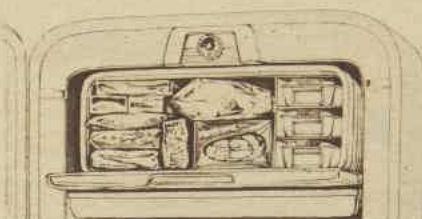
YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO DEFROST AGAIN!

Nothing to turn on or off — with Kelvinator's "Magic Cycle" Automatic Defrosting. No need to remove food. No defrost water to empty . . . it is evaporated for you. No electric elements of any kind to go wrong. It's revolutionary! "Magic Cycle" acts in a matter of minutes . . . so that even quick-melting ice-cream stays frozen during defrosting.



ENJOY THE CONVENIENCE OF A BIG FROZEN FOOD CHEST

Full-width Frozen Food Chest holds up to 35 lbs. of meat, fish, home packaged and commercially packaged frozen foods . . . keeps them fresh not only for weeks, but, in many cases, for months at a time. Meals whenever you need them!



ROLL OUT SHELVES BRING FOOD RIGHT TO YOU

Roll and slide-out shelves of beautiful, gold-anodised aluminium come out towards you. Nothing's tucked away. There is no fumbling, no stretching for food. The shelves can't tip . . . can't rust. Edges are "rolled under" for easy cleaning.



POWERED BY THE MIGHTY "POLARSPHERE" SEALED UNIT

Kelvinator's famous "Polar-sphere" sealed unit actually "floats" within its housing . . . to reduce vibration to a minimum and give quietest possible running. Tested and proved to give maximum efficiency under the most extreme Australian temperatures. Exclusive to Kelvinator!



SIX NEW MODELS from only £152/15/-

You, too, can own the best . . . KELVINATOR! Check the prices — and remember — the new, special terms plan now offered by all Kelvinator retailers makes a Kelvinator refrigerator easier to own than ever before!

Lowest Deposits • Special Terms • 5-Year Protection Plan

PLUS — All these extra features for extra value and convenience

- Special Ice Trays — trays slide free, ice-cubes pop up
- Removable Half-Shelf — extra storage for tall bottles
- Big Meat Keeper • Twin and Vegetable Crispers



Choose

Kelvinator

for Better
Living!

A Quality Australian product precision engineered by Kelvinator Australia Limited

The Empire Sheath

Spice in the new daytime fashions is the Empire Sheath, with a high-rising waistline and the skirt inching down to complete a balanced silhouette. The line is slender, but no longer straight. Skilfully draped or accented under the bosom, the silhouette rounds out over the hips, or is given movement by way of pleats. The result is very feminine.

The material is important; it must be soft-textured and subtle. Elegantly interpreted in fine tweed, the Empire Sheath makes a wonderful city dress. In jersey it represents glamor-plus for late day, and in crepe it looks right up to the moment. Color suggestions: Pearly white, green the color of emeralds, all shades of orange, and charcoal-grey with an overtone of deep chocolate-brown.



● City dress in fine-textured tweed has a slim, high-placed sashed waistline, small shoulders, and snug elbow-length sleeves.



● Late-day dress in white jersey is draped softly under the bosom.



● Afternoon dress in crepe has a graceful fall of pleats from neck to hemline. A neat band circles the bodice below the bosom.

AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard For week beginning April 15

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

ARIES The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20 	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in diplomacy.	★ If indifferent to your opportunities, you only make the job harder. Scram through the part you hate first, then look for compensations in the work you enjoy.	★ Those gaily chasing rainbows may regard their homes as just an address, useful, of course, but uninteresting. If meals are scratch you couldn't care less.	★ If you're in love you simply cannot conceal the fact. Family and friends will be giving you broad smiles, but you won't care. Engagements hover over many.	★ Take centre stage and hold it. Widen social horizons by keeping touch with old friends, not forgetting to cultivate new ones. Open new doors with confidence.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20 	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, black. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in finding a sum of money.	★ The pay envelope is a big factor in what you can do. Since your sign is born with money sense, choose between alternatives and don't attempt the impossible.	★ Should you have had a dust-up with a little social clique, you may be so indignant that you prefer to stay home. While in the mood you might get domestic jobs done.	★ Is your beloved unable to save or spend wisely? If married, there could be disputes over money matters; if still single, you should note the position for future reference.	★ Have you taken others' co-operation for granted? Remember they are more interested in their own projects than yours. Put their ideas first for a change.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21 	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, red. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in belonging to a club.	★ Beware of accepting favors from those who will promptly ask you to return the compliment with interest or at an inconvenient time. Try to manage under your own steam.	★ No sign is more fascinated by changes in surroundings. If your home bores you, wait your possessions into new places. Give a new color accent dramatic importance.	★ That whirlwind romance may cool. Perhaps you are too young for marriage yet and feel you should not be tied down. Why not just be good pals?	★ Some of you have been in contact with a group that seemed highly congenial at first, but which has proved a trifle disappointing recently. Fade out gracefully.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22 	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, rose, silver. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in your talents.	★ A pat on the back is pleasant, but your efforts may bring more praise than cash. Don't let others push you around. Take credit for your work—in a s.d.	★ Are you a collector? Does housework take time because your home is festooned with souvenirs, gifts, or heirlooms of sentimental attraction? Store the lot for a while.	★ The one you love, placed in charge of a social event, may seek your aid in making it a success. Forget your shyness, think of others, and rise to the occasion.	★ If you've been secretly practising a new skill, or polishing up a neglected talent, try your wings. Succeed with intimate friends, then face the audience.
LEO The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 23 	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in a little holiday.	★ Use your intelligence. Quite capable of planning your path towards your objective, you should beware of explosive emotions when the moment is not right.	★ If settling into new living quarters, it may be necessary to put up with a few makeshifts for a time. Disguise them cleverly by studying publications and shop windows.	★ If you're an Easter bride, friends may be planning pre-wedding parties in your honor. If long married, the holiday break may provide for renewal of romance.	★ Promote those holiday plans diplomatically. You may have to win over one friend or member of the family to your way of thinking. Try to reconcile the wishes of all.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 24—SEPTEMBER 23 	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in a bit of extra money.	★ You may be asked to work harder, accept longer hours, take on new tasks, due to circumstances for which nobody is to blame. Pick up the load cheerfully.	★ Visitors have their place, but they should not outstay their welcome. When they prevent the homemaker from attending to normal domestic tasks, explain the position tactfully.	★ That jaunt may make the boyfriend realise how much you mean in his life. Perhaps you yourself are uncertain of your sentiments. Moonlight settles the question.	★ If you're apathetic, you'll succeed in blocking all action. If you decline to take on club responsibilities give your loyalty to those prepared to work.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23 	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck on a social occasion.	★ Voluntary workers who may be asked to substitute for someone on the roster are busy. Changes in personnel may be welcome in any job. You entertain top brass.	★ One member of the household may need special help in order to fulfil an ambition. If a parent, consultations over youthful careers may be important.	★ Though love is in the background because you are taken up with the affairs of a person who has called on you in an emergency, you'll enjoy your next date all the more.	★ Those who are young and romantic, also those who are older, should concentrate on careful grooming, suitable dressing, and pleasant speech for social poise.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 22 	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in good health.	★ Since you are all for cleaning up your immediate programme and are still working under pressure, some of the details will slide. Don't fuss over trifles.	★ If routine is turned upside down through minor illness, a slight accident, or the need to make repairs, the few days so spent may draw the family together.	★ Engaged couples will shortly be young marrieds. Plans for the honeymoon may be a dead secret, but somebody may find out. For the young in heart there is joy.	★ Put your heart and mind into those things you want to do. Yearning for action, you will soon begin a new cycle in which social or cultural interests will be tops.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 20 	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday. Luck in romance.	★ A beacon ahead will light your road. One of those strokes of good fortune such as the chance at a particular kind of work could change your outlook.	★ The entire household will be geared to top speed over a brief holiday, party preparations, or a whirlwind effort to get the place shipshape for the winter.	★ Seeing friends marching down the aisle is often the prelude to wedding bells for some of the guests. Romance smiles on prospective bridesmaids.	★ Don't accept heavy duties in fields outside your experience. Stick to what brings out your special abilities, where you can maintain your position under criticism.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21—JANUARY 19 	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck on your doorstep.	★ If a career gal with a home to keep up, conflicting demands can have a devastating effect, destroying peace of mind and efficiency. Part-time work might be the answer.	★ Househunters may grow discouraged and postpone effort for two or three weeks. Some spend the weekend with paintbrush in hand. Others have a grand clean up.	★ Those who seek love will find it, perhaps locally. An attractive member of the opposite sex may find you fascinating and create the opportunity to tell you so.	★ Move slowly when entering a new group. Team up with an older member who can guide you. This will make for smooth sailing and rapid progress. Be willing to learn.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19 	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, blue. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in a short journey.	★ Mixing with people brings out your best talents. A lonely job will depress you. Go out and create a new opening through personal contacts.	★ If you can put wheels under your home you'll be happy. The caravan, or camp, will be the big thrill. Lock up your house or flat with extra care.	★ The object of your affection, the comparative stranger or the husband of many years, may surprise you with an unexpected invitation or gift which you will love.	★ There's a new fad in the offing and you may embrace it in a wave of enthusiasm. You let recent interests slide and a number of old friends may reproach you.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20 	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, rose. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in a shop window.	★ If you relax because the sun is shining, if you tie up too much of your income, you run the risk of missing a real bargain because the cash won't be available.	★ By slow stages you are preparing your dream house. The family may poke fun at some of your ideas, but fundamentally they know you are doing an excellent job.	★ On an expedition with your beloved you may get lost, meet some extraordinary people on the road, and find a series of adventures ending romantically.	★ Are you just gliding with the current, putting off decisions, the answering of invitations, or failing to turn up when expected? Take your place in the community.

New lotion actually heals chapping... keeps hands softer and younger...



Does more than smooth—it heals detergent chapping. Angel Skin is the only lotion that counteracts the harsh alkali effects of detergents and soaps. Redness fades, chapping disappears.

Hardworking hands become soft, smooth. When your hands must look their most glamorous, smooth on fragrant, creamy-pink Angel Skin—sinks in instantly, softens deeply.

Angel Skin is scientifically years ahead of any lotion on the market today



Angel Skin also comes in hand cream form—only 4/9 in the 2-oz. jar.

Angel Skin actually heals chapped skin because it relieves the causes of roughness, chapped redness and dryness! Angel Skin is more than a gentle, soothing lotion—it helps ward off skin disorders. Leaves hands genuinely softer, smoother, whiter, because it goes deep—spreads its protective qualities below the mere surface of your skin. Improves the texture of your skin.

So different from the ordinary "cosmetic" lotion, Angel Skin promotes natural skin health, keeps skin looking younger—

- Sensitive, exposure-reddened hands become genuinely softer and whiter.
- Skin loses that rough, parched shine.
- Tender split cuticle skin heals quickly.
- Sandpapery legs and heels smooth out so they can't snag nylons.

2-oz. bottle 3/9 . . . 4-oz. bottle 6/3. Get Angel Skin from your favourite beauty bar today.

Angel Skin

by POND'S.



of hope. My reply was far more encouraging than she had expected.

"You are far more optimistic than they were in Chicago," she said. "I discovered they had given me about five years. That was when I refused an operation."

"I have no intention of advising operation. That would only come if my treatment fails. I do not think it will fail. But it will be a long job. A year. Perhaps eighteen months. And tedious."

"And after that?"

"Many, many more years of life than five, Mrs. Vanbolton. I can prescribe the course of treatment for you to continue in Chicago. Naturally, if it were possible, I should prefer to have it done under my direct supervision in London—at least for the first six months."

"But, of course. I want to stay in London. Clive, my husband, likes it here and wants to stay until the autumn."

"Dr. Bryant," I said, "could find room for you in his nursing home." Colin nodded.

"Couldn't I have the treatment here?" she asked.

"At first it would be better to be in a nursing home. And you will need efficient nursing."

"But I have a nurse already. My husband engaged one in Chicago for the voyage. She's an English girl. She wanted to earn the trip back. She's prepared to stay on."

"Is she qualified?"

"Oh, yes. She did five years in a Chicago hospital. She suits me admirably, too." Then she added, with an expression I could not sum up, "She is just right . . . for the time being."

I looked around, whereupon Mrs. Vanbolton went on: "She's out at the moment. She's doing some shopping . . . with my husband."

We left. We saw them as we walked along the corridor towards the lift. The girl was standing with her back to me. The man faced her. Neither of them noticed us approaching. They were standing close together, talking — unhurriedly and obviously happily.

"Mr. Vanbolton," said Colin. "Hello, Dr. Bryant."

The girl spun round. She had a parcel in her arms—a flat box wrapped in creamy paper, and she held it to her breast as she faced me, just as she had held the battered shoe-box to her breast more than sixteen years ago.

She stared at me, as she had done then, with wide tawny eyes under level brows. But not looking up at me this time: instead, looking straight at me, at my own level; a tall, poised, lovely creature.

She recognised me immediately. But she did not let the shock of recognition disturb her for a moment, standing there composedly while Colin introduced me to Mr. Vanbolton. The Chicago meat-packer was younger than I had expected and not half so American.

He was markedly handsome, in a bronzed open-air way, and dressed in an easy expensive carelessness.

He introduced me to the girl. "My wife's nurse . . . Miss Dorothy Higham."

"Hello, Dorothy!" I said.

"Hello, doctor."

"We've met before," I told Mr. Vanbolton.

He looked surprised. "In America?"

"No. In Essex. Many years ago. Dorothy brought me my first patient." I turned to her again. "What happened to her?"

Her quick reply showed vividly how she had kept alive the memory of those meetings. "I let her fly away . . . as you told me to."

"And you became a nurse?"

"Yes . . . as you told me to."

Two days later Dorothy came to Wimpole Street to collect for Colin my report on

Mrs. Vanbolton, the details of the treatment I prescribed, and some drugs.

I was in my office when she came in. She walked all round the room, questioningly, looking at the books and photographs like an inquisitive child, while we waited for the secretary to finish typing my report. There was an unease about her that I could not diagnose . . . not yet.

"Why," she asked suddenly, "are you looking at me like that?"

"Like what?"

"She shrugged. 'I can't explain. Perhaps it's the doctor's eye. You look full of questions.'"

I laughed. "I am." I asked some of them, and learned some little scraps of what had happened to her through the years. Soon after war broke out she had been evacuated to America. By the time war finished her Gran was dead and there was no home for her in England.

She took up nursing . . . "As you told me to," she repeated . . . "and then I decided to make America my home."

"What made you change your mind?" She couldn't understand that question. I explained. "I mean . . . Mrs. Vanbolton said you wanted to earn your passage home to England."

"Oh!" She shrugged again. "That's what we told her . . . We thought it best, Clive and I."

"Clive?"

"Mr. Vanbolton," she said, and faced me with that level,



"I said, 'It keeps him quiet for hours on end!'"

candid gaze. But behind it . . . yes, behind it was some of the unease she had shown before.

"I see," I said.

"Perhaps you do."

Just then my secretary came into the office with the large envelope and the package, and at that moment the telephone rang. My secretary answered it.

"It's Mrs. Stanger for you, sir," she said.

I went to the phone. "Hello, darling!" I said. My mother's voice came bubbling through.

"Just thought I'd better remind you, Rodney," said my mother. "The Parkers are expecting us half-an-hour earlier tonight."

"Very well," I said.

I turned round from the phone. Dorothy had gone.

I went to the window and looked down into the street. She was walking across the pavement to a big yellow sports car. Clive Vanbolton was sitting at the wheel, leaning across to open the door for her, and—as she settled into the seat—leaving his arm around her shoulders for just long enough for them each to look into each other's eyes and smile.

So that was it. It saddened me. I tried to eliminate Dorothy from that emotion. I tried to persuade myself that the sadness was sympathy for Mrs. Vanbolton. But it wasn't.

Two days later I went along to see the American woman. She was lying on the couch again. After a number of medical queries we talked casually for a few moments. She seemed a little dispirited and I men-

tioned her husband, conventionally saying that he would be looking forward to seeing her health improve.

All expression disappeared from her face as she replied, "Clive? Yes. Yes, I suppose he will."

I was puzzled. Her voice was suddenly brittle and cold. Then I wondered if she knew he was seeing so much of Dorothy.

As I rose to go she said, still in that clipped, brittle voice, "I married Clive when I was far too young. At eighteen it's hard to see past the glamor to the real person . . ."

I left the flat feeling confused and, for some reason, angry. I was inclined to ring up Colin and tell him to take over entirely. I felt I was getting involved in my patient's private life.

Yet it was too early to give Colin complete charge of a difficult case. And, after all, I was a doctor. It was my duty to cure Mrs. Vanbolton. Her private life had nothing to do with me.

But I couldn't stop thinking about Dorothy. The angry questions trembled on my lips every time I saw her. At last they came out.

It was on a morning she called at Wimpole Street to collect something for the patient.

"May I wait for a few minutes?" she asked. "Clive promised to pick me up."

Almost before I had time to think I asked, quite violently, "Are you in love with that man?"

Her answer surprised me. So much so that at first I couldn't appreciate the sudden lift of happiness it gave me.

"No," she said. "No, not in love. Not really."

"Then why . . .?"

"Because . . . Oh, it's difficult to give reasons. There are so many. I'm tired of grubbing about as a nurse and getting no further. I want pretty things. I want a home. Clive's a nice person. He's generous. And I'm lonely."

"Lonely! Why in God's name should you be lonely? If you'd wanted marriage, surely . . ."

I looked at her, so radiantly desirable.

"I lived in dreams too long. Perhaps I was too romantic. I carried too long about with me a stupid childish ideal. The man that I marry . . . I suppose I had a picture of him in my heart."

The tawny eyes were smiling at me. There was a kind of gay defiance in them, and yet there was a tenderness there—a tenderness almost akin to a caress. I stepped towards her. And just then my secretary came in to say that Mr. Vanbolton had called to pick up Miss Higham.

It was days before I saw her again, and then for one fleeting disturbing moment. She was coming out on to the pavement of Park Lane one evening when I went to see Mrs. Vanbolton.

She was holding an evening cloak closely around her, but I caught a glimpse of some light, filmy stuff. Clive Vanbolton was with her, helping her into a taxi.

They hadn't noticed me. I stood watching the taxi move off and then turned into the flats. I felt annoyed with Dorothy, with the Vanboltons, and with myself.

I examined Mrs. Vanbolton wordlessly. Then, "Yes, I am quite satisfied," I said. "We can begin the regular treatment. Personally, I think it would be better for you to move into Dr. Bryant's nursing home. You need constant attention from now on and you don't seem to

be getting that from your nurse."

"Perhaps Dr. Bryant can find me a nurse," she said.

"And you will dismiss Nurse Higham?"

"Oh, yes, I think we can do that now. In any case, I don't think I should be able to have her services much longer. I'm sure she believes Clive is planning to run off with her." She sighed. "Poor Nurse Higham . . ."

"She believes Clive is planning to run off with her? I don't understand."

She flushed slightly, looked annoyed, and then shrugged. "Clive—you may find this hard to understand, Dr. Stanger, but—this has happened before. Clive is apt to let his emotions run away with him—"

HER voice was perfectly steady but her eyes were opened very wide. I was suddenly reminded of children I have attended. Afraid of crying, they used the same trick—stretching their eyes open as far as possible and trying not to blink so that the tears wouldn't fall.

Tears? This sophisticated, controlled woman?

"I love Clive—and he loves me. Yes, he does," she added firmly, although I had said nothing. "But he loves excitement, too—the special kind of excitement that comes when you're on the very brink of falling in love. With Clive it's as if he's always about to find something new and very wonderful—he doesn't know what it is; it's somewhere, tantalising him, behind a smile or a lovely face. But he never finds it. And then he comes back to me."

There was silence for a moment. The room was growing dark.

"I don't know what it is he's looking for," she went on quietly. "If I did, perhaps I could give it to him. As it is, I can only give him reassurance, a steady tenderness. He reproaches himself, you know. He hates to hurt me."

I could just see her lips curving tenderly. "But he comes back to me—always . . ."

The last word dropped quietly into the dusk.

I must have made a little movement for she stiffened and then put out her hand to the light switch. With the clear, yellow light the confidences were over. It was the sophisticated woman of the world who spoke.

"I'm sorry for the girls," she said. Now there was no trace left of the hurt, confused, loving wife. "But I don't know what I can do—" She forced herself to smile. "I do hope, doctor, there's no personal interest in Miss Higham on your part . . ."

And for a moment my sympathy for Mrs. Vanbolton disappeared. I could think only of Dorothy and of the unhappiness ahead for her.

I swung round and walked towards the door. An exclamation from Mrs. Vanbolton halted me.

"You're not deserting me, doctor, are you?"

I faced her. "You're not going to leave me . . . with only five years?" she asked, and so brave, she actually smiled.

I shook my head. "No," I muttered. "I shan't do that."

Downstairs, in the entrance hall of the flats, I sat down and grimly waited. It had begun to rain and the black roadway outside reflected the lamplight. At last they arrived.

I strode across the pavement as Vanbolton was paying the driver. I took Dorothy's arm.

"Miss Higham is going to Wimpole Street with me," I said, bustling her into the taxi, climbed in after her, and gave

the driver my address. Vanbolton stared after us.

"What's wrong?" asked Dorothy.

"You have left the Vanboltons," I said, and this strange and lovely girl never asked another question until we were at Wimpole Street.

"Now . . .?" she began, as I took her wet evening cloak and tossed it across a chair.

"Now!" I repeated. And then I didn't tell her. Perhaps I was sorry for Mrs. Vanbolton. Perhaps I wondered whether Dorothy would believe me.

Instead, as she so gravely faced me from the couch in my room, my mind leaped back to that meeting years ago when she was just a little kid with a cardboard box clasped to her breast.

"Do you remember the bird you rescued?" She nodded, the smile breaking through her bewilderment. "Well, it didn't really know what you'd done for it and why you shoved it in a box."

I went towards her. I took her hand in mine and looked into her tawny eyes. "Dorothy, I've rescued you today." My hands slipped caressingly up her arm.

Still bewildered, but still smiling, she whispered, "I don't know why, but I believe you. But what are you going to do with me now? Put me in a cardboard box?"

My hands tightened on her arms. "No, I'll keep you here." Then, abashed at my presumptuousness, I released her, and

said, "I mean, you can stay here . . . for as long as you wish. I only hope it might be forever."

She took my hands in hers. "And Angela?" she murmured. "You haven't told me. Where is she?"

"But I thought you'd know . . ."

I took Dorothy upstairs and led her to my dressing-room. There, by my mirror, hangs the last picture that was ever painted of Angela . . . an Angela of smiling courageous eyes which watch me so tolerantly each morning, full of love and understanding.

Below the picture, in its own slender frame, is the ribbon and the medal and the words which begin, "For courage and devotion to duty in the face of the enemy . . . Angela Stanger, who gave her life fearlessly and saved the lives of the women and children in her charge . . ."

It was hours later, when we had sat into the night talking it all out so gravely, that she took my hand, and, bending over it, running her fingers caressingly over mine, she said, "Do you remember telling me to open that cage and let the bird fly away? I did. Well, Timothy caught her again . . . and killed her."

She looked up at me. "Don't ever open the cage for me, Rodney, however much you love me."

I kissed her. For the first time. And knew, with a sudden exultation, the certainty that she had waited a long time for that kiss.

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dimension, or something. Tim's a darling, too.

Saxie crawled miserably into her bunk, her head pounding. Everything was moving too fast for her; she should never have come on this crazy trip; no wonder Mummy kept such control—it seemed necessary. She had a little cry and then drifted into an exhausted sleep.

She awakened to hear Jessamine singing above the racket of the wheels, which had been grinding through her brain all night.

Timidly, she asked, "Are you going to marry him, Jessamine?"

The singing stopped. "What-ever made you think of that, Saxie?"

The little woman went red with embarrassment. "I don't know what your mother would say, dear. I don't know myself. Maybe I'm old-fashioned. But I do think you've become involved in a very compromising situation."

"No, Saxie—oh, no! I'm so sorry you were worried. Lily had a calf, don't you see? That's why he couldn't leave her and that's why I stayed!"

Her voice became suddenly unsteady. "He said I could help and I believe I did. It was such an experience! And it's the sweetest little plushy thing—you must see it."

Saxie caught her breath in a sob of relief. I'm a nasty-minded old woman, she told herself. Young people are just so nice and Jessamine is a dear. Aloud, she said, "You're going to be tired for the contest."

Jessamine was startled. "Oh, dear, I'd forgotten all about it. Why—" she considered a moment. "Do you know, I just don't care about it any more."

Saxie said sharply, "You'd better care! You can't let everyone down now."

"I'm only interested in Lily and the calf."

"Listen," Saxie almost snapped. "We'll have no more of this silly talk. If you withdraw you'll have to go home and you'll never see either Lily or the calf or—Mr. Rydal again. What about that?"

Jessamine said, "Oh—"

They were met at Central Station by a smart man with a little black moustache and a black homburg. Driving to the hotel, Mr. Wellby-Jones explained her schedule and it was all a complete bore. The contestants were to act as hostesses and guides to the Show and judges would be incognito among the crowds to mark them.

Finally, Saxie took over, gently. "If you just tell me I'll take care of it."

Mr. Wellby-Jones twitched his moustache and looked relieved. He had already coped with the respective Queens of Fish, Copper, Beef, Dried Fruits, Wine—and how many more to come?

While Saxie unpacked and pressed the dresses, Jessamine stood at the window and grizzled about the programme.

"Not a minute to myself for a whole week!" she complained. "How am I ever going to see Lily?"

"And Mr. Rydal?"

Almost in tears, Jessamine turned over the typewritten pages. "He said he'd take me to dinner tonight and here it says I have to dine with the Pig-Breeders' Association."

She phoned him at his hotel. "Bad luck!" he said. "What about lunch today, then?"

"Oh, lovely!" she laughed, restored to smiles. "What time? Where?"

Saxie snatched the schedule and waved it at her. "You're due to lunch with the Colombo Plan students and escort them round. You and Miss Dried Fruits and Miss Peanuts. You can't let them get ahead!"

"Hard to get!" Tim said.

"Well, I'll be round for breakfast. See if you can beat that!"

But when Jessamine limped, half-asleep, into her room at

Continuing . . .

Off to the Royal

from page 25

11.30 p.m. there was a message to say that all the candidates were required to be at the dock to meet an overseas liner at 7.30 a.m.

Tim breakfasted with Saxie and went out to the Show—and Lily, etc. First, he asked about lunch today—but, "No," said Saxie. "She's on duty seeing the Coal Board."

Tim said he'd be at his hotel for dinner if she could make it, but Saxie didn't have the heart to tell him about the official dinner with the Show committee and judges. Later Jessamine left a message that she really would be free for breakfast next morning.

He didn't come or send another message. Jessamine looked disappointed and said, "You see, Saxie, he wouldn't understand how BUSY I am. He doesn't realise that I'm so tied-up. And now he's tired of trying—"

She went about her duties that day automatically, like a well-trained seal, but without any of that usual joie-de-vivre that Mummy relied upon to win her the title.

Back at the hotel there was still no message. Saxie watched her roaming about the room looking at the phone. "I'll just ring once more—" she said, and avoided Saxie's eyes.

"Mr. Rydal is out, Madam," said the switch-girl. "Would you care to speak to Mrs. Rydal?"

Jessamine dropped the phone as though it were full of death-adders, funnel-web spiders, and electric eels. "He's married, Saxie!" she gasped. "Oh, what a fool I've been! I can see it all now. He didn't mean a word of it, the devil—"

"Of what?" Saxie asked innocently, but Jessamine didn't hear. She flung into another beautiful dress and went off to her next engagement in a fine rage. "I'll show him," she said.

Saxie was increasingly worried. Whether it was important or not for Jessamine to win, it was imperative that Saxie didn't have to take the blame for Jessamine's failure. Her despondent mood of the morning wouldn't have helped; neither would her present anger.

She reached for the phone. "I'll settle this once and for all," she said to no one in particular. Yes, Mr. Rydal was in, but it wasn't his voice that answered.

"Thomas Rydal," said the voice. "So you're the girl who's been ringing my grandson! Hold everything, I'm coming to see you!"

Before she could explain he rang off, and Saxie sat quaking in her shoes till the old gentleman puffed to her door. Well, if Tim looked like that at about seventy—he would be doing well!

Apologetically, she said, "I'm afraid there's been a mistake—"

"I should hope so," he said, twinkling. "My grandson hasn't much nerve—not a patch on me at his age—but I shouldn't think him stupid enough to run round with a woman of your age! Who's this girl—what's her name? Something silly, I suppose! All the girls have silly names these days."

"Not like the Emilys and Sarahs and Alices and Saxonias, eh?" Saxie agreed.

"Hmmm—" he said, taken aback. "Well, maybe I'm dated, but things aren't what they were! At his age I swam the Condamine in the '93 flood just to see a girl. Can't see him doing anything like that, though."

"No," she agreed again. "Only spending the night in a cow-box with my young lady. All the way to—er—Broadmeadow." Nothing like a little exaggeration.

The old man chuckled. "De-

lighted to hear it! I must pay more attention to her. If she can stir him up like that she must be good!"

"She is," Saxie said grimly. "What about dinner tonight?" he asked.

"I'm afraid she's engaged—with the Chamber of Commerce."

"Blast it—I didn't mean her, my good woman. I meant you." Ha, thought Saxie, now I'll find out all about these Rydals! But when she met him for dinner at his hotel he took her straight to the dining-room and no sign whatever of the mysterious Mrs. Rydal.

"I thought your wife would be with us," she commented.

"My wife?" he said. "She's been dead for twenty years, poor soul."

"Oh, I'm sorry—" she murmured, confused. "Well—"

"Is something worrying you, Miss Frisbee?"

"I've never had dinner alone with a man before—"

He cackled merrily. "Best compliment I've had for twenty years! Come on!" And he took her arm gallantly.

Oh, dear, Saxie thought, blushing beneath her wrinkles. These Rydal men looked like

Vanity plays lurid tricks with our memory.

—Joseph Conrad

being a handful altogether. But where was Mrs. Rydal? Tim must be married, after all.

When Jessamine was dressing for the final judging, Saxie took her to task. "It's no use thinking you'll win if you go into it with this chilly determination. You're just showing everyone that your pride has been hurt—"

"Not my pride," Jessamine corrected. "My heart!"

"I had dinner with his grandfather," Saxie tried again. "Whose grandfather?"

"Tim's."

"Then you're a sneak, Saxie Frisbee! I never want to hear his name again—or his grandfather's. And I think you're very disloyal to go hobnobbing with those two-faced, double-crossing Rydals!" In her fury she screwed her earrings on too tightly.

Saxie said nothing, but smirked as she thumped the iron up and down.

"What are you ironing?" Jessamine asked suspiciously.

"My black silk—"

"Your evening dress! Why?"

"I'm going to see you win tonight, dear. I've been invited to the judges' box with Mr. Thomas Rydal."

Jessamine tossed her head. Then the phone rang. "Don't answer it," she cautioned. "It might be Mr. Stinging-Nettle Rydal. I'm not here!"

But it was just the desk-clerk to say that Miss McQuaig's car was waiting. Saxie chuckled as she detected even now a faint disappointment in Jessamine's anger as she flounced out to the lift.

The doorman ushered her into the car and she was so busy arranging the folds of her coal-black evening-gown that it was not until they moved off that she realised there was someone else sitting back in the other corner. A man.

"Tim!"

"I've just come in from the Show—straight to you. So I popped in here. I've had the most devilish time, darling—and couldn't get to a phone to ring you. What on earth must you think of me?"

"I couldn't put it into

words," Jessamine said tartly.

"That's what I was afraid of," he nodded miserably, then leaned forward to speak to the driver, who pulled up at his hotel. A man and a woman came quickly forward to meet them.

"My mother and father," he explained. "I made them come to meet you. But I'm afraid they'll have to squeeze in front or you'll be crushed."

"Don't worry, darling," said his mother. "We'll come later. There's been a most distressing message from grandfather. It seems he's going with some WOMAN tonight. You know how silly these old men can be when they're loose in the city at Show time."

Her smile apologised to them all. "We'll go with him and keep an eye on him," she decided. "I'm so happy to meet you, my dear—to Jessamine. Tim has been most anxious for us to meet you—"

Tim slammed the door. "Now, Mother, that's enough! I haven't asked her, yet."

As the car swung into the traffic, Jessamine asked in a small voice, "What haven't you asked me?"

"Why, to marry me, darling. It's been terrible—not being able to get to you. Lily was sick—I had to get the vet. to her—and stand by—"

"Oh, is she better now?"

"Unless there's a relapse—"

"Tell me, is your mother the only Mrs. Rydal—I mean—"

"Of course," he said, and he never did know why she asked. "Oh, hang, I can't get anywhere near you, Jessamine!"

"I think," she said, sweeping aside some of the satin folds, "if you were to lean over this way you could kiss me, if that's what you had in mind—"

But in the middle of the kiss Jessamine began to laugh. She laughed till she nearly choked.

"What's the matter?" Tim asked in dismay.

"Oh," she gasped. "It's your grandfather—oh, dear! He's going to the Show with Saxie. She's the WOMAN your mother's so worried about!"

It was wonderful in the back seat of the judges' box with Mr. and Mrs. Theo Rydal. Saxie had known all along that there would be some simple explanation, of course. And such a charming woman, an ideal mother-in-law for dear Jessamine.

She could look down, too, right into the ring, ablaze with light; the air quivering with the buzz of expectant crowds, and bands playing, and the commentator roaring through the loudspeakers. It was so exciting she could hardly breathe.

Then the gorgeous floats came in. Twenty of them, each with its Queen on top. And every float, every girl, so breathtakingly lovely. Look at that Copper Queen in her copper-colored gown, with hair to match—she'd be hard to beat. And that blond Miss Fish, tricked out as a mermaid on a rock, surrounded by everything from prawns to a marlin—and Miss Wine reclining in a huge glass of champagne with little gas-filled balloons puffing into the air. So very frivolous!

Jessamine perfectly personified the great simple dignity of coal, but among all these rainbow-colored queens, how could anyone hope to stand out?

Yet Jessamine did. Her black gown looked still and calm among the hilarious fuss of color, and there was something else—

"Radiance, that's it!" Grandfather Rydal said to the other judges as though he'd made a profound discovery. "Just look at her. There's the Show Queen for us, eh?"

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African wild-life screened

• The wild landscape of Africa provides the teeming canvas for "The African Lion," Walt Disney's new True-Life Adventure.

This adventure, unlike some of Disney's early efforts, is completely unstaged and unrehearsed.

Though the lion is the star and title character of the picture, he is not the whole show.

The countless other creatures of savage power and grace, bizarre and beautiful, ferocious and gentle, which are the lion's neighbors, feature in the action as well.

The famous husband-and-wife team Alfred and Elma Milotte, who are tops among American naturalist photographers, spent almost three years in equatorial Africa filming "The African Lion."

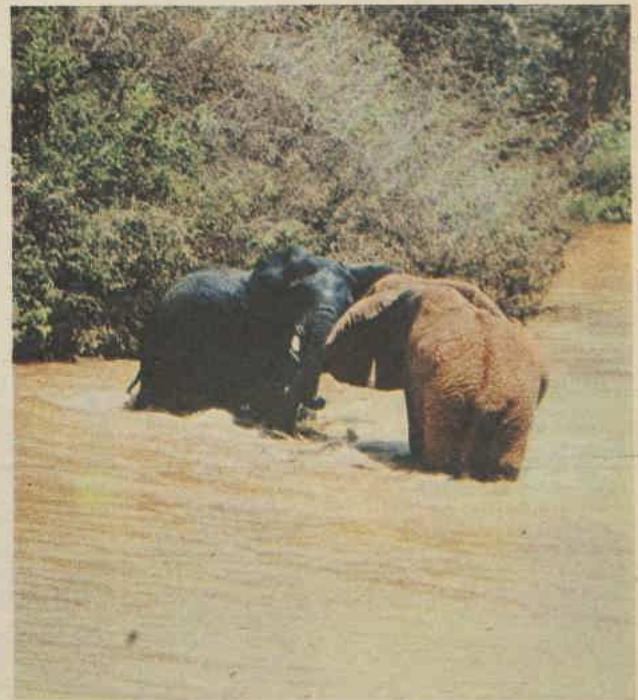
They travelled in a truck which was both home and camera unit, and covered the vast Serengeti Plains and adjacent animal territory to obtain their wild-life material.

During recent months Mr. and Mrs. Milotte have been touring Australia with their cameras collecting pictures of Australian animals.

On this page are some shots from "The African Lion," which is in technicolor.



ABOVE RIGHT: An inquisitive family of spotted giraffes, whose long necks were developed by nature for browsing on trees, pose for this clannish shot in the film.
LEFT: A young lioness rests easily in the heat of the African sun. The lioness rules her family, including her burly mate, with tolerance, justice, wisdom, and affection.



LEFT: Wildebeests (in background), distant cousins of the American bison, seem to watch the sleek and colorful zebra in this scene from Walt Disney's nature feature "The African Lion."

ABOVE: Fun and games for two elephants at play in an African waterhole. The world's largest land animals, elephants are intelligent. In the jungle they rank in power with the lion.



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A2-12

The Garbo era is over

One of the saddest chapters in the ruthless saga of movies finally petered out not so long ago. At least, it did for me when a London theatre replayed Greta Garbo's great film "Ninotchka"—to empty houses.

WITH that, one is forced to acknowledge that the Garbo legend has been finally thrust into the past by the rough effacing hands of a new generation.

And, before she is forgotten completely, one halts and asks — Where is Garbo now? What is she doing? How does she live?

The answer is a compound of sadness, something terrifyingly comic, and sheer catastrophe.

Greta Garbo still lives like a hunted animal. She suffers more than ever from a chronic panic.

A few weeks of every year she spends in her seven-roomed apartment on the East River in New York.

For the rest she wanders the world—London, Paris, Rome, the Riviera, where she has a villa, cruising the Mediterranean, going ashore at Capri—and everywhere fleeing like a frightened rabbit from the stares and questions of those who still recognise her.

"La Divine," as the world at large had come to call her, is obsessed by fear of recognition. Her methods of dodging this are pathetic.

Returning recently from the Riviera, she scurried down the steps of the plane at Orly Airport, Paris, and ran for the waiting black saloon like a witch in a witch-hunt.

The spectacle of her flying for the car, her untidy mop of hair streaming in the wind, her large feet clattering over

the tarmac, naturally caused every head to turn.

Once inside the car Garbo draped a rug across the rear window and stuffed coats and mackintoshes along the sides to prevent the curious from peering in.

A portly, middle-aged French businessman looked after her and said, "Who is it?"

"Garbo—I think!" someone said.

"Ah!"

His face lit up. He stared again at the spectacle of the dark, black saloon now being

By
BILL STRUTTON,
of our London staff

diligently hung with clothing to camouflage her from the world.

The Frenchman's face changed remarkably. His brows rose, he popped his eyes comically, gave a great, incredulous grimace, and then lifted his shoulders and spread his hands in that perplexed and most expressive of all Gallic gestures—a shrug.

It said, "Well, who cares, anyway?"

Everywhere on her peregrinations, the tall, gaunt, tragically persecuted Garbo, now 51, is accompanied by her faithful financial adviser, George Schlee, and sometimes his wife, Valentina, a well-known fashion designer.

Schlee, a middle-aged, middle-sized man with iron-grey hair, protects Garbo

from the importunities of the curious by rushing towards amateur snapshotters with his arms waving like a windmill.

Since she has now applied for American nationality, the laws of the United States oblige Garbo to spend a few weeks of each year in that country.

Besides this, having been so excellently advised what to do with her fabulous earnings of the 'thirties, she has invested them well.

The saying in Hollywood is, "Garbo will never completely desert Hollywood. She owes half of it."

She is a landlady on a grand scale, collects rents from tailors, jewellers, restaurants, grocers, haberdashers, and tenants of apartment blocks.

Of course, if, after all this time, Garbo were simply to pose for pictures and grant interviews, she would only have to endure a month of this to satisfy curiosity and enter the oblivion she craves.

Not having made a picture for 15 years, she has become simply a curiosity. But the trouble goes deeper than that. Like a frightened thing she sticks close to her very few friends and avoids almost all social contact like the plague.

Recently Garbo refused to see Lady Mountbatten, but looked up her old friend Cecil Beaton, the Court photographer.

Yet when King Gustav V, in her native Sweden, decided to honor her with a high decoration, she refused, in panic, to receive the Consul-General who came bearing it.

The somewhat embarrassed diplomat had to resort to sending it to her by registered post.

Garbo has abandoned those hideous hats and now lets the wind have its way with her lank, uncombed locks.

She masks her blue and still-limpid eyes behind a pair of enormous sunglasses and travels as always in flat shoes.

It is strange, while observing her slip like a gaunt wraith through the capitals of Europe, to remember her triumphs of the past.

Hollywood still bids for her. She ignores them. Perhaps she knows how pitilessly final it would be to attempt another film.

Even for an immortal like Garbo the time has long since passed when she could return.



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ABOVE. Greta Garbo as she looked in her last major Hollywood film, the sophisticated romantic comedy "Ninotchka," recently revived by a London theatre.

RIGHT. Endeavoring to escape public notice, Garbo wears huge sunglasses and cowers behind a car rug.



Audrey's classic heroine



● In "War and Peace" actress Audrey Hepburn plays a heroine from the Tolstoy novel. Her Natasha, a naive and romantic 17-year-old, is all shy grace and appeal.

CHARMING study of Audrey Hepburn in deep-collared green satin with gold earrings and a green ribbon band in her hair.

THOSE endearing young charms of little Audrey Hepburn have enlivened many a passing hour for movie fans all over the world. But in one sudden swoop Audrey has gone out of the field of light romance into the depths of Russian drama.

As the heroine of Tolstoy's epic "War and Peace," which was given a lavish premiere in New York towards the end of last year and is

shortly to be released in Australia, Audrey has a demanding role.

She is Natasha Rostov, a member of the Russian nobility whose gay and heedless existence was shattered in the 19th century by the advancing armies of

Napoleon Bonaparte.

At once pixie-like and scintillating, Natasha is the symbol of womanhood in its phases of development.

People who have seen Audrey Hepburn's finely shaded performance measure it in Academy Award proportions.

The picture was shot on numerous Italian locations and Roman sound-stages.

It is one of the longest films ever made, running for more than three hours at a stretch.

The star-studded cast includes Henry Fonda, Mel Ferrer, Italy's Vittorio Gassman, and John Mills, of Britain. Herbert Lom plays Napoleon and



MEL FERRER (Audrey's real-life husband) as Andrei, the dashing cavalry colonel who falls in love with youthful Natasha at first sight.

Oscar Homolka portrays Kutuzov, the wily General who planned the strategy that led to Napoleon's downfall.

A joint Italian-American effort, "War and Peace" sets Tolstoy's complex tale of love and war against sweeping backgrounds of color VistaVision.

Ace photographer Jack Cardiff used a crew of 10 seasoned cameramen on the film. Between them they have captured some of the finest color shots ever put on film.

Film Fan-Fare



RUSSIAN NOBILITY gather in this gay scene from "War and Peace." Veteran Barry Jones is at the left of the picture, and Anita Ekberg is second on the right in a pastel gown.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 17, 1957

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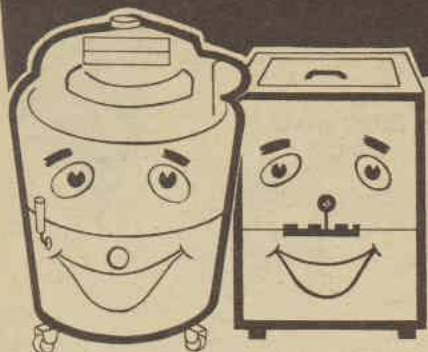
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Reckitt's Blue

KEEPS WHITE CLOTHES REALLY **WHITE**



1 ARREST of Clementi Sabourin (George Sanders) is made on a complaint by millionaire Leonard Wilson (Victor Jory), left, who mistakenly believes that Sabourin, with whom he made the crossing to America, has stolen his wallet. Actually Bridget Kelly (Yvonne De Carlo), left, has picked up Wilson's wallet, and when the air is clear Sabourin takes it from her. By forging an endorsement on a cheque that it contains, Sabourin, who plans to repay the money, makes a killing on the stock market.



2 THE SWINDLER courts Mrs. Ryan (Zsa Zsa Gabor), a wealthy widow. He wants money to redeem the forged cheque, but is too late.

LOVES OF A SCOUNDREL

★ Five women in all, each a real beauty, get involved with movie cad George Sanders in "Loves of a Scoundrel" (R.K.O.).

They are Yvonne De Carlo, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Nancy Gates, Coleen Gray, and Lisa Ferraday.

The story of a financial wizard (Sanders), who brings business empires to their feet and women to their knees, covers a few short years between his landing in New York as a penniless immigrant and his violent removal from the scene.

Tom Conway, Sanders' real-life brother, is featured.



3 BLACKMAILED by O'Hara (John Hoyt), centre, who has the cheque, Sabourin makes him a partner. He also hires Bridget. Now begins a period of rich deals.



4 INVOLVEMENTS begin to catch up with Sabourin. As well as having Mrs. Ryan on a string, there is Stephanie North (Nancy Gates), whom he puts in a stage show, and Mrs. Van Rensselaer (Coleen Gray), right, a chain-store heiress.



5 SEEKING revenge, Zita Monte (Lisa Ferraday), Sabourin's ex-fiancee who married his brother Gerry when they both believed that Sabourin had died in a Nazi prison, permits herself to be talked over.



6 LATER, when she sees his faithlessness, and recalls that he had Gerry put in prison, Zita takes poison and blames Sabourin in a note. With the police about to deport him, Sabourin, under Bridget's taunts, repents his crimes.



7 SHOOTING affray puts an end to all of Sabourin's plans to return the money to the investors when O'Hara comes upon him with a gun. O'Hara is killed in the struggle, and Sabourin dies of wounds in his plush house.

he held his sister in considerable affection. He knew, too, that Cardross, better acquainted with him, and increasingly exasperated by his starts, by no means despised him. With-out going to the length of forecasting for him a future distinguished by sobriety or solvency, he said that if a cornetcy could be provided for him he would find an outlet for his restless energy, and might do tolerably well.

"He may be a scamp," said Cardross, "but there's no sham in him—nothing of the dry-boots! It would give me great pleasure to go sharply to work with him—but he's pluck to the backbone, and I own I like that."

Mr. Hethersett had a great respect for his cousin's judgment, and, remembering these words, he made up his mind to have at least a touch at Dy-sart. Since the task was not one he looked forward to with relish, he thought that the sooner it was accomplished the better it would be, and decided that unless Dyart arose from the table a loser he would broach the matter that very day. From the flush in the Viscount's cheeks, and the over-brightness of his eyes, he had at first glance supposed him to be a trifle foxed; but he soon realised that for once he had wronged him.

The Viscount, whose exuberance could lead him to become top-heavy at almost any hour of the day, was by far too keen a gamster to join a gaming-table when in his altitudes. There was certainly a glass at

his elbow, but the brandy it held sank hardly at all during the time Mr. Hethersett stood watching the play, and from time to time making his bet on the odds monotonously declared by the groom-porter.

The table broke up at a comparatively early hour, even the Viscount agreeing, after a series of throw-outs, that the game had become languid and boring. He did not rise a loser, but his winnings were not large. However, when one of the company joked him about his uncertain luck, saying that he would be obliged to go back to faro after all, he replied cheerfully that only a mutton-head could have been blind to the signs of reviving fortune that night. "Not a vowel of mine on the table!" he said.

"And upwards of forty guineas in your purse!" added Mr. Fancett encouragingly. "To my mind, that clinches it, Dy; stick to the bones!"

"Yes, I think I shall," agreed Dyart. "Dashed if I don't try my luck at this new house Jack was talking to me about! I remember my father's telling me once that he often found it answered to shift one's ground."

Lord Pevensley's notorious un-success as a gamster notwithstanding, everyone, except Mr. Hethersett, thought that the Viscount could hardly do better than follow his advice.

The morning light was faintly illumining the scene when the party dispersed on the steps of

Continuing . . . April Lady

from page 18

the club. Mr. Hethersett, who knew that it might be days before he again found the opportunity to approach Dyart, considerably surprised him by suggesting that they should bear one another company on the way to their respective lodgings.

Dyart looked at him, suspecting him of being slightly mellow.

They left the club together, but were overtaken almost immediately by a gregarious gentleman, who fell into step with them, saying chattily that since his destination was in King Street he would walk with them. His company was accepted cheerfully by Dyart, and by Mr. Hethersett, who foresaw that he would be difficult to shake off, with resignation. It would be a hard task to avoid the necessity of including him in his invitation to Dyart, but he was determined to do it, however much it went against the grain with him to appear inhospitable.

He managed to perform this feat at the cost of standing patiently at the corner of Ryder Street and St. James', while the Viscount and Mr. Wittering maintained for twenty minutes an argument which afforded Mr. Hethersett, mildly contributing his mite whenever he was granted the opportunity, with a novel view of the Viscount.

The victory of Bonaparte at Lutzen over General Wittgenstein, commanding the combined forces of Russia and Prussia, had not long been known in London, and was still being much discussed.

To Mr. Hethersett's surprise, the Viscount, whom he had always supposed to be perfectly feather-headed, not only appeared to be passionately interested in the subject, but had very obviously studied it with some thoroughness. Mr. Wittering, on the retreat, acknowledged that Wellington was a good defensive General, but added that he was too cautious, and had no brilliance in attack. "No brilliance in attack?" demanded the Viscount. "After Salamanca?"

"Well, I don't know about Salamanca," said Mr. Wittering unguardedly. "All I say is—"

But the Viscount cut him short. Mr. Hethersett, standing in patient boredom while armies manoeuvred about him, and the Viscount drew invisible lines on the flagway with the point of his cane, reflected that it would henceforward be impossible for Mr. Wittering to say (if there was any truth in him) that he didn't know about Salamanca.

When Dyart, passing from the general to the particular, spoke of Le Marchant's charge, he did so with so much enthusiasm that Mr. Hethersett was moved to say that he seemed to know as much about it as if he'd taken part in it.

"By Jove, don't I wish I had!" Dyart said impulsively.

"Well," said Mr. Wittering, preparing to take his leave, "What you ought to do, Dy, is to join! I shouldn't wonder at it if you got to be a General."

And with this Partisan shot, he went off down the street.

Glancing curiously up at his tall companion's profile Mr. Hethersett asked, "Why don't you join up?"

"Oh, I don't know!" replied Dyart, with a return to his customary insouciance. "I rather thought I should like to at one time, but I darsay I shouldn't. Anyway, my father won't hear of it."

Mr. Hethersett did not pursue the matter. He could only be thankful that this question seemed to have cast a damper

over the Viscount's desire to avenge past battles again. They had by this time reached his lodging. He ushered his guest into the comfortable parlor he rented on the entrance floor of the house, begged him to take a chair, and produced from a large sideboard a bottle of smuggled French cognac.

"Eye-water?" he inquired. Mix you a Fuller's earth, if you like it better; or I've got a pretty tolerable madeira here."

The Viscount said he would take a drop of eye-water. He watched Mr. Hethersett pour some of the cognac into two heavy glasses, and remarked with engaging frankness that he couldn't imagine what Mr. Hethersett wanted with him. "Thought at first you must be a bit on the go, but you don't seem to be," he said.

Mr. Hethersett handed him one of the glasses. "Got something to tell you," he replied briefly.

"You haven't had a tip for the Chester races, have you?" asked Dyart hopefully.

"No. Nothing like that." Mr. Hethersett took a fortifying sip of brandy. "Awkward sort of business. Been teasing me all day."

"It sounds to me like a dashed havey-cavey business!" said Dyart, eyeing him in astonishment.

"No, it ain't exactly that, though I don't mind telling you I'd as lief not break it to you," said Mr. Hethersett, who was finding his self-imposed task even more difficult to accomplish than he had foreseen.

"You ain't going to tell me you've been set on to tell me my father's gone and died?" exclaimed Dyart, sitting up with a jerk.

"No, of course I haven't!" said Mr. Hethersett, irritated. "Is it likely that I'd be the man to break that sort of news to you?"

"No, but if it comes to that, you ain't the man to invite me at half-past four in the morning either!" retorted Dyart. "It's no use bawling me you've got a sudden fancy for my company, for I know dashed well you haven't."

"Never said anything of the sort. No objection to your company, mind, but it wasn't that I wanted. The thing is, it's a deuced delicate matter!"

"Well, I can't guess what the devil it can be, but there's no need to skirt around it!" said Dyart encouragingly. "In fact, I'd lief you cut line. I can stand a knock or two!"

Mr. Hethersett tossed off the rest of the brandy in his glass.

"Concerns your sister," he said. The Viscount stared at him.

"Concerns my sister?" he repeated. "What the devil—?"

"Didn't think you'd like it," said Mr. Hethersett, with a gloomy satisfaction in the accuracy of his prognostication. "Don't like it myself. You know George Burnley?"

"What?" thundered the Viscount, setting his own glass down with such violence that he nearly broke it.

Mr. Hethersett winced, and protested. "No need to bellow at me!"

"No need to— What has that ginger-baked court-card to do with my sister?" demanded the Viscount, a very dangerous light in his eyes.

"Hasn't anything to do with her," replied Mr. Hethersett, faintly surprised. "What's more, though I don't say he ain't ginger-baked, he ain't a court-card. Friend of mine. Dashed if I know why you should get into a miff just because you're asked if you're acquainted with him!"

"You said it concerned my sister Cardross!"

"Didn't say anything of the kind. At least, not about poor George. And if you weren't the biggest gudgeon on the town

you'd know I wouldn't have said a word about it, if he had been concerned with her!" he added severely.

"Well, what has Burnley to do with it?" asked the Viscount, mollified, but impatient. "Gave him a look-in this morning. He lives in Clarges Street."

"Yes, I know he does, and if that's all you wanted to tell me—"

"Got a house opposite old King's," said Mr. Hethersett, contemplating his elegant snuff-box with rapt attention.

There was a momentary silence. "Go on!" said Dyart grimly.

Mr. Hethersett glanced up at him. "Well, that's it," he said apologetically. "Saw Lady Cardross. Recognised her bonnet. Heavily veiled—no need to fear George knew her!"

"Are you saying she went into old King's place?"

"No. Meant to, but I stopped her."

"I'm much obliged to you, then! Bird-witted little fool!" said Dyart savagely.

"Don't have to be obliged to me: got a great regard for her! Besides, related to Cardross, you know! Dashed well had to stop her. Seemed to be all in a pucker. Very anxious I shouldn't blab to Cardross. Well, stands to reason I shouldn't!"

"No, indeed! What did she tell you?"

"Just said she wanted a temporary loan. Something she was devilish anxious Cardross shouldn't discover. Told her I wouldn't say a word to Giles if she promised to give up the notion of borrowing from a cent-per-cent. So she did, but I ain't easy. Made up my mind the best thing to do was to tell you, Dyart."

The Viscount nodded, and got up. "Much obliged to you!" he said again. "I'll give her pepper for this. I told her that was no way to raise the recruits—I forbade her to, now I come to think of it! Promised her I'd see all tidy. I might have done it, too, if she hadn't taken a distempered freak into her head. And why she should be cast into high fidgets only because she's a trifle scorched I don't know. Anyone would think Cardross was going to discover it tomorrow! Unless I miss my tip, there's no reason why he should ever know a thing about it, but it's no use expecting me to raise the wind in the twinkling of an eye. But that's women all over!"

He turned to pick up his greatcoat. Mr. Hethersett watched him shrug himself into it. He was strongly tempted to let him go, but although he was not very hopeful of being able to prevail upon him to approach Cardross, he felt that it behooved him to make the attempt.

"Been thinking about it all day," he said. "Seems to me Cardross ought to know of it."

"Well, he ain't going to," replied Dyart shortly.

"Wouldn't do if he were to get wind of it," insisted Mr. Hethersett. "Wouldn't like it, if he found her ladyship had been hoaxing him."

"Now, don't you start fretting and fuming!" begged Dyart. "I told my sister I'd settle it, and so I will!"

"No business of mine, of course, but how?" asked Mr. Hethersett.

"By hedge or by stile," replied Dyart flippantly.

"It won't fadge. All to pieces yourself. Daresay you're thinking of a run of luck, but it ain't when one's run off one's legs that one gets the luck. More likely to be physicked! Ever noticed that it's pretty near always the best-breeched coves who win? Seems to me there's only one way you can help Lady Cardross."

Dyart looked at him with a

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* Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 77. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd. 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication.

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slight frown creasing his brow.
"Well, what is it?"

Mr. Hethersett took snuff with deliberation. "Best way out of the fix is for her to tell Cardross the whole. Tried to get her to do it, but she wouldn't hear of it. Seemed to be in the deuce of a quake. No use telling her not the slightest need. Got the notion fixed in her head. I can't tell him. The thing is for you to do it."

"I tell Cardross my sister's swallowed a spider, and is trying to break skins with old King?" gasped the Viscount. "Well, I thought you must be a trifle disguised when you asked me to come home with you, but I can see now that you're either ape-drunk, or touched in your upper works!"

"No, I ain't," replied Mr. Hethersett stolidly. "I know it's a dashed difficult thing to do; in fact, it needs a devilish good bottom, but they say you've got that."

"Cry rope on my own sister? If I hadn't been drinking your brandy I'd tip you a settler, Hethersett," Dysart shot at him.

Mr. Hethersett was thrown into disorder. It was not that he particularly feared the Viscount's fists, both of which were suggestively clenched; but that, in face of that fiery young man's quick wrath, the horrid suspicion assailed him that he had been doing him an injustice. This was a breach of ton the very thought of which made him turn pale. He hastened to make amends.

"Beg you won't give the brandy a thought!" he said. "Not that I wish to sport a painted peeper, but shouldn't like you to feel yourself at a disadvantage. Boot might be on the other leg, too. What I mean is, not a thing I'm partial to, but I can mill my way out of a row."

"I should like to know what

the devil you mean by thinking I'm the sort of rum touch who

"Spoke under a misapprehension!" said Mr. Hethersett. "Took a notion into my head! Stupid thing to do!"

"What notion?" demanded the Viscount.

Mr. Hethersett, much embarrassed, coughed. Upon the question's being repeated, with a good deal of emphasis, he said, "Couldn't think why Lady Cardross should be afraid to tell my cousin she was in debt. Very well acquainted with Cardross, you know. Boys together. Ready to swear he'd give her anything she wanted. Might be in a tweak if she'd taken to gaming, but it can't be that. I mean, she don't know one card from another! Occurred to me that perhaps it was something Cardross wouldn't allow." He once more studied the design on his snuff-box. "Might even have forbidden it. Mind you, very understandable thing for her to do! Persuaded my cousin would think it so, too. Natural affection, I mean."

"Are you saying you thought she was under the hatches because she'd lent her blunt to me?" demanded the Viscount.

"Only thing I could hit on!" pleaded Mr. Hethersett. "See I was mistaken, of course."

The Viscount was just about to tell him extremely forcefully that so far from being responsible for Nell's difficulties he had had nothing whatsoever to do with them when he suddenly remembered his own obligation to her. It was true that this had not put her in debt at the time; but it was equally true that it had made it impossible for her to pay, later, for a Chantilly lace court dress.

Continuing . . . April Lady

from page 53

For a moment he felt abominably ill-used. She had assured him that she was flush in the pocket; and it was rather too bad of her subsequently to run into debt, instead of exercising a little economy.

He eyed Mr. Hethersett smoulderingly. He had never liked the fellow above half, and to be unable to refute his ignoble suspicions made him seethe with rage. He wanted more than anything to plant

departed. Mr. Hethersett, closing the front door behind him, was left to mop his brow, and to wonder what would now be the outcome of the affair. Convinced of Dysart's innocence, he was still profoundly sceptical of his ability to rescue his sister from the River Tick.

Not very many hours later Nell was surprised and gratified to receive a visit from her brother. She had been hopeful that he would call that day, but since his habits were by no



him a facer, but since that also, under the circumstances, was impossible, he had to content himself with saying in a voice of ice, "Accept my thanks for your kind offices! And rest assured that you have no need to tease yourself further in the matter! I wish you good-night!"

With these dignified words he picked up his hat and cane, bowed stiffly to his host, and

means matutinal she had had no expectation of seeing him until after noon.

She and Letty had returned to Grosvenor Square at eleven o'clock, after spending more than an hour walking in Hyde Park, and the Viscount reached the house just as they were rising from the breakfast-table. He declined an offer of breakfast, saying that all he wanted was a word with his sister.

From his tone Nell was not encouraged to hope that he had hit upon a solution to her problem; and the look on his face warned her that something had happened to put him out of humor.

Letty, with deplorable want of tact, informed him that he looked to be as cross as a cat, and demanded to know the reason. He replied that he was not at all cross, but wished to be private with his sister. Since this could only be regarded as a heavy set-down, Letty instantly took umbrage, and a very spirited dialogue ensued, during the course of which several personalities of an uncomplimentary nature were exchanged.

The Viscount emerged victorious from the engagement, taking unhandsome advantage of his greater years, and informing Letty, with all the air of a sexagenarian, that pertness was neither proper nor pleasing in chits of her age. Unable to think of anything crushing enough to say in reply, Letty flounced out of the room, slamming the door behind her.

"How could you, Dy?" exclaimed Nell reproachfully. "I never heard anything so uncivil! And if we are to talk of impropriety, you know it is quite improper for you to be scolding Letty! You are not her brother."

"No, and thank goodness for it!" he returned. "If she don't take care she'll grow into one of those hurly-burly women there's no bearing."

"But, Dy, why are you so out of reason cross?"

"I'll tell you!" he said awfully. "And don't put on any innocent airs, my girl, because you can't gammon me, or turn me up sweet by making sheep's eyes at me! You've been playing an undergame, and well you know it! What the devil did

you mean by going off to old King after I'd told you I wouldn't have you dealing with a cent-per-cent?"

She looked a little conscience-stricken, but demanded hotly: "Did Felix tell you that? I had not thought he could use me so shabbily!"

The Viscount was incensed with Mr. Hethersett, but he informed his erring sister, in a few pithy words, that she might think herself much obliged to him. He then drew a picture of the horrifying fates that overtook persons so cork-brained as to walk into the clutches of usurers; moralised in a very edifying way on the evils of improvidence; and demanded from Nell a solemn promise that she would never again try to visit old King, or any other moneylender.

"And if you think jaunting to ruin is something to go into whoops over," he added wrathfully, "let me tell you that you much mistake the matter!"

"Oh, no, indeed I don't!" Nell said, trying to speak soberly. "It—it was just that I c-can't help laughing when you talk like that about being improvident, and careless, and

—and all the things you are yourself, Dy!" She saw that this remark had had anything but a softening effect, and said contritely, "I will never do so again! Of course it would be very bad if I were to continue borrowing, but that I had not the least intention of doing. I should have paid the money back after quarter-day, I promise you!"

"I daresay! And have found yourself in the basket again before the cat had time to lick her ear! Don't I know it!" returned the Viscount, with feeling. "And why the devil you had to meddle, when you

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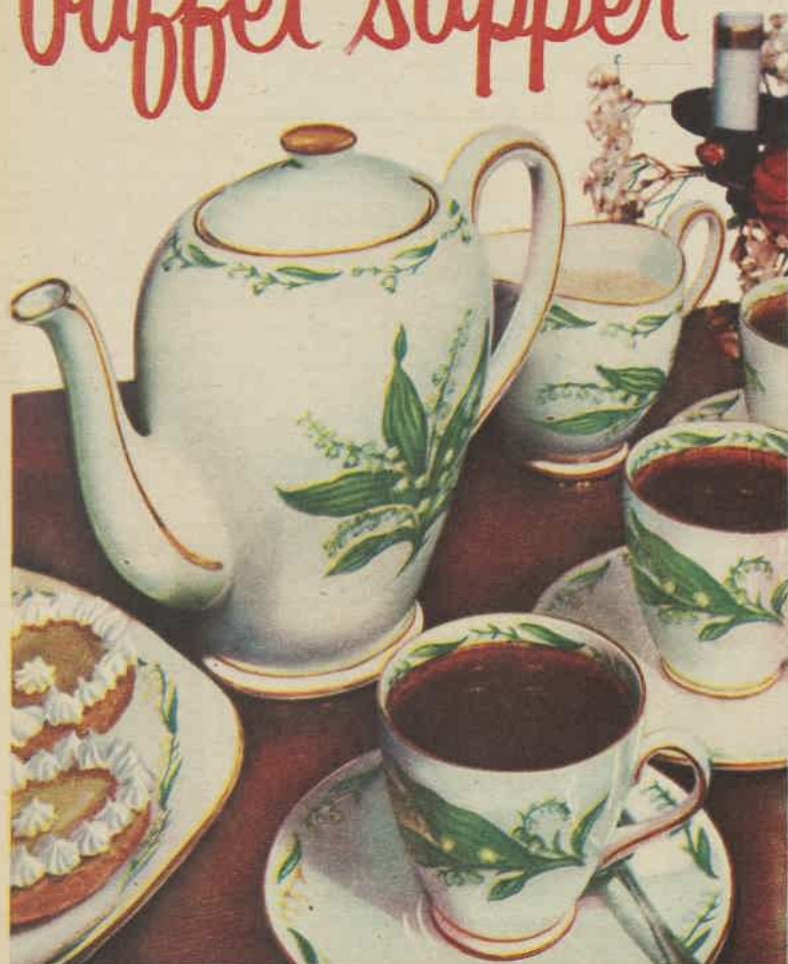
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EASY Easter meals

The ideal holiday season means relaxation for all the family. To achieve it this Easter, housewives should plan their menus well ahead, so they can enjoy the days of leisure.

FOR many Australian families Easter is a holiday time when casual meals are preferred to special occasion dinners. The main course recipes on these pages are sufficiently sustaining for hearty appetites, but are designed to allow the housewife the maximum amount of leisure over the holiday period.

Nowadays, when most refrigerators contain a freezer shelf and lots of kitchens feature a freezer, full advantage should be taken of them in preparing meals well ahead of time. Pies, cakes, and desserts can all be made before the holiday weekend and need be only thawed and reheated when required.

All spoon measurements in the following recipes are level.

FISH PIE SUPREME

Two pounds cod, 1½ pints milk, 3 tablespoons butter or substitute, 5 tablespoons flour, 3 tablespoons grated cheese, salt, cayenne pepper, 1½ cups uncooked rice, 2oz. butter, 1 small onion, 1 tablespoon curry powder.

Wash the cod, cut into large pieces, and cook until soft, changing the water 2 or 3 times while cooking. Drain, break into smaller pieces, and set aside. Melt the 3 tablespoons butter in a saucepan, stir in the flour, and cook without coloring for 2 to 3 minutes. Pour in the milk and stir until smooth and thick, add the cheese, salt and pepper to taste. Simmer 5 minutes with lid on.

Cook the washed rice until soft in a large quantity of boiling salted water. Rinse with cold water to separate grains. Melt butter in pan, lightly fry the chopped onion, and add the rice, curry powder, and salt to taste. Stir continuously until rice is lightly browned,

then pack into casserole or piedish to resemble a pie crust. Fill with pieces of cooked cod and pour over the cheese sauce. Place in the oven to reheat when required.

HAMBURGER CREOLE

One loaf bread, butter, salt and pepper, 1½lb. minced beef, 1 cup whole kernel corn, 1 cup cooked green peas, 1 onion (chopped), 1 tablespoon fat or oil, tomato sauce.

Cut the loaf of bread lengthwise and spread liberally with butter. Lightly fry the onion in fat or oil. Add the minced beef and cook until browned, turning mixture occasionally with spoon. Add corn and peas, season to taste with salt and pepper, and pile on to bread halves. Place in greased casserole or baking-dish in a moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes to heat through bread. Serve with tomato sauce.

SHISH KABOBS

Rump steak, sausages, kidneys, bacon rashers, green pepper, gherkins, small white onions, melted butter, salt, and pepper.

Cut meats, green pepper, and gherkins into inch squares. Roll bacon around kidney and sausage pieces. Parboil onions. Thread alternate foods on to metal or heavy wooden skewers. Brush with melted butter and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Grill for 7 to 10 minutes. Grilling time varies according to taste.

Potatoes are scrubbed well, slit with a cross on the top, and baked in their jackets. Just before serving, press a cube of cheese into the slightly open cross-section and dust with salt and pepper. Bake or fry tomato halves, sprinkle with salt and pepper and serve.

These kabobs are suitable for a barbecue, but they can also be cooked in the oven or grilled on the kitchen stove.



FRIDAY: Cod in a savory cheese sauce with a curried rice "pie crust" provides an interesting fish recipe with a delightful contrast of flavors. Cook the day before or early in the morning and reheat when required. Flathead, bream, mullet, or leather-jacket may be substituted for cod.

By LEILA C. HOWARD,
Our food and cookery expert

CHEESE-PUFF OPEN SANDWICH

Four squares waffles, 4 slices processed cheese, 1 tin asparagus spears, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup salad dressing, salt, pepper.

Place a slice of cheese on each heated square of waffle, toast to partially melt cheese. Arrange spears of asparagus on top of each slice. Beat egg-yolks slightly, stir in salad dressing, salt and pepper. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pile mixture on top of asparagus and bake in a moderate oven 10 minutes or until egg mixture is set. Serve with an assortment of salad accompaniments.

Suggested filling variations:

1. Minced ham, chopped celery, and cheese with pickle relish.
2. Tuna, crab, or lobster with mayonnaise.
3. Cream cheese, minced green or red pepper, and onion.

If making the waffles at home, use your favorite recipe, but replace the sugar with grated onion or cheese for extra savory flavor.

WAFFLES

Two cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking-powder, pinch salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons melted butter.

Sift the flour, baking-powder, and salt. Beat the egg-yolks, mix with the milk, and stir into the dry ingredients. Fold in melted butter, then stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pre-heat waffle iron. Grease both sides, pour 4 tablespoons batter carefully on to iron. Close lid down and cook 5 to 6 minutes. Re-grease before cooking next waffle. Use immediately or reheat by lightly toasting under the grill.

SPICY PUMPKIN PIE

Two cups mashed pumpkin cooked with salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup firmly packed brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground cloves, 3 eggs (slightly beaten), 2 cups milk, 1 9in. unbaked pie-shell.

Combine pumpkin, sugar, and spices. Blend in eggs and milk and mix well. Pour into unbaked pie-shell. Bake in a hot oven for 10 minutes; reduce temperature to moderate and continue baking 25 to 30 minutes or until knife inserted in centre comes out clean. Serve with whipped cream if desired. To store, wrap in alkathene, then freeze. When ready for use, thaw for 1 hour and top with whipped cream before serving.

CHOCOLATE REFRIGERATOR BISCUITS

One cup butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 egg, 3 tablespoons cream or evaporated milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 4oz. unsweetened chocolate, 3 cups sifted flour, 3 teaspoons baking-



SUNDAY: Soup and sandwiches. A hearty soup followed by open-faced sandwiches of asparagus and cheese provide a filling meal after a day's outing. The waffles, either home-made or the ready-prepared, deep-frozen type, can be replaced by thick slices of toasted bread, buttered crumpets, or halved hamburger buns if desired. Try varying the fillings, too.

powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 cup chopped walnuts.

Cream butter and sugar, add the egg, cream or evaporated milk, vanilla, and chocolate, and beat thoroughly. Sift together the flour, baking-powder, and salt, and mix into the egg mixture. Add the walnuts and mix well. Form into two rolls and wrap in heavy waxed paper or cellophane. Freeze and place in an alkathene bag if the dough is to be stored for longer than a week. When ready to cook, thaw for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before slicing. Cut biscuits $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick and bake for 12 minutes in a moderate oven. Makes approximately 5 dozen biscuits.

APRICOT CRUNCH

Two cups dried apricots, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon

vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup any fruit juice, 2 cups rolled oats, 1 cup sifted flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking-soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup walnuts.

Soak the apricots for 2 hours in water to cover; drain and cut into small pieces. Cream shortening and sugar, add vanilla and fruit juice and beat thoroughly. Mix in the dry ingredients and walnuts, pour into a greased 10-by-10in. pan. Bake in a moderate oven for 25 to 30 minutes. Serves 6. Serve with whipped cream or any desired pudding sauce.

This can be cut into individual servings, wrapped in waxed paper, and frozen in an alkathene bag.

TOMATO CRUMB CAKE

Two cups flour, 1 cup sugar, 2-3rd cup butter, 1 teaspoon baking-soda, 1 teaspoon

cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ground cloves, 1 cup tomato juice, 1 egg, 1 cup raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup currants, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup nuts.

Mix together flour and sugar, then rub in butter until mixture resembles fine bread-crumbs. Take out 1 cup of these crumbs and reserve them for the top. Add soda, cinnamon, cloves to tomato juice, and add to remaining crumb mixture. Beat egg well and add with the fruits and nuts to the mixture. Turn into a well-greased loaf-tin and spread the 1 cup of reserved crumbs on top. Bake in a moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. Allow the cake to cool in the pan in which it was baked, and cut into slices to serve. This cake keeps at least a week if stored in an airtight tin. To keep longer, wrap well in alkathene and freeze.



SATURDAY: Let the family help themselves at a porch or barbecue supper. Crusty bread rolls, roast jacket potatoes, and tomato halves accompany the shish kebabs for hungry holiday appetites. Meals prepared out of doors trim kitchen toil to a bare minimum.



MONDAY: When the bread is not so fresh use a loaf to make this appetising hamburger variation of minced beef with frozen or tinned corn and peas. Serve with hot tomato sauce. Equally nice fully prepared in the morning and cooked or reheated for late homecomers.

Modernising farm's bathroom, laundry

A South Australian reader, Mrs. W. Willing, of Winulta, wants to re-model the bathroom and laundry at her farmhouse to make the best use of the electricity that is now connected in her district.

SHE has sent me a plan of her laundry and bathroom, which are contained in a stone-walled room 18ft. long by 9ft. wide and divided by a wallboard partition.

There are a chip bath-heater and a fuel copper. Now electricity is available, these can be replaced by a hot-water service.

By Sydney architect
W. J. McMURRAY

To use this service fully, Mrs. Willing would like extra bathing facilities, and has asked my advice about subdividing the bathroom-laundry to provide a shower recess and toilet separate from the bathroom.

The amendments I suggest

are shown in the sketch at right. Removal of the fuel copper allows space for an external door to be added to the laundry, which has been reduced in area to make a more efficient workroom.

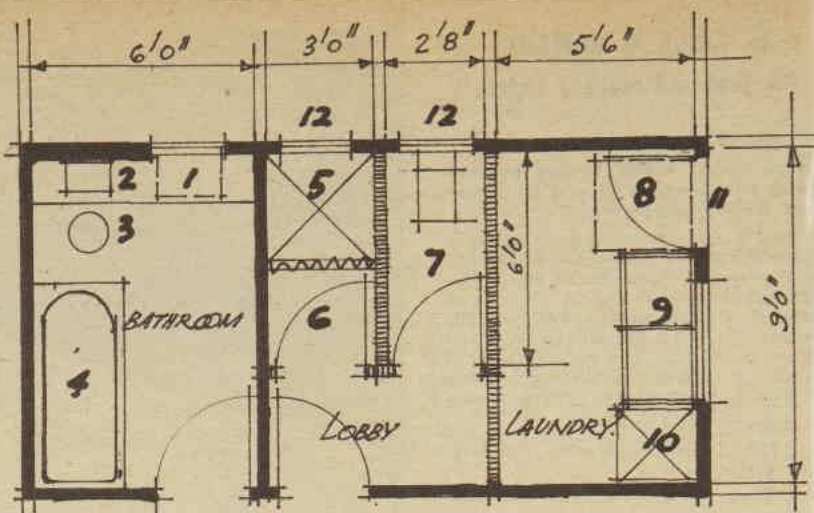
An electric automatic washing-machine is included in the new laundry.

The remainder of the space has been divided into two separate cubicles for toilet and shower, with access from a small lobby. This arrangement allows these additional facilities to be used independently of the bathroom.

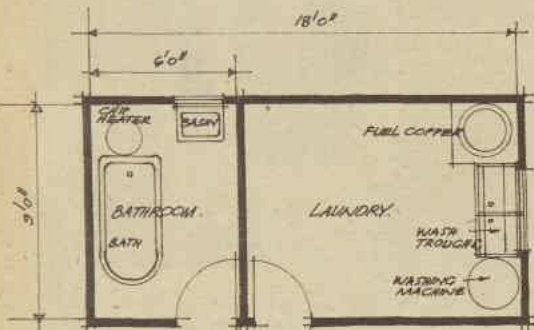
A plastic curtain could divide the shower recess into two equal spaces, thus providing a place where clothing can be hung without being splashed.

Now available is a porcelain-enamel steel bath with the front of the same material. This does away with the need to build in the bath with brick and tiles, but has the same advantages of being hygienic and easy to clean.

In the suggested plan



SUGGESTED PLAN for Mrs. Willing's laundry and bathroom shows: 1, existing hand-basin to be removed; 2, new basin and bench; 3, stool; 4, new enclosed bath; 5, new shower with curtain; 6, dressing space; 7, new toilet cubicle; 8, fuel copper to be removed; 9, existing wash troughs; 10, new washing-machine; 11, new external door; 12, new windows.



SKETCH of the 18ft. by 9ft. laundry and bathroom arrangement that is to be altered so an extra shower recess and toilet, separate from bathroom, can be installed.

WASHING-DAY HINTS

● Here are hints that will help every housewife who owns a washing-machine get the best from it.

ALWAYS sort garments before washing. Sort into piles according to degree of dirtiness, temperature of washing water, and fastness of color. Keep out those things which need special care, such as especially delicate fabrics. These can be washed individually by hand or can be put in the washer enclosed in a pillowslip.

WHEN garments are being sorted, turn all pockets inside out to remove all fluff, pins, matches, sweets, cigarettes, etc. Any one of these things can damage either the garments or the washer.

MEND all rips and tears before putting clothing in the washing-machine. This will help avoid enlargement of the holes by pressure of other clothing in the washing process.

Nothing else gives you the same concentrated Washing Energy as Trix!



CONCENTRATED
ENERGY
FOR WASHING-UP



NO DRYING-UP!

Until you wash-up with Trix, you'd never believe that washing-up could be so quick, so thorough, so utterly efficient. With ordinary soaps and powders, you have a sinkful of lazy suds that leave a germ-laden film on every dish. But Trix is non-sudsing—it's all concentrated washing energy! It instantly dissolves grease, then absorbs the greasy particles. It leaves the dishes so very clean, with no streaking, no greasy film—and no germs! Better still, when you use Trix you can throw away that tea towel (it's another germ-carrier). Just stack the dishes—and they dry sparkling-clean, hygienically-clean, Trix-clean. See for yourself!

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Concentrated Energy for WASHING MACHINES



The concentrated washing energy of Trix stays deep down in the water—gets right after the dirt in the clothes. Your wash comes out REALLY clean—not half-clean. Remember, too, that a washing machine cannot be truly efficient if thick suds slow down the free "swishing" action. With Trix there are no heavy suds—it's all energy, concentrated washing energy.

Concentrated Energy for NYLONS, SILKS, WOOLLENS



Nylons, silks and woollens never need rub-a-dub scrubbing—for Trix just soaks them clean. In other words, Trix absorbs dirt and grease out of the fabric into the water! Again—Trix makes rinsing easier and more complete. There's no soap scum, no harsh powdery deposit to weaken fabrics and give them a dingy look.



Who's for a hearty helping of tasty Macaroni and Cheese Pie? A flavour feast for the family—and so easy to make when you use golden Kraft Cheddar. So very economical too.

How to make macaroni a nourishing family meal

Kraft Cheddar adds essential food values—proteins, vitamins and valuable milk minerals

Now you can make macaroni even more delicious—and give your family real main-meal nourishment—a dish for your table tonight!

INGREDIENTS: 1 cup tomatoes, tinned or cooked; 3 dessert-spoons butter; 2 tablespoons flour; 2 medium onions, chopped; 1 cup macaroni; 1 cup shredded Kraft Cheddar; 2 tablespoons chutney; 1 cooking apple, diced; pinch cayenne pepper; salt and pepper; a few dry breadcrumbs; 1½ cups milk; chopped parsley and triangles of toast for garnishing.

METHOD: Cook macaroni in plenty of fast-boiling, salted water. Drain and rinse. Mix with half the shredded cheese and place in a greased casserole. Heat butter in a frying-pan. Add onion and apple and fry until golden brown. Add tomato and chutney and cook until blended. Sprinkle the flour over this mixture. Simmer for a minute or two, and then add the milk gradually, stirring all the time. Season to taste with salt, pepper and cayenne. Pour over the macaroni and cheese. Mix well together and top with remaining cheese and a few dry breadcrumbs. Bake in a moderate oven 350°F. for 20 minutes or until heated through and brown on top. Garnish with chopped parsley and triangles of toast. 4-5 generous serves.

Kraft Cheddar will give so many of your favourite cooked dishes a flavour difference—a nourishment difference too. Kraft Cheddar is actually richer in protein than sirloin beef—a real bargain in nutrition.

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Cheese is a wonderful food — and KRAFT makes wonderful cheeses

knew I had the business in hand, I don't know."

"Yes, but I thought perhaps it would be better if I did the thing myself," said Nell frankly. "In case you did anything dreadful!"

"Oh, you did, did you? Coming it too strong, Nell! What the deuce should I do, pray?"

"Well, to own the truth," she confessed, "I was afraid you might hold someone up!"

"Afraid I might hold someone up?" gasped Dysart. "Well, upon my soul! A pretty notion you have of me."

"You held me up!" Nell pointed out. "And if I hadn't recognised you I would have robbed me — you know you would!"

"If that doesn't beat all hollow!" ejaculated Dysart. "When all I meant to do was to have sold your curat jewellery for you! If you think I should have kept a groat of the ready for myself, you're fair and far off, my girl!"

"No, but it was a desperate thing to do, Dy, and it quite cut up my peace. I can't but wonder what next you may do, which puts me in high fidgets. Because—"

"Gammon!" interrupted Dysart. "Why, I wasn't even going to take Letty's trinkets! What's more, this is all humbug! You wouldn't have cared a button for losing your jewels — now would you?"

"N-no, but—"

"And you'd have been devilish thankful not to have recognised me, if I'd handed over the dubs to you next day. And it's my belief," pursued the Viscount relentlessly, "that

you'd have taken good care not to have asked me how I'd come by them!"

Stricken, she said: "Oh, Dy, I am sadly afraid that that is true! It is the most mortifying reflection, too!"

"Stuff!" said the Viscount contemptuously. "Now, there's no need for you to sit there looking as blue as a razor, Nell! I don't mean to leave you in the lurch, I promise you. I've got one or two capital notions in my head, but I can't raise the wind all in a trice, so it ain't a bit of use fretting like a fly in a tar-box, and wanting to know every time you see me what I've been doing! Give me a week, and see if I don't have the business blocked at both ends!"

She regarded him in some apprehension. "What notions have you in your head, Dy?"

"Never you mind!" he replied crushingly. "One notion I've got is that the less you know about it the better!"

Her apprehension grew; she said: "I won't tease you, but I think I would rather know!"

"Yes, I daresay, but you can't expect me to pull you out from under the hatches if you turn maggoty every time I hit on a scheme," said the Viscount. "And that's just what you would do, for you seem to me to be regularly betwattled!"

"I am very sorry!" she said humbly. "I do try to take it with composure, but it is excessively hard to do so when one is in such affliction, Dy! Every

Continuing . . . April Lady

from page 55

time I hear the door-knocker I think it may perhaps be Lavalle, coming to demand her money from Cardross, and alarm suspends all my faculties!"

"Now, don't be such a goose-cap, Nell!" recommended the Viscount, putting his arm round her shoulders and giving her a slight hug. "She won't do that. Not for a week or two, at all events. You may depend upon

on her gloves, and said in a brooding tone, "I don't wish to distress you, Nell, but I think Dysart is the most odious, uncivil person I ever met!"

Nell laughed. "Yes, indeed! I am sure you must. The thing is, you see, that because you are my sister he treats you as though you were his as well."

"My brother has a great many faults, but he doesn't use me in that fashion!"

"No, for he is so much older than you. If you had had one of your own age you wouldn't



it she knows, if you don't, that it must take you a little while to raise the ready. Ay, and unless she's as big a greenhead as you are yourself, which it stands to reason she can't be, she knows you will pay her," he added shrewdly. "All she meant to do was to frighten you into paying down the dust as soon as possible. She'll give you a week's grace at the least, and very likely longer. When does Cardross come back to town?"

"On Monday, I think. I am not perfectly sure, but he said that he would be away for a fortnight." Nell was silent for a moment, and then said, turning her face away, "I quite dread his coming, and that is more lowering than all the rest!"

He was spared the necessity of answering her by Letty's coming back into the room at that moment. She was wearing her hat, and a light shawl, draped gracefully across her elbows; and she had come merely to take leave of Nell, and to inform her that she should send the carriage back immediately from her aunt's house, in case her sister should be needing the services of the coachman.

She pointedly ignored the Viscount, but kissed Nell's cheek very affectionately, and told her not to dream of sending the carriage to fetch her away from Bryanston Square, since her aunt would undoubtedly provide for her safe return.

"All that finery just for an aunt?" said Dysart, critically surveying her. "I must say, that's a deuced fetching bonnet!"

Becoming aware of his existence, Letty raised her brows as haughtily as she could, and said in freezing accents, "You are too kind, sir!"

"Silly child!" said Dysart indulgently.

Her eyes flashed, but Nell intervened hastily, before she could again cross words with her incorrigible tormentor. "You look charmingly," she assured her, edging her towards the door. "I will come and see you into the carriage. Will you be warm enough, do you think, with only that shawl?"

"No, I daresay I shan't be," Letty replied candidly, "but it is so dowdy to wear a pelisse!" She paused in the hall to draw

be such a goose as to let Dy put you in a miff," Nell said, smiling.

"I am excessively thankful that I have not one, and I assure you, Nell, I feel for you!"

"Thank you! Mine is a hard case indeed," Nell said, her eyes brimful of amusement. "You nonsensical creature! There, don't take me in aversion as well! Good-bye. You will say everything from me to your aunt that is proper, if you please. I fear she may hold me to blame for my neglect of her, but I hope she may give me credit for sparing you to her today."

She spoke lightly, but she was very sensible of Mrs. Thorne's claims on Letty. Cardross, believing that Letty's faults were to be laid at the poor lady's door, might wish to detach her from that household, but Nell could never bring herself to promote this object. Indeed, she had more than once suggested to Letty that she should pay her aunt a morning visit.

It did not surprise her to learn that Mrs. Thorne thought herself ill-used, for she, too, thought that Letty showed sadly little observance to one who had stood to her in place of her mother. She would, in fact, have been very much surprised had she known that so far from begging her niece to visit her that morning Mrs. Thorne had not the smallest notion that she was to receive this treat, and had gone out with her daughter Fanny on a tour of the silk warehouses.

It was Miss Selina Thorne who awaited Letty; and as soon as she saw the carriage draw up outside the house she came running down from the drawing-room to greet her, which she did with every manifestation of surprise and delight, whispering, however, in a very dramatic way, as she kissed her, "Have no fear! All is safe!"

She then said, for the benefit of the servant who had admitted Letty into the house, "How glad I am I didn't go with Mama and Fanny! Come upstairs, love, I have a hundred things to tell you!"

She was a fine-looking girl, a little younger than Letty, but very much larger. Beside her exquisite cousin she appeared over-buxom, a little clumsy, but she did not resent this in

the least. She was as good-natured as her mother, liked to think that she had a great deal of sensibility, and had so romantic a disposition that she was inclined to think real life wretchedly flat, and to fancy that she would have found herself very much more at home in one of Mrs. Radclyffe's famous novels. Having swept Letty up to the drawing-room, she shut the door, and said, lowering her voice conspiratorially, "My sweetest life, such a morning as I have had! I thought we must be wholly undone, for Mama almost commanded me to go with her! I was obliged to prevaricate a little. I said that I had a headache, and so it passed off at last, though I was frightened almost out of my senses by her dawdling so much that it seemed she and Fanny would not be gone before you reached the house! How delightful you look! Mr. Allandale will be in raptures!"

"If he doesn't fail!" Letty said. "I begged him most particularly to meet me here today, but it might not be possible, perhaps. If there is a press of business, you know, he might be detained all day at the Foreign Office. Only would he not have contrived to send me word?"

Miss Thorne was strongly of the opinion that the violence of Mr. Allandale's feelings would outweigh all other considerations. She drew Letty to the window to watch for his arrival, for she had formed the intention of running down to admit him into the house before he could advertise his presence to the servants by knocking on the door.

"For it would be fatal if Mama were to discover that he had been here!" she said earnestly. "If her suspicions were aroused, depend upon it, she would instantly go to your brother, for she likes the connection as little as he does. She was talking about it only yesterday, calling it a shockingly bad match, and wondering that Mr. Allandale should be so encroaching! I kept my eyes lowered, and my thoughts locked in my bosom, but you may guess how I felt, on hearing such words from one whom I had believed to be all sensibility!"

"Oh, my dearest Letty, I vowed to myself that if any exertion on my part could save you from the misery of being sacrificed to pride and consequence it should not be lacking!" the large girl ended warmly.

Letty thanked her, but said in a more practical spirit that since it was very unlikely that Cardross would listen to her advice there was really nothing that she could do to achieve this noble end. Miss Thorne, who had embraced with enthusiasm the role of go-between so suddenly thrust upon her, was daunted. Upon reflection, she was obliged to own that the ways in which a young lady in her seventeenth year could aid a pair of star-crossed lovers were few.

In the fastness of her bed-chamber it was possible to weave agreeable romances in which Selina played a leading and often heroic role. "Noblest of girls! We owe it all to you!" declared Mr. Allandale, having been joined in wedlock to Letty upon the eve of her marriage to a nobleman of dissolute habits (chosen for her by her brother), by a clergyman smuggled into the house at dead of night through the agency of her devoted cousin.

In these romances, Selina overcame all difficulties by ignoring them, but in the cold light of day she was not so lost in dreams as to be unable to perceive that in a world depressingly humdrum certain insurmountable obstacles stood in the way of her ambition, not the least of which was Mr. Allandale himself. Though

Letty would perceive in a flash the beauty of that marriage-scene in a dim room lit by a single branch of candles held up by her cousin, it would probably take a great deal of persuasion to induce the ardent lover to lend himself to such an improper proceeding.

As for the indispensable cleric, not the wildest optimist could suppose that the Reverend William Tuxted, who happened to be the only clergyman with whom Selina was well acquainted, could be suborned by any means whatsoever into performing his part in the affair.

Melancholy though they were, these considerations had not the power to depress Selina for long. Letty's love affair might not attain the heights of drama, but it was still a very romantic story; and there was comfort in the thought that without her cousin's assistance she would have been hard put to it to have contrived a clandestine meeting with her suitor.

Selina's good offices had not been required to promote her elder sister's espousals; and nothing, in her opinion, could have been more insipid than Maria's marriage to Mr. Thistleton unless it were Fanny's betrothal to Mr. Humby, an event which had

To page 63

HOW TO BEAT RHEUMATISM

If you suffer from rheumatism here is good advice. Immediately you get up in the morning, make your bed. If you don't, moisture begins to condense on the warm bed-clothes which become damp and a damp bed is bad for you. Next, keep warm always. If you work hard, wear wool or flannel next to your skin to absorb perspiration and prevent chills. No matter how hot conditions are, you can get chilled quickly when you stop work, especially in a wind. So pull on woollens or flannels while you are still warm. To get warm quickly in bed, wear socks if necessary, lie on your back with legs straight, so that spine, lungs and heart get the quickest warmth. Rub and exercise painful muscles and joints. Don't let them grow stiff through too little movement. Take your daily dose of Dr. Mackenzie's MENTHOLIDS to give you your quota of "trace elements" and to liberate nascent oxygen to assist your kidneys to exercise their purifying effect. Get MENTHOLIDS from your chemist or store for 15/- or 2/-, and get relief from rheumatism for only three pence a day. Save five shillings by buying the 15/- ECONOMY SIZE BASKET OF MENTHOLIDS.

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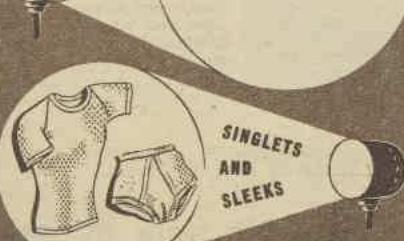
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MADE BY THE MANUFACTURERS OF KEEN'S MUSTARD



PEARS MARQUISE is an easy-to-make sweet that can be prepared early and kept in the refrigerator until serving time. A decoration of whipped cream and cherries around base and top of the mould adds elegance. See recipe below.

Sweet wins £5 prize

● A rich, creamy custard shape surrounded by ruby glazed pear halves wins the main prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest.

THE prize-winning sweet, Pears Marquise, is suitable to serve for family dinners or on special occasions when you want to impress your guests.

Almond ring cake, this week's consolation prize-winner, like all fine, close-textured cakes, keeps well and cuts into neat slices without crumbling.

All spoon measurements are level.

PEARS MARQUISE

Six fresh or tinned pear halves, 1½ dessertspoons gelatine, 1 pint boiled custard, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2oz. sugar, 1 pint cream or thoroughly chilled evaporated milk, 3 tablespoons red-currant jelly, 2 tablespoons water, chopped walnuts, cherries, and extra whipped cream to decorate.

Dissolve gelatine in a small quantity of hot water. Stir into warm custard, add sugar and vanilla, mix well. Allow to cool, then fold in lightly whipped cream or evaporated milk. Fill into wetted angel cake (tube) tin or small ring tin, chill until set in refrigerator.

tor. Place red-currant jelly and water in saucepan, stir over low heat until blended. Dip pear halves into jelly, drain on wire cake-cooler, sprinkle with chopped nuts. Unmould custard shape on to serving platter, arrange pear halves around base. Decorate with extra cream and cherries.

First Prize of £5 to Miss M. Todd, Box 47, Collins Street Post Office, Melbourne.

ALMOND RING CAKE

Eight ounces butter or substitute, 8oz. brown sugar, 12oz. plain flour, 1 dessertspoon baking powder, 3 eggs, 3 tablespoons milk, 2 tablespoons sweet sherry, ½lb. sultanas, 4oz. blanched almond pieces.

Cream butter with sugar, add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add sultanas and half the almonds, then fold in sifted flour and baking powder alternately with milk and sherry. Fill mixture into greased 8-inch ring or cake tin, sprinkle with remaining almonds. Bake in moderate oven 1 to 1½ hours. Cool on cake-cooler.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss D. N. Steele, 4 Bancroft Ave., Roseville, N.S.W.

FAMILY DISH

TINNED fish served with macaroni or spaghetti makes an appetising and satisfying family dish for four or five and costs approximately six shillings and sixpence.

FISH CANTON

One 12oz. tin fish cutlets, 2 tablespoons chopped gherkin, 2 dessertspoons diced red pepper, 3 dessertspoons finely chopped onion, ½ pint medium-thickness white sauce, ½ cup evaporated milk, 2 cups cooked macaroni, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, little grated cheese, salt and pepper to taste.

Drain fish, remove dark skin and bones, and break into flakes. Add to white sauce with gherkin, red pepper, onion, evaporated milk, and mayonnaise. Mix thoroughly, season to taste with salt and pepper. Serve cooked macaroni on heated dish, pour fish mixture over. Top with grated cheese, brown under grill, and serve hot.



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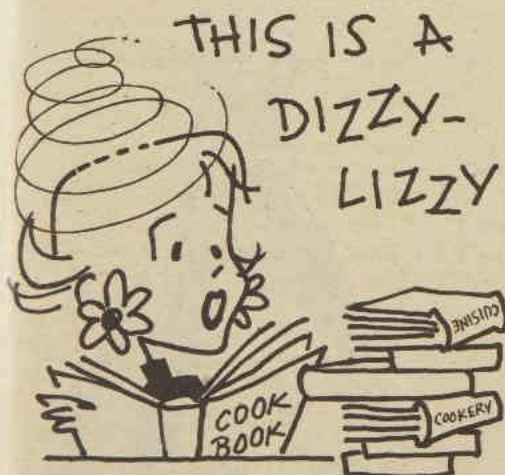
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A WORD TO THE WISE..

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For long, palate-pleasing
drinks.....

1½ oz. Cocktail, fill glass with ginger ale, lemonade or
soda water according to taste. Long drinks can be
embellished with crushed ice and a slice of lemon or
cucumber. In fact, you can make an almost
unlimited variety of palate-pleasing drinks with
McWilliam's Wine Cocktails.



McWILLIAM'S Wine Cocktails

FOR EVERY PARTY OCCASION

12 FLAVOURS

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Apricot
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Strawberry
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Tropical Fruit

Mandarin
Orange
Passionfruit
Peach
Martini
Manhattan

SERVE ICE COLD



OBTAINABLE WHEREVER WINE IS SOLD

taken place on the previous evening. Neither lady had encountered the least opposition, each gentleman being possessed of a genteel fortune, and a situation in life which made him a very eligible suitor.

Fanny's betrothal was perhaps more tolerable than Maria's. Mr. Humby having been unknown to the Thorne until he began to dangle after her. This, it must be allowed, was less deplorable than Maria's marriage to John Thistlethorn, whom she had known all her life; but Miss Selina Thorne was going to think herself pretty hardly used if Fate did not provide for her a dashing lover of such hopeless ineligibility as must assure for her the most determined parental opposition, accompanied by persecution, which she would bear with the greatest heroism, and culminating in an elopement.

Pending the appearance on the horizon of this gentleman, she was prepared to throw herself heart and soul into Letty's cause. She found no difficulty in crediting Cardross with all the attributes of a tyrant; and if Mr. Allandale's propriety seemed at first to indicate that there was little hope of his engaging on any desperate action she soon decided that this was the expression not of an innate respectability but of interesting reserve.

She was giving Letty an account of the degrading congratulations which had greeted the news of Fanny's betrothal when she caught sight of Mr. Allandale approaching the house. She at once put her plan into execution, flying with such swift feet down the stairs that she reached the front door considerably in advance of him, and found herself inviting only the ambient air to come in and fear nothing.

However, Mr. Allandale soon arrived, and from having rehearsed (though involuntarily) her speech of welcome she was able to improve on it. "I knew you would not fail!" she uttered. "I will lead you to her immediately. Do not fear that you will be interrupted! Not a soul knows of your coming! Hush!"

Mr. Allandale, already surprised to find the front door being held open by one of the daughters of the house, blinked at her. "I beg your pardon?" he said.

"Do not speak so loud!" she admonished him. "The servants must not suspect your presence."

"But how is this?" he demanded. "Is not Mrs. Thorne at home?"

"No, no, you have nothing to fear!" she assured him. "She and my sister are gone into the City. If they should return, you may depend on me to warn you of their approach!"

"I should not be here," he said, looking vexed. "It is quite improper for me to be visiting the house in Mrs. Thorne's absence."

She was somewhat daunted by this prosaic attitude, but she made a gallant recover. "This is no time to be considering the proprieties!" she said earnestly. "Your case is now desperate, and strive though she may to support her spirits under this crushing blow, my cousin is in the greatest affliction! You must come to her immediately!"

The thought of his Letty's agony made Mr. Allandale turn pale; but still he hung back. "I had not supposed that the indignation was of a clandestine nature," he said. "I cannot think it right! I assured Lord Cardross that such conduct was repugnant to me, and to be visiting your cousin behind his back, and in such a way, cannot be thought to be the part of a man of honor!"

None of Selina's romantic schemes had included a lover who had to be urged into the presence of his inamorata, and could she but have found a substitute to take his place in the

drama she would then and there have thrust Mr. Allandale out of the house. But since she knew of no substitute, and was rather doubtful of Letty's willingness to accept one, she was obliged to make the best of the unpromising material to her hand.

"I am persuaded you will not permit such trifling scruples to keep you from Letty's side!" she said. "Only consider her agitation! She is quite worn down by despair, and I should not wonder at it if her mind were to become wholly over-set!"

Mr. Allandale was but human. The dreadful picture conjured up by these words took from him all power of resistance, and without further argument he followed Selina up the stairs.

"I have brought him to you, dearest!" announced Selina, throwing open the door into the drawing-room.

Mr. Allandale's afflicted love, who had been trying the effect of a slightly different tilt to her fetching new hat, turned

Continuing . . . April Lady

from page 60

beside him there. "We have so much to discuss, Jeremy! This dreadful news which you sent me! Six weeks! Oh, dearest, pray tell them you won't go!"

Mr. Allandale was by this time pretty well acquainted with his love, but this ingenuous plea startled him. "Not go! But, my sweetest life—!"

"It is too soon!" she urged. "If you are to sail in six weeks' time, only consider the difficulties that confront us! I have the most melancholy persuasion that I can never, in so short a time, prevail upon Giles to consent to our marriage."

He possessed himself of her hands and sat holding them in a close grasp. "Letty, you will never prevail upon him to do so," he said heavily.

She stared at him, her eyes round in astonishment. "Never? Oh, how absurd! Of course I shall! It is merely that this comes so suddenly, before he has

and as though the words were forced from him. "In his power—because I am unable to support a wife. That is what renders my position so hopeless!"

"I would try not to be expensive," offered Letty.

He threw her a warm look, but said, "You are used to enjoy the elegancies of life. As my affairs now stand I cannot even offer you its comforts. To remove you from the protection of your brother only to place you in a situation where you would be obliged to practise the most stringent economy would be the action of a scoundrel! I must not—indeed, I will not do it!"

"No, for I don't think I could practise stringent economies," agreed Letty, considering the matter in an impartial spirit. "But we could live upon my expectations, couldn't we?"

"Borrow on your expectations? No!—a thousand times no!" declared Mr. Allandale, with every evidence of repulsion.

"Well, it is what Nell's brother does," argued Letty. "I don't know precisely how he contrives to do it, but if he can I am persuaded I could too, for mine are much better than his, you know."

"Put it out of your mind!" begged Mr. Allandale, blanching visibly at the appalling vision of debt conjured up by her artless suggestion. "Nothing shall prevail upon me to take Lord Dysart for my model!"

"No, very true!" she replied, recalling his lordship's unamiable behaviour. "I am sure he is the most ramshackle person—besides being excessively disagreeable! Only what is to be done, if you don't think my allowance sufficient? I have five hundred pounds a year, you know, and I need spend very little of it on my dresses, because I have a great many already." She stopped, and her eyes brightened.

"Yes, and besides that I have suddenly had an excellent notion! I can very well buy hundreds of ells of silk and muslin and cambric—enough to set me up for years, I dare say—and tell all the mercers to send their bills to Giles!"

"Letty!" ejaculated Mr. Allandale, pausing in his perambulations to gaze upon her with staring eyes.

She perceived that her suggestion had not found favor. "You don't think that is what I should do? But consider, Jeremy! Even if I refused to pay—and I don't think that in the least likely—they couldn't dun me, because I should be in South America and so all would be well."

It spoke volumes for the depth of Mr. Allandale's love that after the first stunned moment he recovered from an involuntary recoil and realised that this ingenious solution to their difficulties arose not from depravity but from a vast and touching innocence. "That," he said gently, "would be dishonest, my dearest."

"Oh!" said Letty.

It was plain that she was unconvinced. Mr. Allandale was aware that it behoved him to bring her to a more proper frame of mind, but he felt, at this present, unequal to the task and merely said, "Besides, if I were to marry you out of hand there can be little doubt that Cardross would discontinue your allowance."

She was quite incredulous. "No! He would not be so shabby!"

"He warned me that your fortune remains in his hands until you attain the age of twenty-five. How much of its income you may enjoy is at his discretion. I could not mistake his meaning."

"Twenty-five?" gasped Letty. "Oh, of all the infamous things! Why, I shall be quite old! I declare I am excessively thankful that I can't remember my papa, for if he served me such a trick as that he must have been a most detestable man! You would think he meant Giles to choose me out of my inheritance!"

"No, there is no question of such a thing as that," said Mr. Allandale painstakingly. "It is only—"

"Well, I don't mean to be worried by either of them and so I promise you!" Letty said briskly. "Depend upon it, I shall hit upon a way of bringing Giles about. But I must own, love, that makes it very hard if you must sail so soon. Jeremy, pray do not!"

"You don't understand," he said. "I could not refuse such an adventurous appointment! You would not have me do so."

"Oh, no! Not refuse it, but could you not tell them that it is not perfectly convenient to you to go to Brazil so soon? Tell them that you will go in three months! I am persuaded we shall have come about by then."

This drew a slight, melancholy smile from him, but he shook his head. "No, indeed I could not do such a thing! Consider, dearest, how unwise in me it would be to offend my kind patron! I owe this advancement to Lord Roxwell, you know, and to give the least appearance of ingratitude—"

"I have been thinking about that," she interrupted. "I dare-

say he was anxious to oblige you, only the thing is that he has quite mistaken the matter."

"How so?" he demanded, looking bewildered. "He was good enough to say that he had my advancement very much to heart, certainly. I believe I told you that he held my father in great affection."

"Yes, you did, and it has given me a very good notion. You must go to him instantly and tell him that you would prefer to be made ambassador!"

"Tell him that I would prefer to be made ambassador?" repeated Mr. Allandale in a bemused voice.

"In a very civil way, of course," she urged, seeing that her notion was not having that success with him which it deserved. "You could say that now you have had time to consider the matter you feel it would be better if you became an ambassador, or— But you will know just how to say it in an unexceptionable way!"

"No!" said Mr. Allandale, with a good deal of conviction. "I do not know! My dearest life, you don't know—you have not the least conception! It will be many years before I can hope to be so elevated. As for asking Lord Roxwell—Never!"

"Should you prefer it if I were to ask him?" inquired Letty. "I am not particularly acquainted with him, but Giles knows him and we meet him for ever at parties."

Mr. Allandale sat down again beside her and grasped

To page 68

Beauty in brief

FINGERTIP FASHIONS

By Carolyn Earle

● Fashion down to the fingertips is really adding that extra touch of glamor, and it's quite easy these days when polish-makers co-operate so nicely.

MOST women are familiar with the many red shades of nail polish, but lately some lovely shimmer-pink polishes have arrived.

At first blush, the shimmer type of lacquer looks perhaps a bit startling, but when allied with satiny, well-kept hands its effect is most becoming.

Remember if your nails are square in shape, leave unacquainted a large moon and a generously curved free edge.

If they are oval, it is usual to color the full nail or apply the polish so that the white tip follows the shape and depth of the moon.

You can get a prettier shape when the fingernails are wider at the top than at the ends by keeping the color well towards the centre.

For a chip-resistant nail make-up use a base coat and two layers of lacquer.

away from the looking-glass and showed him a countenance glowing with health and beauty.

"Thank goodness you are come!" she said. "I have been quite in a worry, thinking that perhaps you might not be able to. To be sure, I should have known that you would contrive it by some means or other. Dear Jeremy!"

Selina could have improved upon this speech, but she had no fault to find with the way in which Letty cast herself upon Mr. Allandale's broad bosom and flung both arms about his neck. This was a spectacle which might well have impelled Cardross to have consigned his ward to a strict seminary for young ladies of quality, but it afforded Selina intense, if vicarious, gratification. Lingered for long enough to see that Mr. Allandale, his propriety notwithstanding, was returning this artless embrace with a fervor that made Letty squeak and protest that he was crushing her ribs, she withdrew reluctantly to take up a post of vantage on the half-landing.

Mr. Allandale, casting an uneasy glance over his shoulder, was relieved to see that she had left the room. Relaxing his hold on Letty, he said seriously, "You know, my love, this is not at all the thing! That cousin of yours—"

"Oh, do not mind her!" Letty said. "She will never betray us!"

"No, but for a girl of her age—why, she is not yet out, I believe! It is very shocking."

"Fiddle!" said Letty, drawing him to the sofa and sitting down

grown accustomed to the notion, you know!"

He shook his head. "He will do everything that lies within his power to prevent our marriage. I have been as sure as a man may be of that ever since the day I called in Grosvenor Square. Nor can I blame him. From the worldly standpoint—"

"Well, I can blame him!" Letty interrupted, her eyes flashing and her color considerably heightened. "If I do not care a fig for worldly considerations I am sure he need not! And if my happiness means so little to him I shall think myself perfectly justified in marrying you in despite of anything he may say!"

He got up and began to pace about the room, kneading one fist into the palm of his other hand. "If it were only possible! I do not know but what, with this appointment and my prospects, which I do not scruple to say are excellent, I too should think myself justified— But it is to no purpose! Circumstances have placed us wholly in his power."

"What?" cried Letty. "No such thing! I am not in anyone's power and I hope you are not either!"

"You are under age," he said gloomily.

"Oh, well, yes!" she conceded. "But if we were to be married he would be obliged to countenance it, because he would dislike excessively to make a scandal."

He was silent for a moment. When he did speak it was in a voice of deep mortification

Worry, rushed meals, anxiety, cause . . .

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It is common medical knowledge that many of our aches and pains today are caused by a troubled state of mind. This is particularly true of indigestion. When the mind is upset, it seems to follow naturally that the stomach will be upset also. When this happens to you, get DeWitt's Antacid Powder without delay. This wonderful, well-balanced formula

rapidly neutralises excess stomach acidity and ensures prolonged relief from pain and discomfort by spreading a soothing protective coating over the troubled stomach lining. A teaspoonful in half a glass of water is usually all that is required to restore normal digestive balance. From chemists and storekeepers everywhere.

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"I have been a private nurse for 20 years and have recommended DeWitt's Antacid Powder to patients all round the various suburbs in which I work. I have taken DeWitt's Antacid Powder regularly myself for nervous indigestion with great success."

The original of this letter can be seen at our Melbourne office.



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And did you notice how lovely and clean the clothes are? That's what I like—the cleanness and the spin dry. And to think it does the whole thing by itself, while you're shopping or visiting! Talk about automatic."

"Yes, I do have a hot water system . . . but my old washer just eats it up. On washdays I don't have enough left for baths and doing the dishes. It would be wonderful to have a machine that heats its own water — and just look at the enormous load."

"Apart from everything else, it looks so lovely, doesn't it? Just imagine what it would do for MY laundry! What the neighbours would say. Why don't I trade the little wringer machine I'm using now?"

The gay canvas canopy over the Malleys is used during store demonstrations. This scene was sketched during an actual demonstration in the appliance section of a Malleys Retailer.

Of course every woman wants a
MALLEYS Automatic

The fully automatic washer that does not need a hot water system

Every woman deserves a washing machine!

**EWD
WM**



THE MRS. GEORGE DAVIS, a hibiscus of the *rosa sinensis* type. It grows to 8ft. tall, and its deep pink blooms make it a favorite.

HIBISCUS FOR COLOR

● The hibiscus family is divided into four groups: annuals, herbaceous perennials, shrubs (tropical and hardy), and trees. They all provide much color in the garden.

THE most common annuals are the marshmallows, the popular rosella, and the hibiscus trionum (flower-of-an-hour).

The herbaceous perennials include many good garden forms valuable for late-summer flowering. Most of them are natives of North America.

One of the best-known forms of hibiscus is the hardy, deciduous shrubby type often called Rose of Sharon.

This produces double or single flowers, ranging from violet, rose, heliotrope, deep carmine, and dark rose.

The hibiscus *mutabilis* (changeable) also is deciduous, and produces big, ball-shaped flowers, white at first, which turn red as they age.

They need a fairly mild climate, but do well in Melbourne and Adelaide.

Probably the best-known group is the hibiscus *rosa sinensis*. This includes many fine original species of great size and color, and almost countless hybrids.

They are suitable only to warm, frost-free climates, and require hard pruning each spring for good flowering.

There are slow-growing, medium-sized shrubs as well as trees in this group. They usually start to flower soon after cuttings have taken root.

Cuttings should be of well-tipped wood, and need to be struck under glass in moist sandy loam in autumn or early spring.

Some varieties, however, are slow to flower. In big shrubs, this is generally due to "staggy" growth that has not been pruned for years.

The blooms of hibiscus *rosa sinensis* do not remain open long on the shrubs. They show colorful petals before opening, develop fully, and then close after a day at most.

But the shrubs produce enormous numbers of buds during the summer, and as fast as

gold, the largest evergreen variety); Apple Blossom (pink, very free flowering); and Camdenii (red).

Cameo Queen (pale yellow); General Courtes (large, scarlet); George Harwood (large, pink, dark centre); Island Empress (double, rich cerise, pink); Madeline Champion (apricot, strawberry-red centre); and the fragrant Hawaiian variety, Waimeae, are also worth growing.

Hibiscus needs protection from strong winds and frosts in country susceptible to sudden climatic changes.

The soil for all evergreen types should be rich and well drained, but plants, although fairly drought-resistant, do best when watered regularly and soundly.

DDT spray will control thrips and aphids, but white oil is the control for scales, and chlordane for ants.

GARDENING

one crops opens and folds another is ready to open.

One of the biggest native Hawaiian shrubs is the common red hibiscus, or China rose. The flower is scarlet, and usually has a deeper colored throat. It is about five inches in diameter.

This species is often seen as a hedge plant in Brisbane and Sydney.

The coral hibiscus is markedly different. It is known botanically as hibiscus *schizopetalus*, and has deeply cut-back petals of red coral color, and a slender central column. The flowers hang bell-like, and the leaves are small and fine.

Other good hibiscus worth including in gardens in warm districts are Lord of the Isles (double, pure gold); Mrs. George Davies (large, double, rose-pink); D. J. O'Brien (large, double, deep tango); Mrs. Tompkins (single, flesh-pink); Wilder's White (single, white with red eye); Agnes Galt (cerise shading to old

Continuing . . . Gardener's ABC

SPADIX: A fleshy-pike bearing sessile flowers, usually packed close together.

SPATHE: A large bract enclosing a narrow base.

SPATULATE: Spoon-shaped.

SPIKE: An inflorescence with an axis bearing sessile flowers.

SPIT: A spade's depth of soil.

SPORE: The part of a flowerless plant, such as ferns, that performs the functions of seeds.



ROSE OF JACOB. (above), often called Rose of Sharon, grows to about 10 feet; suitable for cool climates only. MOSCHATUS, a single hibiscus (right), is suitable for warm, frost-free climates, and requires hard pruning.



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keeps Spring

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EVERY woman who knits will want a copy of our wonderful new book, The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book for 1957. It features a wide range of the newest styles in knitted and crocheted wear.

Each member of the family is catered for in this comprehensive 48-page book containing pictures and easy-to-follow directions for 43 garments. Some of the attractive designs are illustrated on this page.

There are warm pullovers for men, cardigans and pretty sweaters for women, sweaters for sportswear, for entertaining, and for evening wear. We have also included four of the smart and very new bulky jacket designs with a tailored look that can be worn so well over either slacks or skirts.

For the children there is a selection of warm, practical cardigans and sweaters as well as one of the prettiest layettes we have seen.

Buy your copy of The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book now while they last and get a head-start with winter knitting. Priced 2/-, they are on sale at newsagents and bookstalls.



ATTRACTIVE ARAN SWEATER is another of the new designs in our book.



SKI SWEATER (above) has a contrast trim of crosses, bands.



BOLERO JACKET (right) for a little girl is practical, pretty.



ABOVE: Baby's hooded jacket and booties are cozy for winter wear.



RIGHT: This dolman-sleeved sweater is one of the many smart styles.

TRAINING BABY'S POSTURE

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

EVERY child should be trained to have a good posture.

The rules below, if observed from birth, will help your child to have a straight, strong back and limbs.

- From birth change baby's position in his bassinet every time you take him up to change or feed him.
 - Make sure the bassinet or cot is fully long enough and wide enough so the baby's limbs are not cramped in any way.
 - Baby's mattress should be properly made, firm, and without sag.
 - Avoid high pillows. Have no pillows at all or only a very small, flat, cool pillow.
 - From the first, when carrying baby, hold him with his back and head well supported and his limbs as straight as possible.
 - Do not coax baby to sit up or stand before he shows a desire to and is trying vigorously to do so alone.
 - Be sure all clothing fits comfortably and securely, so there is free and well-balanced movement for the limbs.
- A leaflet discussing the importance of good posture can be obtained free from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please send a stamped, addressed envelope.

What
a
picture!

Persil-white is so bright and sunny it puts ordinary whites right in the shade! Yet that perfect Persil whiteness is simply — perfect cleanliness. Millions of busy suds work through and through the weave, carrying off the dirt, not some of it, not most of it, but all of it. And Persil is gentle with ALL the wash — kind to hands, too.

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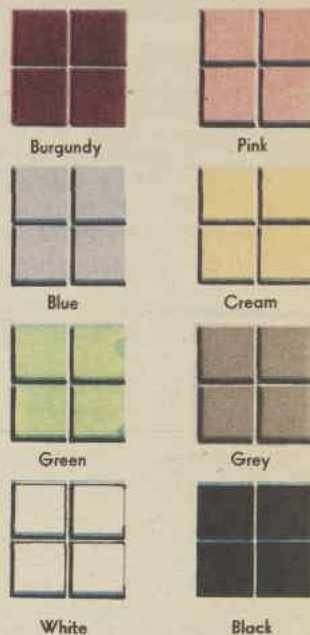
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY.—April 17, 1957

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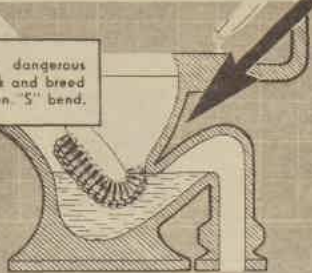
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Keep your toilet clean and bright
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CLEANS ROUND THE "S" BEND • DISINFECTS • DEODORISES

both her hands. "Letty, promise me you will do no such thing!" he begged. "It is not to be thought of! Believe me, it would be quite disastrous!"

"Would it? Then I won't, of course, and I expect it will answer best for you to approach him, after all," said Letty sunnily. "The only thing is that perhaps you might not like to tell him that you would make an excellent ambassador, while for me there could be nothing easier."

Much moved, Mr. Allandale pressed several kisses on to her hands, ejaculating in a thickened voice, "So sweet! so innocent! Alas, no, my love! it cannot be! I must be content with what is offered to me—and, indeed, it is more than ever I expected!"

"Well, I am sure it is not more than you deserve," said Letty warmly. "However, if you believe it would be useless to apply to Lord Roxwell, I won't tease you. We must think of some other scheme."

She spoke with optimism, but Mr. Allandale sighed. "I wish we might! But my thoughts lead me only to the melancholy necessity of waiting. If your present allowance were secured to you I should be tempted indeed, though I trust I should find the strength to withstand the impulse of my heart."

"Situating as we both are—you dependent upon your brother's caprice, I with such charges upon my purse as I cannot but consider sacred—our case is hopeless. One of my sisters is on the point (I hope) of contracting an eligible marriage; my uncle has always promised to present Philip to a living, as soon as he shall have been inducted into Holy Orders, which, I trust, will be this year; but Edward is still at school, and Tom must be sent to join him in September," said poor Jeremy.

"I could not reconcile it with my conscience, love, to leave my widowed parent to bear, without assistance, these heavy charges."

Letty agreed to this, but without enthusiasm. She ventured to say, "You don't feel that

perhaps Tom would as lief not go to school?"

Mr. Allandale dismissed unhesitatingly a tentative suggestion which would have won for Letty her future brother-in-law's esteem and approval.

"Perhaps your uncle would pay for Tom?"

He shook his head. "I fear you must know that he has himself a numerous progeny, and has, besides, been responsible for a part of Philip's education. Philip is his godson, but it would not be right to expect him to provide for Edward or Tom."

A depressed silence fell. Mr. Allandale broke it, saying with a praiseworthy attempt to speak cheerfully, "We must be patient. It will be very hard, but we shall have the future to look forward to. Cardross has said that if we are of the same two minds when I return from Brazil he will not then withhold his consent. I believe him to be a man of his word; and that thought, that hope, will help us to bear with fortitude our separation. I do not consider him unfeeling, and I trust he will not forbid us to correspond with each other."

"He may forbid it if he chooses, but I shall not pay the least heed," declared Letty, her voice trembling. "Only I am not a good hand at letter-writing, and I don't wish to correspond with you! I wish to be with you! Oh, don't talk of our being separated, Jeremy! I can't bear it, and I won't bear it! Cardross must and shall continue to pay my allowance!"

Mr. Allandale could not feel hopeful; nor did he think well of a scheme for Cardross' subjection which depended for its success on her ability to bring herself to the brink of a decline by refusing to let a morsel of food pass her lips. Letty then broke into a passion of weeping, and by the time he had soothed and petted her into a calmer state he was obliged to tear himself from her side.

His haggard countenance, when he emerged from the

Continuing . . . April Lady

from page 63

drawing-room, did much to restore Selina's good opinion of him; and when she found her cousin still hiccuping on convulsive sobs she felt that matters were progressing just as they should. It now only remained for Letty to suffer abominable persecution at the hands of her cruel guardian.

"Well, I had as lief not be persecuted, I thank you!" said Letty crossly. "Besides, he is persecuting me!"

"Not enough!" declared Selina positively. "Do you think, if you threatened to run away, that he would lock you in an attic at the top of the house?"

"No, of course he wouldn't, you silly creature!"

"They do in general," argued Selina. "If only you could prevail upon him to, you could throw a note down from the window to me, and I would instantly deliver it to Mr. Allandale. He would feel himself bound to rescue you, and then you could fly to the border."

"That only happens in novels," said Letty scornfully. "I should like to know how Jeremy could possibly rescue me! Why, he could not even enter the house without knocking on the door, and what, pray, would you have him say to the porter?"

"I suppose there isn't a secret way into the house?" asked Selina, rather daunted.

"Of course not! You only find them in castles!"

"No, that is not true at all!" Selina cried triumphantly. "Because I have seen a secret way into quite a commonplace house! I don't precisely remember where it was, but I drove there when Mama took Fanny and me to stay with my uncle, in Somerset!"

"It's of no consequence where it is, because there are no secret doors in Grosvenor Square."

"No," agreed Selina regretfully. Another idea presented itself to her, but although her

eyes brightened momentarily they clouded at the thought of Mr. Allandale gaining an entrance to Cardross House in the disguise of a sweep.

"And now I come to think of it," said Letty, clinching the matter, "the attics are all as full as they can hold with servants. I wish you will stop talking nonsense, like a goose!"

"It is not nonsense! You did not think it so, when we read that capital story about the girl who was imprisoned by her uncle, so that she should consent to wed his son—the one that had a villainous aspect, and two savage mastiffs, and—"

"Books!" cried Letty impatiently. "But this is real!"

Letty remained in Bryanston Square all day; and great was Mrs. Thorne's delight to find her there when she returned from a protracted shopping expedition with Fanny. Silks and muslins for the making of Fanny's bride-clothes had been their object; and while the tour of the warehouses had been in the nature of a preliminary skirmish so much had been bought, and so many patterns had been brought home to be studied at leisure that little else was talked of during the remainder of Letty's visit.

Mrs. Thorne did indeed notice that she was rather languid in spirit, but this circumstance she ascribed to pique, and paid no heed to it, beyond remarking, not very felicitously, that in spite of her three years' seniority she had never expected Fanny to go off before her cousin.

Nell, meanwhile, spent an unexceptionable if rather dull day, and since such sedentary occupations as netting, tatting, knotting a fringe, or trying to bring to a successful conclusion a game of Patience, a new form of recreation which the Prince Regent had been so condescending as to explain to her, left her mind rather too much at liberty to fret over her

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she's happy

she took 'ASPRO'

Life's wonderful again

yet horrid pains had threatened
to spoil her day.

There are times when 'ASPRO' will save the day for you. Those days which so many girls dread (and don't they always happen to come on 'special date' times or when you simply have to look your best?) And it's all very well for people to say "walking is good for you at such times". No girl who suffers is going to agree with that!

The thing to remember is, there's usually no need to suffer at all at these times . . . not if you take 'ASPRO'. The

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Next time you can't face the thought of the coming day—mixing with people—having to be cheerful when you've forgotten how to be cheerful because tummy or headache pains are quite unbearable, turn quickly to 'ASPRO'. Take

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'ASPRO' is the modern medicine for the girl who wants to enjoy every moment of today without jeopardizing her future happiness by ruining her health with harmful drugs. 'ASPRO' unlike

many other pain relieving medicines, is drug free and non habit forming. 'ASPRO' can help you keep your greatest asset—your youthful good looks!

'ASPRO'

A Nicholas N Product

MANUFACTURED IN TWELVE COUNTRIES
AND SOLD IN OVER ONE HUNDRED.





HOLLYWOOD STARS attend a banquet. In the front row are actress Martha Hyer and producer Ross Hunter. In the back row opposite them are George Nader and the charming German actress Cornelia Borchers, at the right.

Talking of Films

★ ★ Attack!

THIS angry Hollywood war film opens up some really frightening possibilities if you are willing to go along with its central premise.

A small-scale black-and-white melodrama made by an independent producer, "Attack!" throws a very ugly light indeed on the subject of discipline in the U.S. Army and the importance of politics in Army promotions.

Seeing this picture, it is easy to understand why the Army authorities declined to co-operate in its making. After all, it is hardly the sort of thing that would attract recruits to the service.

The characters concerned in the story are a cowardly company commander (Eddie Albert) and an ambitious battalion C.O. (Lee Marvin), who refuses to relieve his subordinate because he thinks he will find him useful in a political way after the war.

The commander is denounced by Lieut. Jack Palance, an officer who is fiercely loyal to his men, and eventually shot down by one of his own junior staff members. But before this happens an incredible number of men in an infantry company lose their lives in extremely grim actions that take place during the Battle of the Bulge in World War II.

Strong performances by Jack Palance, Lee Marvin, and a young man named William Smithers, who despises his commanding officer but respects his rank, help to hold "Attack!" together.

Perhaps because we are most used to seeing him in light roles, Eddie Albert's top-level incompetent never seems a whole character.

Banjo-eyed Robert Strauss and Buddy Ebsen, in a different way, hold attention as G.I.s in the company.

In Sydney—Plaza.

Highway Dragnet

AN Army veteran returning to his home in California buys a quick martini for a passing blonde in a Las Vegas gambling spot and is plunged into a pile of trouble soon afterwards.

For the blonde is strangled that night, and the veteran (played by Richard Conte), unable to produce an alibi that will hold water, becomes sus-

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

pect number one with the Las Vegas Police Department.

His split-second decision to make a break for freedom enables the police to throw out a highway dragnet for baggy-eyed Mr. Conte, and to send any number of radio cars careering around corners with sirens going full blast.

It also introduces a wildly improbable chase through the desert and brush country out towards the West Coast and safety.

The perennially youthful Joan Bennett and petite Wanda Hendrix provide the glamor and romantic interest in this adventure.

By and large, nobody in it acts very much. Nor do you require a crystal ball to decide who really strangled the blonde with a leather strap.

In Sydney—Capitol.

DIANA DORS has spent most of the week in her underwear and in the brawny arms of Victor Mature. This is for "The Long Haul," which Columbia now have on the floor of a British studio.

The studio reports say scenes from the film will be the great test of the newly appointed British film censors' broadmindedness. Diana's reconciliation with husband Dennis Hamilton is now complete. Close friends say the domestic scene is roseate and full of love and kisses. To mark this they've bought themselves a villa at Antibes, in the South of France, to while away their leisure hours. They haven't seen their villa yet—but they have bought it.

IN Rome menfolk are taking to wearing dinner-jackets in black leather. They are following a feminine fashion—the one Marlene Dietrich set in the just-premiered "Monte Carlo Story." For most of the time between scenes of this film Marlene was to be seen around the streets of Monaco and Rome in long thin black slacks and shiny black leather jacket.

FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD
GRATEFUL LETTERS POUR IN
THAT PROVE—ONCE AND FOR ALL

You can beat

CATARRH BRONCHITIS

SINUS AND ANTRUM INFECTIONS, BRONCHIAL ASTHMA, RECURRENT COLDS

... and at the same time—gain long-lasting Immunity

From all over the world enthusiastic men and women are writing, telling of the remarkable, lasting benefit they have gained through treatment with Lantigen 'B'—the Oral Vaccine. Taken just like an ordinary medicine, Lantigen 'B' is now world famous for the successful treatment of the miserable, vitality-sapping conditions of such infections of

the respiratory tract as Catarrh, Bronchitis, Bronchial Asthma, Sinus and Antrum infections and Recurrent Colds. Lantigen 'B' Oral Vaccine is a scientific treatment that actually attacks the basic germ infection, not only driving out the germs responsible for the complaint, but helping to strengthen the body's natural resistance to further attack. Ex-

sufferers write that they now enjoy wonderful good health after they had tried everything and all hope of relief had gone.

• No Drugs • Cannot Harm the Heart
• No Injections • Does not interfere with other treatments • Ideal for Children • Economical—costs only a few pence per day.

DOCTORS TESTIFY TO VALUE OF LANTIGEN 'B'

Clinical reports of the use of Lantigen 'B' by medical practitioners use phrases such as:

An active therapeutic agent in that it acts directly on the cause.

In bronchial infections, results were mostly indisputable (26 improvements in 27 cases).

Nine children suffering from rhino-pharyngitis (i.e. catarrh) and recurring bronchitis, showed a clear change—nasal discharge and inflammation diminished without usual bronchial complications.

General research confirms basis of above findings

Dr. David Thomson, O.B.E., M.B., Ch.B., D.P.H., Director of the Pickett-Thomson Research Laboratory in London, says that (after having reviewed all the available literature about the use of oral vaccine) he and his associates are convinced that immunity can be obtained with vaccines administered by the oral route.

Dr. Cronin Lowe reports in the British Medical Journal as follows:

"In my experience, the oral antigens (oral vaccines) have been mostly employed in cases of catarrhal infections, rheumatic conditions and catarrhal enterocolitis. Clinical response has been quite definitely marked."

Your chemist also will himself know of many cases of beneficial results from using Lantigen 'B'. Ask him about it today!

WORLD WIDE LETTERS—PROOF OF BENEFIT

CANADA:

Catarrh Sufferer Wins Free. "I have been a victim of Catarrh. Nothing benefited me and I was gradually growing worse. Lantigen benefited me from about the first dose. Am on my fifth bottle now and I find it is really wonderful. Never had any severe attacks of head colds since I commenced taking marvellous Lantigen 'B'." (M.L. Ontario.)

MALAYA:

Colds Kept Away. "LANTIGEN 'B' is certainly doing very useful work for me by keeping my nostrils clear and also keeping the colds away." (G.H., Port Swettenham.)

NEW ZEALAND:

Wonderful Relief for Catarrh. "An advertisement in the paper some time ago recommended Lantigen 'B' for sufferers of Catarrh. I am now taking my third bottle, and I can hardly thank you enough for this wonderful relief that I have been afforded through this medicine. I was also very subject to colds, but since I have taken Lantigen 'B' I have only had one cold." (Mrs. E. E. Mangonui, North Auckland.)

AUSTRALIA:

Champion Cyclist Smashes Bronchitis! "I have been a sufferer of colds and Bronchitis for over 30 years. I used to cough and cough, colds always turned into Bronchitis. We tried everything, but nothing helped. I started on Lantigen 'B' and started to get relief. I continued the treatment and have not had a cold or Bronchitis attack for over nine years." (Mr. G. W. Beck, Sydney, N.S.W.)

Lantigen 'B' is made by fully qualified bacteriologists working under medical supervision

ENGLAND:

Complete Relief from Sinus and Catarrh. "I really must write and tell you the complete relief your LANTIGEN 'B' treatment has given me. I suffered from acute Sinus and Catarrh trouble. After just starting the second bottle I had complete relief. I was in so much pain when I had Sinus trouble. I would have tried anything. I repeat anything, for just a little relief. Thank you very much a million times over!" (H. Crumwell, Suffron Walden, Essex.)

ENGLAND:

Catarrh Sufferer for twenty-five years gets Fast Relief. "I have been troubled for the past twenty-five years with Catarrh and Bronchitis and with four severe attacks of Pneumonia. As a last resort I then decided to try the Lantigen 'B'. I got relief from the FIRST INITIAL DOSE OF SIX DROPS. I have no fear now in going to bed, and have put on weight in NO TIME." (John Robson, Redcar, Yorks.)

SCOTLAND:

Bronchitis. "I suffered for years due to Bronchitis—sitting up in bed at night coughing and spluttering. Then I tried Lantigen 'B' and now I'm glad to say I am free!" (J.L., Glasgow, Scotland.)

ENGLAND:

Sleeps Well Now. "I feel I must write to you about your vaccine LANTIGEN 'B'. For 20 years I suffered from Bronchitis, beginning in November and ending in March. I was unable to lie down in bed, had to be propped up in bed with four pillows. Now I have only one pillow and sleep without any trouble at all. I started taking your vaccine three years ago and I have not had any Bronchitis since I have taken the same." (Mrs. A. G. King, Leamington Spa, War.)

AUSTRALIA:

At Last... Free from Bronchitis. "My arms were like pin cushions, caused by injections. I took Lantigen 'B', when on the third bottle I found relief. I had no Bronchitis for over twelve months. The trouble is people take one bottle, perhaps two, think it's not acting. With me it took three bottles before I felt a marked difference. After four bottles I was a different person." (Mrs. K. Prosser, Perth.)

ENGLAND:

Housewife Beats Catarrh. "I really must write you about wonderful LANTIGEN 'B'. I suffered for years with Catarrh, now at 50 years of age I have known relief and feel so well. I do a full day's work and run my home. I would go without anything to buy LANTIGEN 'B'." (Mary Cummings, Dartford Kent.)

ENGLAND:

Now Fit—Free of Colds. "I feel I must write you a few lines in greatest praise for LANTIGEN 'B'. I was seriously ill four years ago, with Pneumonia. Whilst convalescent, I asked my Doctor what he thought about LANTIGEN 'B', as whenever I caught a cold, it was always a bad one. I acted on his advice and have taken it ever since, generally two bottles a year and it keeps me fit and well, free from colds, etc. It is now four years, and I have not had a cold or any chest or Bronchial trouble." (Arthur R. Barber, Melton Mowbray, Leics.)

(Originals of testimonials on our files)

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Garrick

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FILTER - TIP

CIGARETTES

THE GARRICK NEW MIRACLE filter-tip contains 20,000 tiny filter traps. Garrick, with the NEW MIRACLE filter-tip of "ESTRON" material, ensures for you the cool, satisfying taste of Garrick's choice Virginia tobaccos.

troubles, she soon began to be sorry she had refused even so mild a form of entertainment as an invitation to practice French country-dances at a select morning-ball.

In general, there never seemed to be enough time into which to fit her various engagements, for once the season was in full swing every sort of amusement offered, from Venetian breakfasts to Grand Balloon Ascensions; and in brief respites from these she was either submitting to the ministrations of Mr. Blake, who combined a laughable coxcombry with a positive genius for cutting ladies' hair; or sitting for her portrait to Mr. Lawrence.

Cardross had commissioned this full-length likeness of his lovely bride, and since Lawrence had become, since Hoppner's death, the most fashionable portrait painter in England, it was going to cost him not a penny less than four hundred guineas.

But it so happened that Mr. Blake had given her a smart new crop only a week earlier; Mr. Lawrence's work on the portrait had had to be suspended until he had recovered from an indisposition. Nell did not care to visit the Royal Academy's exhibition at Somerset House alone, for that would not only be dull work, but might render her an easy prey to some other unaccompanied lady: probably Miss Berry, whom one ought to admire, but could not contrive to like, London was overfull of elderly ladies who were Mama's dear friends, and Somerset House was just the place where one might be sure of meeting them.

So after knotting a few inches of fringe, reading three pages of "Corinne," rather wistfully watching some children playing at battledore and shuttlecock in the Square-garden, and trying to make up her mind to write an overdue letter to Miss Wilby, Nell decided that the day was too fine for such sedentary pursuits, and determined, in default of livelier amusements, to drive to Chelsea on a visit to Tubbs' Nursery Garden, in the King's Road, and to select there such

plants as would transform the ballroom at Cardross House into a fairyland of flowers.

This lavish scheme had its birth in Letty's desire to hang the ballroom with pink calico. She had seen this novel form of decoration at one of the first balls of the season, and it had instantly hit her fancy. Hundreds of rolls of calico had been gathered to form the likeness of a huge tent; everyone had exclaimed at it, and had complimented the hostess on such a charming notion. Letty, convinced that it would shortly become all the crack, had been alternately hectoring and cajoling Cardross for weeks past to have his own ballroom turned into a pink tent for the grand dress-party to be held there at the end of the month.

Unfortunately Cardross had not admired the effect of pink calico, and upon Letty's agreeing that to be sure calico was shabby and it would be far more elegant (besides going one better than Lady Weldon) to use silk, he had expressed himself so unequivocally on the subject as to confirm Letty in her belief that his taste was as old-fashioned as his disposition was mean. She had not scrupled to tell him so, and his way of receiving this terrible indictment did him no honor at all.

"I know it," he had said sympathetically. "I assure you, Letty, it astonishes even me that I could be such a hog-grubber as to grudge the expenditure of I daresay not much above a few hundred pounds on the suitable decoration of the ballroom to set off your charms." He had cast a laughing glance towards Nell and had added provocatively: "Now, had you asked me for blue hangings—"

Letty had been perfectly willing to compound for blue, but had met with no support from Nell. Nell, quite as desirous as she to cut a dash, had no notion (she thanked Letty) of imitating Lady Weldon or any other fashionable hostess. If Cardross approved, she

would make the ton exclaim much more loudly by creating a flower-garden in her ballroom.

It had often astonished her that hostesses made such meagre use of flowers. They should be made to gnash their teeth with envy at the result to be achieved by taste, ingenuity, and the services of a first-rate florist. Cardross promptly gave her carte blanche; and Letty, having rather reluctantly listened to her scheme, was obliged to own that it would be at once pretty, and quite out of the ordinary way.

So off Nell went to Chelsea. No sooner did Mr. Tubbs, greeting her ladyship with flattering deference, grasp the purpose of her visit than he became an enthusiastic supporter of it, summoning up his chief minions, and rapidly devising several alternative plans for the tasteful decoration of her ballroom. They differed in many respects, but in one they were alike: they were all extremely costly.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



achieve a result that would hold her guests spellbound with admiration; and no sooner had her barouche driven away than he took his foreman apart and exhorted him to put forth his best endeavors. "For, mark my words, Andy," he said earnestly, "if this does not set a fashion! I shouldn't wonder at it if we were soon turning orders away!"

Nell was rather hopeful, too, that she might be starting a new mode. There had been a number of parties at Cardross House since her marriage, but this would be the first grand ball she had held, and she wanted people to say something more of it than that it had been a dreadful squeeze.

Letty had not returned from Bryanston Square when she reached home again, so after putting off her hat and her gloves she occupied herself with the arrangement of her bouquet in several bowls and vases. She was trying the effect of one of these on a picture table in a corner of the drawing-room when a voice said behind her, "Charming!"

It was fortunate that she was not holding the bowl, for she must certainly have dropped it, so convulsive was the start she gave. She gasped sharply, and turned, to find that Cardross had come quietly into the room, and was standing by the door quizzically regarding her. He had shed his driving-coat, but he had plainly put that instant arrived in town, for he was still wearing a country habit of frock-coat, buckskins, and top-boots.

The shock of hearing his voice when she had believed him to be a hundred miles away was severe, and her first sensation was of consternation. She made a quick recovery, but not before he had seen the fright in her eyes. The quizzical look faded, to be replaced by one of searching inquiry. Nell exclaimed a little faintly, "Cardross! Oh, how much you startled me!"

"I appear, rather, to have dismayed you," he said, making no movement to approach her, but continuing to watch

her face with hard, narrowed eyes.

"No, no! How can you say so?" she protested, with a nervous laugh and reddening cheeks. "I am so glad—I did not expect to see you until Monday, and hearing you speak suddenly—made me jump out of my skin!"

"I beg your pardon," he replied, unsmilingly. "I should, of course, have warned you of my arrival. You must try to forgive my want of tact."

"Giles, how absurd!" she said, holding out her hand.

He strolled forward, and took it, bowing formally, and just touching it with his lips. He released it immediately, saying, "Yes, in the manner of the farce we saw at Covent Garden and thought so stupid. I shall stop short of searching behind the curtains and under the furniture for the hidden lover."

The chilly salute he had bestowed on her hand had both alarmed and distressed her, but this speech fell so wide of the mark that she laughed. "In the expectation of finding your cousin Felix? It is a most improper notion, but how very funny it would be to discover him in such a situation!"

Cardross smiled slightly and some of the suspicion left his eyes. He still kept them on her face and she found it hard to meet them. "What is it, Nell?" he asked, after a moment.

"But indeed it is nothing! I—I don't understand what you can mean! Are you offended with me for having jumped so? But that was quite your own fault, you know!"

He did not answer for a moment, and when he did at last speak it was in a colorless voice. "As you say, which of your many admirers bestowed that handsome bouquet on you? You have arranged it delightfully."

"None of them! At least, I don't flatter myself that he admires me precisely!" she replied, thankful for the change of subject. "I had it—but this is only a part of it!—from Tubbs, the nurseryman! I have

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Check Perspiration! Stop Odour 24 Hours!

with Colgate's NEW

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from page 71

been there today to order the flowers for our dress-ball, and at parting he begged me to accept the most enormous bouquet imaginable!"

"Did he indeed? Then it seems safe to assume that you've lodged a very handsome order with him."

"She looked a little anxious. 'Well, yes,' she admitted. 'But it will be the prettiest ball of the season, and—and you did tell me I might spend as much as I wished on it!'"

"Certainly. I wasn't criticising you, my love."

Nell felt impelled to justify herself, for in spite of this assurance there was an alarming want of cordiality in her husband's voice.

"It is the first ball we have held here—the first grand ball," she reminded him apologetically. "You wouldn't wish it to be talked of as just another jam—nothing out of the common style!"

"My dear Nell, you have no need to excuse yourself! By all means let it be the first affair. Shall we give our guests pink champagne?"

"Are you joking me?" she asked cautiously. "It sounds excessively elegant, but I think I never heard of it before."

"Oh, no, I'm not joking you! I assure you it will lend a great cachet to the party."

"More than pink calico?" she ventured, a gleam of fun in the glance she cast.

That did draw a laugh. "Yes—or even pink silk! Where is Letty, by the by?"

"She has gone to visit Mrs. Thorne. She will be back directly, I daresay." She fancied there was a frown in his eyes, and added, "You don't like that, but indeed, Giles, it would not be right to encourage her to neglect Mrs. Thorne."

"Very true. Tell me, Nell, what does my aunt Chudleigh mean by writing to inform me that Letty's conduct at that masquerade you took her to set everyone in a bustle?"

"If your aunt Chudleigh would be a little less busy we should go on very well!" cried Nell, flushing with wrath. "She is never happy but when she is making mischief! Pray, has she any animadversions to pass on me?"

"No, she exonerates you from all blame."

"Obliging of her! I hope with all my heart that you will give her a sharp set-down, Cardross!"

"I probably shall. What, in fact, did Letty do to bring this scold down upon me?"

"Nothing at all! That is to say, nothing to make a piece of work about! You know how

it is with Letty, when she is in high gig! She allows her vivacity to carry her beyond the line of what is pleasing, but she is so young that it is only people like Lady Chudleigh who don't know that it is all done in innocence."

"And want of upbringing," he said, with a sigh. "I can blame no one but myself for that. You didn't, in sober truth, let her wear an improper gown, did you?"

"No—oh, no!" Nell replied guiltily. "Not—not improper precisely! I own it was not just the thing for a girl of her age, but—well, she won't wear

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it again, so pray don't mention it to her, Cardross!"

"If it made her look like a class of female which my aunt prefers not to particularise, she most assuredly won't wear it again!" he returned.

"Nothing of the sort! Lady Chudleigh knows very well that such gowns are worn by women of the first consequence. Do, pray, let the matter rest! To scold Letty will only set up her back—and it was my fault, after all."

"I don't mean to scold either of you, but I must own, Nell, that I could wish you had put your foot down," he said, looking displeased.

"Perhaps I should have done so," she replied, in a mortified tone. "I am very sorry!"

"Yes—well, never mind! I don't doubt that it is very hard for you to check Letty's starts. And while we are speaking of the masquerade, what, in heaven's name, is this extraordinary story I have been hearing about Dysart's holding you up on the road to Chiswick?"

"Oh, Lady Chudleigh knows nothing about that, surely?" Nell exclaimed, rather aghast.

"No, I had it from your coachman. According to him, your carriage was stopped by Dysart and two companions, all of them disguised as highwaymen. It seems quite incredible, even in Dysart, but I can hardly suppose that Jeffrey would entertain me with a Canterbury story. Do you mind explaining the matter to me?"

She had forgotten that her servants would be very likely

to tell him of Dysart's strange exploit, and for an ignoble moment wished that she had had the forethought to have bought their silence. She was instantly ashamed of herself, and said, her color rising, "Oh, it was one of Dy's mad-brained hoaxes, and a great deal too bad of him! I must own that I hoped it wouldn't come to your ears."

"That, Nell, is patent!" he said.

"Yes—I mean, I knew you would be vexed! There was no harm in it—it all arose out of a—stupid wager—but of course it was a most improper thing to do, and so I told him."

"All arose out of a wager?" Cardross repeated incredulously. "With which of his associates did Dysart see fit to make you the subject of a wager?"

"N—not with any of them!" she stammered, frightened by the look on his face.

"Then what the devil do you mean?" he demanded.

"It was with me!" she said, improvising desperately. "We—we were talking about masquerades, and I said it was nonsense to suppose that one wouldn't recognise somebody one knew well just because they wore a mask. Dy—Dy said that he would prove me wrong, and—that that was how it was! Only I did recognise him, so I won the wager."

"Gratifying! Did you also recognise his companions?"

"No—that is, it was only Mr. Fancott!" Nell said imploringly. "Oh, and Joe, of course—Dy's groom! But he doesn't signify, because he has always been with us, ever since I can remember! Pray, Cardross, don't be vexed with Dy!"

"Vexed with him! I am very much more than vexed with him! To be giving you such a fright for the sake of a prank I should find it hard to pardon in a schoolboy goes beyond anything of which I believed him to be capable!" he said wrathfully.

"I wasn't frightened!" she assured him. "Only a very little, at all events!"

"Oh?" Cardross said grimly. "What then made you scream?"

Nell's eyes sparkled with indignation. "I did not scream! I would scorn to do anything so paltry! It was Letty who screamed."

"How chicken-hearted of her, to be sure!" Cardross said sardonically.

"Well, that's what I thought," Nell said candidly.

"Are you quite blinded by your dotting fondness for Dysart?" he demanded. "He is

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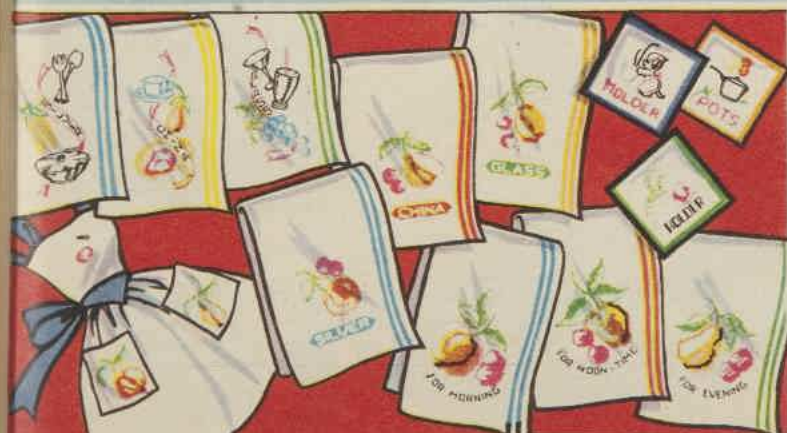
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from page 73



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She shrank a little from the harshness of his voice, but she was quick to recognise the note of jealousy in it. She heard it with a leap of the heart, and it took from his words all power of wounding. Instead of flying to Dysart's defence, she said merely, "Indeed, I didn't smile upon such a prank! It was very bad—quite unbecoming! But it is unjust in you, Cardross, to say that his wildness will lead him into doing anything wicked! You dislike him very much, but that is going too far!"

"No, I don't dislike him," Cardross replied, in a more moderate tone. "On the contrary! I like him well enough to wish to be of real service to him."

"You think me unjust, but you may believe that I know what I am saying when I tell you that his present way of life is ruinous."

In swift alarm Nell begged, "Oh, pray, pray don't thrust him into the Army!"

"I have no power to thrust him into the Army. I own I have offered to buy him a commission, and I have not the smallest doubt that there is nothing I might do for him which he would like better or which would be of more benefit to him. If the only bar in the way of his accepting it is your father's dislike of the project I will engage to make all right in that quarter."

"No, it is not that. I should not say such a thing, but I am afraid Dy doesn't care much for what poor Papa wishes. But Mama made him promise he wouldn't do it, and how-

ever ramshackle you may think him Dy doesn't break his promises!"

"If that is how the case stands," he said, "I recommend you, my dear, to use your best endeavors to persuade your mother to release him from a promise which I don't scruple to tell you should never have been extracted from him!"

"I could not! Oh, she would sink under the very thought of his exposing himself to all the dangers of war!" Nell hesitated and then said, with a little difficulty, "Mama has had so many trials to bear. Poor Papa, you know . . ."

"Yes, I know," Cardross replied. "For that very reason I am persuaded that if she was aware of the truth she would think the hazards of war less dangerous. Living, as she now must, so far from London, I fancy she cannot know how closely Dysart is following an example she must dread."

Frightened, Nell protested, "I know he is sadly wild, and—expensive, but surely—no worse than that?"

"Well, that is bad enough," Cardross saw that she was inclined to question him more closely, but he was already vexed that he had allowed his irritation to betray him into saying so much. Before she could speak again he had turned the subject, and very soon after he left her, saying that he must change his habit.

Whatever bitter feelings Cardross might cherish he could not shock his wife by disclosing the full sum of Dysart's folly. She probably did not even know of that little narrow pink room behind the stage at the Opera House, where the dancers practised their steps in front of long pier-glasses. Dysart was a familiar figure in that salon and so was his latest lady love.

Nell had certainly seen him driving with this article of virtue—a dasher of the first water, too! reflected Cardross—but what she had made of her one couldn't tell. She had asked no questions, so perhaps she

had guessed. But she didn't guess that Dysart frequently sallied forth with the Peep o' Day boys, starting the evening with a rump and dozen at Long's and gravitating thence to a less respectable world of which she was wholly ignorant.

It diverted the wilder blades to mix on equal terms with the roughest elements of society. Buttoning up, they would plunge into the back-slums of Tothill Fields, rubbing shoulders (and often falling into a mill) with all-sorts, from honest coal-porters to petemen.

Sometimes these larks ended in a round-house, with its sequel at Bow Street, a false name, and a fine.

No, Nell knew nothing of such exploits as these, and no prompting of jealousy was going to seduce her husband into enlightening her. The shock would be severe, and her innocence as much as her affection for Dysart would lead her to regard his excesses in a far more serious light than that in which they appeared to her husband.

Cardross was vexed by them, and he viewed their continuance with grim foreboding; but he believed that they sprang from the boredom of idleness rather than from any ingrained depravity. What disturbed him far more was the suspicion he had formed that Dysart in his restless quest for novelty and excitement, had lately become enrolled as a member of the Beggars' Club.

This decidedly unsavory institution had its locality in a cellar, and was generally presided over by the Earl of Barrymore, with Colonel George Hanger as his Vice. It was patronised by all the raff of town, and such persons as those who thought it amusing to eat their suppers out of holes carved in the long table, and with knives and forks that were chained to their places. There was no particular harm in this, but the evils that could accrue

from a young man's getting into Barrymore's set were grave enough. Cardross knew, to alarm ever so casual a parent as Lord Pevensey.

Neither Barrymore's rank nor his achievements on the box or in the saddle sufficed to make him acceptable to the ton. He had been one of the founders of the Whip Club, he had introduced the fashionable practice of driving with a small tiger perched up beside him; his colors were to be seen on any racecourse; but society, with the exception of the Prince Regent, who too often appeared to have a strong predilection for disreputable company, was obstinate in avoiding him.

If the hint dropped in Cardross' car held so much as a grain of truth neither Lady Pevensey's maternal fears nor Nell's distress as being separated from her brother was going to prevent his putting a summary end to that troublesome young man's career as a town buck of the first cut. The demon of jealousy apart, he liked Dysart well enough to make a push to save him from the consequences of his own folly; for Nell's sake he was prepared even to undertake the disagreeable task of disclosing to Lord Pevensey the exact nature of the course his heir was treading.

Cardross could only hope that the news would not prove fatal to his lordship's shattered constitution, but he thought it extremely probable that a second stroke might result from it, and could only trust that it would not prove necessary for him to approach his father-in-law. Lord Pevensey might shrug up his shoulders at a tale of fashionable dissipation, but in his day not the most dissolute rake amongst the Upper Ten Thousand sought diversion in the back-slums.

Unless the stroke he had already suffered had rendered him very much more incapable than Cardross had reason

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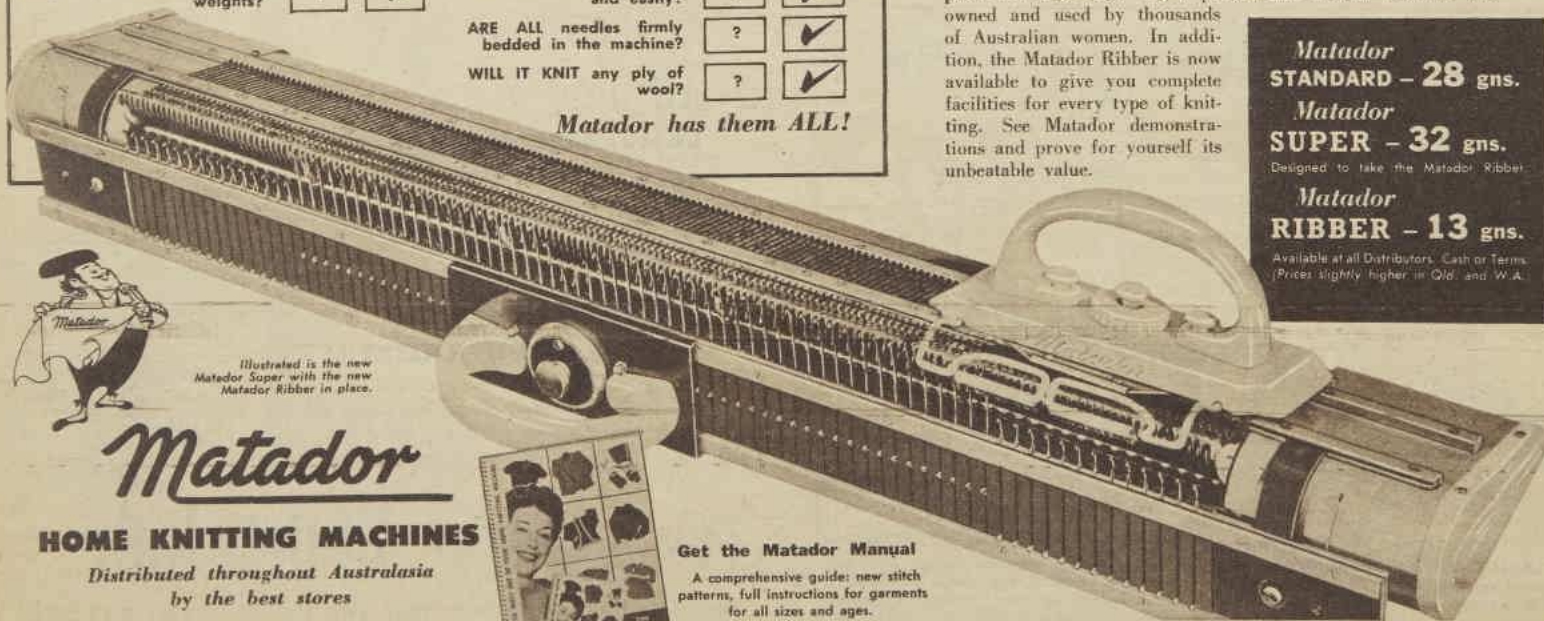
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Continuing . . .

April Lady

from page 74

to suppose, he could be trusted to overbear his lady's opposition the instant he received the intelligence that Dysart was not only associating on the friendliest terms with scamps, pads, and drivers, but was also in a fair way to becoming a boon companion of one whom his lordship had been amongst the first to ostracise.

Cardross feared that his unguarded words would lead Nell to inquire more particularly into her brother's mode of life, but in point of fact she was less disturbed by them than by the possible consequences of the story she had fabricated to account for his holding up her carriage.

She had certainly been startled by what had been said, but a few minutes' reflection led her to think that the jealousy she had so clearly perceived had led Cardross to exaggerate. That he had so abruptly turned the subject seemed to lend color to this belief; and since her own troubles were looming large she thought very little more about the matter.

The encounter had quite upset her; it was a struggle to support her spirits, for never before had he treated her with such cool reserve of manner, or looked at her with such hard, searching eyes. The fault was her own. That frightening expression had not been in his face when first he had entered the room. She had been terrified that he might demand an explanation of the dismay she had betrayed, but when he refrained, as though in disdain or indifference, she had found his cold forbearance more alarming than any display of wrath.

Nell felt herself to have been set at a distance, and although Cardross' voice had been kinder when he had asked her what was the matter she had not been conscious of any impulse to confide in him. In her view no moment could have been more unpropitious for confession. Rendered suspicious by her reception, vexed with her for not having taken better care of his sister, and his temper dangerously exasperated by Dysart's conduct, the disclosure that his wife was again badly in debt, and had been putting forth her best endeavors to deceive him, could only be expected to act on him like a match to gunpowder.

Nor did it seem at all probable that the knowledge of Dysart's motive in holding her up would lead her husband to regard him with more lenient eyes. In fact, far otherwise, Nell thought. For if she had been shocked by the scheme it seemed safe to suppose that Cardross would utterly condemn it. Once the truth was out Dysart would be more than likely to tell him that he had three hundred pounds from her, and then, surely, the miserable tangle would be past unraveling.

This melancholy conviction at once put her in mind of the immediate necessity of conveying a warning to Dysart. Cardross plainly meant to call him to book, and it would never do for him to tell a different story from hers. She sat down to dash off a note to him then and there, but she was obliged to pause several times to wipe the blinding tears from her eyes. Try as she would to compose herself, they would keep welling up, because it was so very dreadful to be plotting with Dysart against Cardross.

To be continued

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"GOLDEN GLORY" — a delightful assortment of soft and hard centres coated with smooth "Old Gold" Chocolate. In beautiful floral gift boxes — the 12-oz. box costs 10/- — the 2-lb., 25/-.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are disguised as witchmen and have entered the secret village of the witchmen to rescue his sister, Lenore, who is a captive there. Determined to destroy the sinister place where children are trained to become

witchmen, the evil influence behind the thrones of local chieftains, Mandrake and Lothar plot behind their masks. Meanwhile, at the entrance to the village the tied and gagged guards are found and the witchmen realise that Mandrake and Lothar are among them in disguise. NOW READ ON:



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 17, 1957



"Goldcraft" Fine Silverware

These beautiful pieces of Australian-made silverware add distinction to any table setting. Like other world-renowned makers, Goldcraft recommends Silvo Liquid Silver Polish for the proper care of fine silver. Silvo is so gentle to silver surfaces and imparts a rich and lovely lustre.



Restores natural lustre to all silver

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Where's the SLOAN'S

Rheumatic pains and the agonies of fibrositis are quickly relieved by the circulation-stimulating warmth of Sloan's Liniment. Just pat it on. No rubbing or massaging. Also relieves pain of sprains, strains, bruises, injured muscles. Never be without Sloan's.

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AT ALL CHEMISTS BOTTLE

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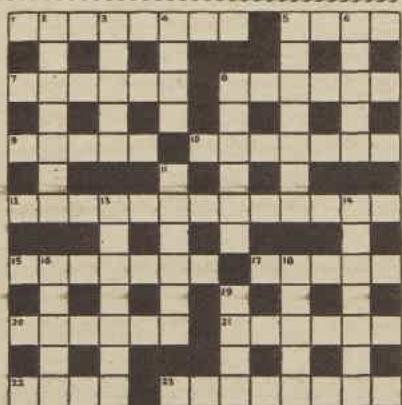
"VANIX" is only 7/11 a bottle from all branches of Washington H. Soul Pattinson & Co. Ltd., Sydney and Newcastle; Swift's Pharmacy, 372 Little Collins St., Melbourne; Myer Emporium, Melbourne; Birks Chemists Ltd., 57 and 278 Rundle St., Adelaide; and Booms Ltd., Perth. Mail Orders 5/-, including postage from above or direct from The Vanix Co., Box 18-A, G.P.O., Melbourne.



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Follows the title and you can bustle it (8).
- Make a change with hands back (4).
- It's a liquid part of England often preceded by father (6).
- Rest is the name of this relative or could be (6).
- Grind down, with the rat hidden inside (5).
- Lubricator not necessarily from Mexico (7).
- Liable to variable moods (13).
- A Cockney seems to tell that he and his gal are on a winding path (7).
- Mark a politician following a saint (5).
- This bag for powdered perfume cheats (6).
- Turkish silver coins headed by a serpent (6).
- Disorder in a very grim essay (4).
- I rely on a tangle net completely (8).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Our hens (Anagr. 7).
- The devil is doing it since Eve's time (5).
- Fling to a steamer (4).
- Suffer us in blemish (7).
- The white poplar (5).
- Plays noisily with holy spirits (6).
- Glowing retreat in skill (6).
- Grips hard (7).
- Mar a lid to get a sailor (7).
- Rub out as in before (5).
- Become smaller towards the end and imitate in the middle (5).
- Not able to speak whiningly a slang (4).



Solution of last week's crossword.



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It's smart to be thrifty... smarter still to enjoy real skin luxury at such little cost. When you buy this big economy tin of Johnson's Baby Powder you get so much more, yet you spend so little.

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dangerous congestion right out
of your system... and put
a quick end to the worst cold
or 'flu attack.

Bonnington's Irish Moss.

3/6 everywhere.



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snow-white cream
are national favourites
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famous
DELTA CREAM
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EMPRESS	CREAMY CHOCOLATE
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